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CONTENTS.

PAGE	PAGE
THE PASSION OF CHRIST. <i>Illustrated</i> 81	MAGIC IN ANCIENT TIMES 127
"WEARY FOR THE LIVING." A Poem 84	CORCLAVES; OR, HOW POSES ARE MADE 129
LONDON AND ITS LABOURS OF LOVE. The Bloomsbury Ragged Schools. Parts I. and II. 84, 108	THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR. A Poem. <i>Illustrated</i> 130
TIME. A Poem. By the Rev. R. Maguire, M.A. 86	FREE-CALVARY MARTYR. Joseph. By the Rev. J. B. Owen, M.A. 141
GOOD FRIDAY NIGHT AT JERUSALEM 87	THE SPANIARDS' GRAVES AT THE ISLES OF SHOALS. A Poem 144
THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON APPLIED TO ENGLISH LIFE. No. II. By Rev. W. M. Statham. <i>Illustrated</i> by M. Barnes ... 88	NAZARETH. By W. F. Ainsworth, F.R.S., F.R.G.S., &c. <i>Illustrated</i> 144
"BEHOLD THE MAN!" A Poem. <i>Illustrated</i> 96	PROVIDING FOR OLD AGE 148
NORTON FURNELL. Chapters XI. to XXI. 97, 118, 138, 154, 175	OUR STANDARD 149
THE WISDOM OF THE PENTATEUCH. No. II. 161	MAY. A Poem. By Tom Hood. <i>Illustrated</i> by M. E. Edwards 150
GROWTH 164	THE OLD OAK-TREE. A Poem. <i>Illustrated</i> 161
THE CHILDREN AND THE RAIN DROPS. A Poem. <i>Illustrated</i> 163	BUT A LITTLE WHILE. By the Author of "Self-made Men" 162
THE LITERATURE OF THE DANES. By John Cumming, D.D. 164	FRIENDSHIP 164
THE ENGLISH BIBLE. 169	GOING A-MAYING. A Poem. <i>Illustrated</i> 170
SHADOWS ON THE STREAM. A Poem. <i>Illustrated</i> by M. E. Edwards 110	MY BEES AND BEEHIVES. By the <i>Times</i> Bee-Master 170
WHO BURIED MOSES? 113	AN OLD STORY. A Poem 174
CHRISTIANITY AND HUMAN NATURE 114	THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR 180
FLOWERS, SWEET FLOWERS. A Poem ... 120	DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE:—
A WORD UPON COMPLETENESS. By the Rev. W. M. Statham 121	"Keep your Word" 93
FOUND UNTO LIFE. A Poem 123	The Sabbaths of the Year, 95, 117, 137, 156, 169
"THE CLAPHAM SECT." By the Rev. W. M. Punshon, M.A. No. II.—William Wilberforce. <i>Illustrated</i> 123	Duty and Beauty. <i>Illustrated</i> 115
THE INFINITY OF GOD 124	Story of a Pin 117
	Sunshine and Tempest. With two <i>Illustrations</i> by M. E. Edwards 123, 123
	A Little Thorn in the Pillow 137
	Heroes and Heroines in Humble Life, Robert Bightonheart. <i>Illustrated</i> 167

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THE PASSION OF CHRIST.

BISHOP WHATELY remarked, with his customary acuteness, that Christianity is apt to err in an opposite extreme to Judaism. The Jews ignore the divinity of Christ; it is the tendency of orthodox Christians to become forgetful of his humanity. The recurrence of such great festivals as the nativity and the death of our blessed Redeemer acts, however, as a continual reminder to his Church that it is with Christ's essential manhood that the world's redemption is inseparably bound up.

as year after year passover time comes round, with, to the Christian, its sad and awful memories of a Redeemer's suffering and death, he loves to dwell in thought upon those terrible scenes when the God-man poured forth his soul even unto death. We shall not attempt to enter upon a critical examination of philosophic or technical difficulties which the intellectual mysticism of Strauss, or the refined eloquence of Renan, may have attempted to cast around the history of our Saviour's last days. Such discussions are worse than profitless to those who love to dwell upon the simple story that they learnt at a pious mother's knee, and over which a childish heart has shed some of its purest though bitterest



The occasional allusions—some remote and vague, others clear and unmistakable—which our Saviour dropped in his intercourse with his followers during his lifetime, can leave no doubt that in his manhood he was ever pre-conscious of the terrible fate which awaited him. "The cup" of which his followers dared not taste, "the baptism" wherewith he had yet to be baptised, were present to him in thought at the busiest time of his ministry, as clearly as at last they were realised in the awful hour of his suffering. But it would seem as if his earnest life-work—his preaching, his miracle-working, his deeds of charity and love, so engaged his immediate attention, that they did not suffer his mind to dwell upon those sufferings with the same intensity of feeling that characterised his thoughts as the hour of darkness drew near. And thus it is that, while we recognise the whole history of our Saviour's life to be a story of suffering, we associate his "passion" more intimately with the few days which immediately preceded his death. It was when he crossed the dark waters of Kidron—the black stream, which, flowing through the Garden of Olives, named Gethsemane, made their way towards the Dead Sea—that his soul seemed to become wholly absorbed with the thoughts of what he was about to accomplish.

Let us observe, in reference to that portion of our Saviour's passion which is connected with Gethsemane, the intensity of his suffering and the strange listlessness of his followers. When our Saviour, accompanied by his three especially-favourite disciples, entered the Garden of Gethsemane, a strange, awful feeling of loneliness and desertion—somewhat like that which he afterwards experienced on the cross, seems to have come over him. Removing himself from even those chosen three, the blessed Saviour falls prostrate on the earth, and in his anguish he prays his Father, if it be possible, to let that cup pass from him. It is difficult, indeed, for even the most loving child fully to comprehend the depth of the Saviour's suffering at this time. We cannot at all sympathise with those who represent our Lord's feeling, when the blood's sweat bedewed his brow, to have been merely "terror at an approaching painful death." This is, indeed, blasphemously to rob Christ of his manliness and heroism, and to make him less in courage than many a noble martyr. Death had no terror for Christ. As the moment of his death approached, we find a calm resignation which, in the midst of awful physical suffering, enabled him to utter words which have become immortal, as the moment he spoke them they were sublime—"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." It was not dread of the cross that unnerved the agonised Jesus in the garden. It was a soul crushed under the awful weight of a world's sin that sobbed forth the prayer, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." Here let us pause, and note—

I. While Jesus endured this agony, the disciples, whom he had more than once entreated to "watch," were sleeping. The impetuous Peter, the loving John, the earnest James, slept. As travellers who have long toiled across the snow-covered country, seeing no end to their journey and feeling benumbed with cold, sink down, in a sort of apathy, to a fatal rest, so these disciples, who long had followed their Master, seem to have been worn out and tired, and,

in the hour when their sustaining assistance was most needed, they were found asleep. There are many loving, and many earnest, and many impetuous disciples now, who, while Christianity is drooping and dying all around them in their parish and neighbourhood, are themselves asleep—even as these disciples were when the Divine Founder of Christianity was suffering in Gethsemane. To such let the tenderly-reproachful interrogation come with force at this time—"Could ye not watch with me one hour?"

II. While his earthly followers were sleeping, "Behold, angels came and ministered unto him." It is a sad and awful reflection on humanity. We know not whether in the whole history of human nature there be any sadder, deeper satire on mankind than is latent in these words, "Angels came and ministered unto him." It was not for angels that the Saviour was sweating blood on that awful night, they needed no redemption; but it was for man, and man slept while angels came and ministered unto him! Oh! men and brothers, let us do somewhat, as far as in us lies, to wipe away this foul stain from humanity's escutcheon. If the disciples slept, let us be up and doing. If angels ministered to Christ in Gethsemane, we, thank God, can minister to him still. Was the Saviour's soul bowed down with deeper sorrow when he beheld his sleeping followers? Is he not now equally gladdened and rejoiced at every act of ministry done in his name? "In that ye have done it to the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." But from this incident of the sleeping disciples and ministering angels, we may deduce a still broader truth. How often does it happen that he who in his life has had many warm-hearted and loving friends, finds that in the hour of his trouble and sorrow these friends are sleeping? This is the dark side of the picture, and we turn to survey the bright contrast—all the brighter because it is in contrast. Christ prayed to his Father, and that Father sent his angels to minister unto him. If we be in Christ, his Father is our Father too; and from this scene, so sad and awful, we may draw this comforting assurance, that in the hour of trouble and affliction, when friends prove faithless or heedless, there is one Friend that sticketh closer than a brother; and in the dark Gethsemane of a Christian's sorrow his Father will send angels to minister comfort and consolation to his troubled soul.

We pass at once from our Saviour's friends in the garden to the great culminating point of his agony, when he was led away and crucified. And here the two chief points to be remarked are, his condemnation and crucifixion. It was by the Jews, and not by the heathen Romans, that Jesus was put to death. We can find no shadow of palliation for the conduct of the Jews on this occasion. At the trial of Jesus there is not the smallest desire exhibited by the Jews to discover the real truth of the matter. In the mind of the Jewish people there seems to have been stirred up, by the priests and Pharisees, who hated the pure and simple truth which Jesus taught, and felt that the people under his influence were losing faith in their own ostentatious righteousness, an inveterate hatred of Jesus, and a fixed resolution to put him to death by any means in their power. Therefore, we find that they prejudged him. The sentence—death—

was first resolved upon; the proof necessary to obtain this sentence was then concocted. To the Jewish Sanhedrim Jesus was accused of blasphemy, though the only words which could be quoted in support of the charge were, "I will build this temple in three days." Before the Roman proconsul he was charged with disloyalty to Cæsar, and no evidence brought forward to establish it. Observe the absence of all regard for justice and truth in these two accusations. The charge urged against Jesus before the Roman tribunal—that of being opposed to Roman rule—would have been, if mentioned in the Jewish court; the strongest recommendation to the good feelings of the Jewish council, for they hated their Roman masters; and the Jewish populace themselves subsequently demanded the release of a prisoner who, for a sedition against the Roman power, had been cast into prison. Again, the charge of blasphemy urged against Jesus before the Jewish court would have been, if mentioned in the Roman court, a strong point in his favour; for the proconsul had the most utter contempt for the religious scruples of the Jews. Was ever defence stronger than that which Jesus could have thus brought before the Roman judge? But yet, as a sheep dumb before his shearers, he opened not his mouth.

Let us here, in passing, observe how characteristic of the world is this scene. How seldom do we set out in search of truth. Do we not usually first arrive at some conclusion, and then hunt up evidence to support it? In our anxiety we are ready to sacrifice anything. We have some favourite theory. We hate the opinion of some friend. We do not inquire is our friend's opinion truth, but we look for arguments to assail him. Is he a Roman? We appeal to his imperial pride. Is he a Jew? We flatter his national vanity. But truth is too precious a matter to be so trifled with. It was thus that the Jews murdered the Saviour. Let us take care that we do not follow in their footsteps, and crucify Truth. Above all, let us take heed, in the reading of our Bibles, not to be searching for texts to support this dogma or that. We cannot expect God's blessing on such kind of study. Let us search the Scriptures to see what has God said; not to prove our own notions true, but to discover what is truth. Upon such reading God will give us his abundant blessing—"Whosoever will do his will, shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."

To return to our immediate subject. A condemnation was obtained, and, after some vacillation, ratified by Pontius Pilate. For some long while the proconsul hesitated. The state of Jerusalem at this time was disturbed. A sedition had only just been quelled; two of those engaged in it were about to be crucified; for the life of the ringleader, Barabbas, the people were vociferously clamouring. And when to the sarcastic query of the proconsul, "Shall I crucify your king?" the God-forsaken mob yelled out, "We have no king but Cæsar;" Pilate could no longer hesitate, and yielded up Jesus to the fury of the Jews.

"We have no king but Cæsar!" This was the lowest depths of Jewish degradation. Nothing but the savage thirst for innocent blood could have wrung from the Jews so humiliating an avowal as

this. First, truth was abandoned to win a judgment from the priests; now national honour is trampled under foot before the heathen governor, to gain his sanction to the deed of blood. Thus it was the Jews who crucified Jesus. I even question very much whether it was the Roman soldiery who mocked Jesus with the purple robe and crown of thorns. Without positive proofs—none of which can, we think, be adduced, for mercenaries there were in abundance in the army at this time—we cannot think that the heroic soldiers of the empire could have been participants in a display of brutal savagery and uncalled-for insult, such as has no parallel in history.

Jesus was led forth to be crucified at Calvary. Time and locality have both furnished fruitful themes for critical investigation; but we love rather to dwell upon the great fact itself, than upon its small accessories. Mark the intense sarcasm of the inscription which Pilate wrote over the cross—"Jesus of Nazareth the King of the Jews!" He meant it merely as an insult to the people. It was the custom to write over the cross the crime for which the victim suffered. The charge against Jesus was that he had called himself a king; and as the passer-by read the title over the cross, and looked from it to the helpless, bleeding form of a man still young in years, of gentle and harmless mien, the absurdity of such a punishment for such a crime must have been apparent. But, through the long vista of eighteen centuries, we can read these words with a deeper significance; and on the cross we can see expiring with the Saviour the rank, the nationality, the existence of the Jewish people.

Thus one man died for all. Not merely as a martyr, not merely as an example, not merely as the man who sacrifices himself for the general good: but as a vicarious offering. He who knew no sin became sin for us. Sin was transferred to him, so that he could undergo the agonies of a sinner's death, and thus we by his righteousness may live. As we realise this great fact, in all its depth and power, we come to know something of the religion of Christ. It is from the cross that all the truths of Gospel doctrine radiate. It was not Christ's life—his miracles—his teaching—his humility—that saved the world. It was his death. Let us endeavour to walk in his way, his teaching, his ordinances; but remember that our journey must begin at the cross, and not be along a road by which at last we hope to see it. Let each of us get into our hearts a knowledge of the fact that Christ died for us, and then we shall have that peace which passeth understanding, and which the world can neither give nor take away.

"The passion of Jesus!" What a spectacle it was for men and angels. His death-cry awoke the dead from their tombs. The sun dared not to look upon the corpse of its Creator. The earth quaked as it bore so terrible a burden. Can we remain listless while such a scene lives before us, in the fruit which, year after year, it bears? Jesus! in thy death we recognise the centre and sun of all things—all Scripture, all religion, all truth. For eighteen centuries thy thorn-wreath hath flowered, and its buds are still fresh with an eternal vitality; and through all time thy dying prayer shall speak hope to every contrite heart: "Lord; lay not this sin to their charge."

"WEEP FOR THE LIVING."

WEEP not for the dead," for he weepeth no more!
 No tear-drops are needful on yon shining shore,
 Where he walks with his Saviour the regions all bright,
 And basks 'neath the skies where "the Lamb is the light."

"Weep not for the dead," for his sufferings are o'er;
 He sigheth, nor sinneth, nor sorroweth more—
 To that beautiful home, God prepared for the blest,
 The angels have borne him to enter his rest.

"Weep not for the dead," for he dieth no more;
 His conflicts are past, and his struggles are o'er;
 He has entered on life, and commenced the new song;
 He hath done with the cross, and hath gotten the crown.

But "weep for the living," the sadly bereft,
 The deep stricken mourner in loneliness left—
 The fatherless loving one, bowed in his grief;
 The orphaned, who sigh for the tear of relief.

Go, weep with the living; bind up the torn heart;
 Go, speak words of comfort, and soothing impart;
 Go, tell them that Jesus once rested his head
 Within those dark portals, the grave that we dread.

Yea, weep with the living. The living alone
 Need the comfort that tears bring the heartbroken one.
 'Twill be sweet to be beckoned to yonder bright shore,
 Where the eye never weeps, and the heart grieves no more.

LONDON, AND ITS LABOURS OF LOVE.

THE BLOOMSBURY RAGGED-SCHOOLS.—PART I.

IT has pleased God, in his great mercy, not only to add largely to the evangelical agencies of the metropolis, as contrasted with a not distant past, but also so to order it, that an earnest ministry, both Episcopal and Non-conformist, with all the social blessings that follow in its train, has been introduced into districts where previously the people perished from lack of knowledge.

In Spitalfields, in Whitechapel, in Lambeth, in St. Pancras, including Somers Town, and its teeming, degraded population, whose violation of the Lord's Day, in buying and selling in the morning, and in drunkenness and riot in the evening, was long notorious, such agencies have told powerfully for good. But St. Giles's for many years has had a reputation as unsavoury and evil as any of these localities, and was probably in a worse condition than any of them. And, even yet, the Seven Dials, Drury Lane, and Bloomsbury have their "rookeries," their "dens," and their "back slums." There is still the fearfully demoralising influence of the gin-palace, and in the overcrowding of rooms let out in houses which do not come under the police supervision and the legal restrictions and demands of Lord Shaftesbury's "Lodging House Act," and in which not only is fever generated, but decency is outraged, and a moral pestilence is diffused. The Irish population, who

abound in St. Giles's, have brought with them thither filthy habits, and they and their offspring too frequently add to this an amount of vice, from which, to do them and their spiritual directors bare justice, they would have shrunk with dismay in their native country.

But now the world, as well as the Church of Christ, are beginning to see that St. Giles's is rapidly undergoing a spiritual and social purification. What prayer and pains have been expended! What a laborious sinking of many a shaft into a new and more precious lode in the mine than ever was discovered before!

The St. Giles's and St. George's Refuges were established upwards of twenty-one years ago. They were among the earliest offshoots of the Ragged School Union, which was established by Lord Ashley (now the Earl of Shaftesbury) and a warm-hearted band of associates and fellow-labourers.

The operations of the institution consist of, first, the refuge work; and, secondly, the ragged-schools. Let us begin, therefore with a description of

THE REFUGES,

indicating their special objects and aims, their system of training and instruction, and some of their special results. And, first of all, let it be distinctly remembered that a refuge is something more, as well as something else, than a ragged-school. The ragged-school is open to receive and instruct during the day, and also frequently by

night-classes, orphan children as well as little out-cast pariahs of the street, and the offspring of parents who are either too poor, or too wicked and abandoned, to care for their education in aught that is wise and good. Moreover, none of the ragged-school children receive either food, lodging, or clothes. An occasional tea, or Christmas treat, or summer excursion got up by the teachers and their benevolent friends, may vary the experience of these hungry little ones, but it is only an exception to the rule. It would be plainly impossible to feed and clothe, for example, the 25,000 children now in London ragged-schools. Most of them have homes of some kind, and as they progress in knowledge and intelligence they begin to exercise an influence at home so great and beneficial as repeatedly to reclaim their vicious parents, and to bring back their habits of industry and sobriety, by which starvation and misery are driven from the door.

But the refuges at Bloomsbury, as well as elsewhere, do provide lodging, food, and, in a word, homes, for the inmates. These are not night-refuges, like those which receive the homeless poor in the evening and send them away next morning. They are open, not in the winter months only, nor for London-born children only, but they are open all the year round for homeless and destitute children from all parts of the world; "the only recommendation necessary for gaining admission being friendlessness and destitution. This has only to be proved to the satisfaction of the officers of the refuges, and the homeless one is admitted at once without any election, or even the recommendation of a subscriber. If a little deception is attempted, it is speedily discovered; and the child which is found to have parents or friends who are able to support it, is removed to the care of those who are morally and legally bound to maintain it.

Let us add, that the discipline and the industrial training, in addition to the religious teaching, of the male and female inmates of these refuges are their special features. A refuge is not a place for idleness, but a beehive of industry. True, it is not "all work, and no play." The master deals like a father with the boys, and the matron with the girls as an affectionate mother. There are times of the day when all may be merry as crickets; and sportive gambols, gladsome shouts, and ringing laughter tell that here is, indeed, a happy family. But

"Life is real, life is earnest;"

and, in order to convert these children into good citizens and virtuous members of society, they must be taught such trades and employments as will in after-life enable them to earn their bread by honest toil; and so in two of the St. Giles's and St. George's Refuges—viz., 19, Broad Street, Bloomsbury, and Bank House, Acton, the girls are not only fed, clothed, and lodged, and instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, and needle-work, but they are also taught to wash, iron, cook, clean, and to do all other household work, so as to fit them for domestic service. They make and repair their own clothes. The boys' shirts are also made by the girls. The washing also for the boys' refuge and the girls' refuge in Broad Street, Bloomsbury, is done by the girls at the Home at Acton.

We well remember our first visit to the girls' refuge in Bloomsbury. We were conducted over

the whole establishment by the excellent matron. She had not long before been out in Canada in charge of a well-trained band of girls, every one of whom had found service and employment in respectable families. The matron could have disposed of as many more in a similar manner. Letters were afterwards received from many of these girls of a most gratifying character. And so has it largely been with regard to other young women who went out under proper care to Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, and Natal. In recent years, there has been a larger demand for well-trained domestic servants than all the girls' refuges in London could supply. Besides, this emigration had its perils; moreover, was expensive, and the funds necessary were deficient. Hence there are only a few girls now sent abroad from the Bloomsbury and Acton Refuges.

The benefits of such institutions are indeed incalculable. "Too much cannot be said as to the necessity and importance of properly educating and training young females of the destitute class; for, when it is remembered that most of the girls admitted into these refuges are early deprived of a mother's care and influence, it will be seen at once that to leave them uncared for, and to allow them to grow up ignorant and untrained, must end in misery and vice."

Let us now turn to the boys' refuge, which is at 8, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, nearly opposite the Freemasons' Tavern and Hall.

In 1863, 134 boys were admitted. Besides these, there were 97 in the house, making 231 boys who received the benefits of the refuge during the year. Of the 97, however, as well of the 134, there were many who were not there when the year terminated, and who are thus accounted for:—15 were restored to friends, 13 left of their own accord, 2 entered the merchant service, 16 emigrated to Nova Scotia, 20 emigrated to New Brunswick, 34 emigrated to Queensland, 10 emigrated to South Africa, 28 sent to situations, 2 died, 1 sent to workhouse incurably diseased, 1 went to college; leaving 89 in the refuge on the 31st December, 1863. Making due allowance for those who were restored to friends, and who left of their own accord, as well as for the one who, being incurably diseased, "was sent to the workhouse," and the two who died, is it not a matter for hallowed gratulation and thanksgiving, that no less than 110 were provided for, and placed in positions where, with honesty, truthfulness, and sobriety, their industrial training becomes to them capital for life? Capital emigrants, we trust, those 80, out of the 110, will prove who were sent to the colonies. It deserves to be recorded that Miss Burdett Coutts paid the entire passage-money for the 36 boys who went to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, while another lady contributed £130 towards the passage-money of the boys who went to Queensland and South Africa.

Of the two who died during the year, one was a little black boy from the West Indies; the other, an orphan from the country. As to the negro child, "through the instruction received in the refuge, he said, in his last days, that he knew and trusted in Jesus for the remission of his sins, and looked to him to prepare him for taking his place among the white-robed throng gathered from all nations, and kindreds, and tongues."

Let us not forget the one boy who left the refuge

to go to college. May the young student, as he climbs the steep—with "Excelsior" ever ringing in his ears from others who have risen from the dust, and are now set among the true princes of the people—be made a blessing to many; always may he, even in prosperity and success, be kept humble and lowly, never forgetting the day when first, a shivering, ragged, outcast, homeless boy, he found shelter and welcome at that Queen Street Refuge which has, indeed, been to him an *alma mater*—a true and tender mother.

TREATMENT AND TRAINING.

The boys are lodged, clothed, and provided with three meals of wholesome food each day. They are instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Family worship is conducted morning and evening. The boys attend Sunday-school, and once in the day Divine service at Bloomsbury. The boys also prepare the food, under the superintendence of the matron, Mrs. Wood, and they keep the whole of the premises clean.

Then, as industrial training, they have their choice of being taught shoemaking, tailoring, or carpenter's work. The greater number are votaries of St. Crispin; as of the industrial staff of teachers there are four shoemakers, and but one carpenter, and one tailor.

In 1863, the total produce of work done was £954 13s. 9d.

How the young of the better classes may help, and do help, to rescue and save, is strikingly

brought out in a "Seventh Letter," addressed by Mr. W. Williams, the indefatigable secretary, "to the Juvenile Contributors to the Funds of the Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children." Referring to a bazaar held in June, 1864, by which between £300 and £400 was obtained, and which sum has been increased by the sale, in February, 1865, of articles not previously disposed of, Mr. Williams remarks, "Had it not been for this, many a poor homeless boy would have been refused admittance to the refuge. This would have been most painful, because no one can tell the temptations and trials poor boys must pass through when exposed to a street life."

We now invite our readers to accompany us to the refuges. We wend our way, first, to the Girls' Refuge in Bloomsbury, and thence we proceed to the Queen Street Refuge for Boys. Entering the latter by a back-door, we find ourselves in the general workshop, which embraces tailoring, shoemaking, and carpentering, each taught by an experienced master, who attends every day for a definite period. But work for the day is now over. There are, however, two of the boys occupied, under the eye of Mr. Wood, the superintendent, in furnishing and packing two large boxes, on whose lids have been freshly painted the names of two lads about to depart for Australia.

There is a meeting up-stairs to-night of great interest; let us ascend the great staircase, and see and hear for ourselves.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TIME.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A.



I.
TIME—What is it, gently stealing,
Gently moving from the main?
'Tis a ripple in its rising,
Soon to ebb away again.
Time—'tis something ever moving,
Wildly whirling on its way;
Staying never—ever onward,
'Tis the passing of a day.

II.
Time—a river in its flowing,
Downward rushing to the sea;
Till the angel's trumpet sounding
Tells that time no more shall be.
Lost amid the waves of ocean,
Lost amid the deeps below,
Yet existing, but to know it,
Is eternity to know.

III.
Time—a fragment, rent and riven,
On the everlasting main;
Fleeing, fleeting, onward driven
To its continent again.

'Mid the context of th' Eternal,
This parenthesis to scan,
Is to read within its limits
All the history of man.

IV.
Time—a season ever ranging;
'Tis a stage, a varied play;
Man the actor, ever changing,
Ne'er continues in one stay.
Time—the firstborn of creation,
First to live and last to die,
'Twixt its first and last pulsation,
Time transacts her mystery.

V.
Time—a treasure rich and costly,
Now entrusted to thy care;
Now to use it, or abuse it—
'Tis a priceless thing and rare.
Shall we not, then, learn to cherish
This provision that is made?
Seasons pass, and moments perish,
And to our account are laid.

GOOD FRIDAY NIGHT AT JERUSALEM.



THIS day of mingled associations, during which we had thought of the scenes of sorrow in the place hallowed by their occurrence, was drawing towards its close. We had expected to go in the evening to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where we had heard that peculiar customs were to be performed by the votaries; but we were induced to go thither by an incident, which, though not unfrequent there, still conveys an idea of the bitterness of the jealousy among members of the various churches residing in the city. While at dinner we heard a noise proceeding from the church, which was not far distant, and the street by the hotel was full of excited crowds rushing to the place. As soon as we were ready we went to see the nature of the disturbance, and ascertained that there had been a fight in the church between the Greeks and Armenians about the possession of a bench. Spreading to the court without, the fight became general, and only ceased when soldiers came to drive away the crowds at the point of the bayonet. Order being at length restored, several were found dead, and many severely wounded. When we arrived the affair was over, and soldiers kept the court clear of all disposed to be quarrelsome. Having gained admission to the church, we took seats assigned us against the wall of the Greek church, which is a separate edifice within the principal one. In front of us was the door, to the left a passage leading around the Greek church, running between this and the hill of Calvary, the steps ascending to which were nearly in front, a little to our left. When we entered we expected to pass the night in the church, as the Mahometan sheik, who keeps the keys, goes home when he is disposed, regardless of the wishes of any of the ghaours he despises so heartily. And no wonder that the poor man does despise Christians, when he is worn out by constant efforts to suppress their fights, and only knows them as idolatrous, and hating one another most cordially. The worst place on earth to judge of Christianity is the place whence it sprang. How different from the example of Mahometans, who, though divided into many sects, bury all their animosities and wrath in unbroken harmony around the tomb of the false prophet!

We had to wait for some time, as we had come very early. The silence was unbroken for nearly an hour, for, in fear of further disturbance, no one was admitted besides the Latin ecclesiastics who were to take part in the services, except ourselves; and these Latins were preparing in some distant chapel or apartment. The darkness was almost total, as a solitary torch gave a flickering light, which cast strange shadows from the pillars all around. The scene was very impressive, and memories connected with the place, apart from the doubtful sacred associations, rendered it peculiarly solemn. Above us was the roof that had echoed to the Crusaders, two of whom, Baldwin and Godfrey, were buried by the door in front of us.

Hither had come for centuries thousands of every hue and every land to worship at the place where they believed their Lord had died and been buried. This spot had given birth to more deeds of enthusiasm and heroism than any other on earth, and the very walls and columns were holy to the pilgrim. Whatever we may think of the accuracy of the alleged localities, or of the custom of pilgrimage, an edifice once so dear to thousands of the dead that have gone before us into the unseen, and on which rests so much love to-day, cannot fail to be interesting, while its antiquity, so full of associations, renders it more venerable than any other existing edifice.

The services of the evening began by chanting, which we could hear coming from a distant corner. The passage which led to our left around the church is marked by little chapels, corresponding to the number of "stations," as are called the occasions upon which Jesus is said to have fallen under the weight of the cross. At each station a sermon was preached, and various services performed, each sermon being by a different person, and in a different language. As soon as the procession came in sight, we saw that it consisted of about one hundred persons—choristers, monks, priests, bishops, and soldiers. These last were present for protection against any attempted interruption. In the centre was a wax figure of our Saviour, about four feet high, suspended upon a cross with the nails, the crown of thorns, and the blood ebbing from the wounds. The last station being passed, the procession went up-stairs to Golgotha, where were lengthy services. They stood the cross which they had borne in procession into the supposed original holes in the rock where the Saviour's cross was placed, and then repeated, as well as they could, the scene of the crucifixion in all its parts. It made us shudder to see them imitate that death, that sorrow, that terror.

When all this was ended, they returned down-stairs, bringing the pretended corpse in a sheet. Upon the so-called original "stone of unction," where Jesus was anointed, and which was directly before us, they laid the image. More services were performed, and a bishop proceeded to the anointing for the burial. The image was painfully accurate in its imitation of the wounded corpse, and the scene was painfully repulsive to those who had been accustomed to a far different treatment of such memories. It seemed a travesty of the holiest of transactions; the dramatising of what man should not venture to imitate. Representing by a doll the body of our blessed Redeemer, and daring to copy the expression of agony, and the cruel wounds, seemed sinful to us, so that our emotions partook more of the nature of indignation than of devotion. Apart from this, as a theatrical scene, the effect was striking. Around the stone knelt the higher ecclesiastics, in their rich robes, and the choir-boys in white, with their lighted candles; behind them were the shaven monks in their cowls, and the priests in black, and around all was a cordon of soldiers with their red tarbooshes, indifferent to, if not despising, the whole proceeding. The effect of

the candles lighting up the faces of the children, and the dresses of the bishops and other dignitaries, and of the torches that cast a lurid glare around, making the sabre bayonets of the soldiers glitter, while through the dimly-seen arches above the plaintive chants resounded, was magical. And the faces of these children, strange to say, were *Jewish*. What a motley scene! Jews singing, Romanists worshipping with devotion, Mahometans leaning in indifference on their muskets, and Protestants looking on!

After the anointing was ended, the image was wrapped in a sheet and carried away to the sepulchre, where it was placed with appropriate ceremonies.

It was now midnight, but the sheik, who had fallen fast asleep on his mat beside the door, let us out, having waited in hope of a present. He then locked the old door again and went home, glad that Good Friday was over. We went back to our abode, sad, indeed, at the exhibition of the degradation of our holy faith which we had witnessed that Good Friday night in Jerusalem.

THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON APPLIED TO ENGLISH LIFE.

NO. II.—BY REV. W. M. STATHAM.

"Children's children are the crown of old men; and the glory of children are their fathers."—Prov. xvii. 6.



WHAT honour the Bible ever puts upon the family estate! In its earliest chapters we have the simple and beautiful records of patriarchal history—Jacob dwelling with his children in life, and giving them his benediction in death. In connection with the decease of that venerable sire, we read of the house of Joseph and his brethren, their little ones, and their flocks. Beautiful picture that, which might well form an appropriate subject for modern art—the old, old man in Egypt, grey with years and reverent with age, gazing, like the good shepherd he was, on the grazing flocks, with his children's children about his knees. A fine old gem of character with a modern setting of choice child-pearls. The last pages of the Bible, too, contain other pictures quite as beautiful—suggested by such words as those of Paul to Timothy, "When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice." What a crown was that! To have a grandson an associate with Paul and an apostle of the Saviour. Who that knows anything of human life, and the glad eyes with which such a grandmother as Lois hears words of commendation on Eunice's boy, but will recall many a corresponding spectacle in connection with common life?

We must not forget, I think, that the Bible thus puts honour on the family estate, because, as Archbishop Trench suggests, the fatherly relationship is a type of the fatherhood of God, and because, as we have all often felt, the home-life of the Christian family is a divine and beautiful parable of the household of God.

This portraiture in Proverbs has a divine pencilling about it which tells you at once that it comes from the finger of inspiration! No words are like the words of the Bible. They have a rhythm and a beauty all their own. The voice is Jacob's. That is, none can imitate it. Talk about the metre of Horace, or the melody of Homer. Tell me where else on earth there is such metre and such melody as this: "Children's children are the crown of old men; and the glory of children are their fathers."

The words, you see, state a general principle. Tell me that you know some grandfathers who seldom see their grandchildren, and care still less about them; tell me that some fathers are rather the shame than the joy of their children; what do such illustrations prove? Simply this—that sin has marred God's exquisite work, and put out of gear the blessed relationships of earth. The picture in Proverbs presents the pious home which we love to think is reproduced on every side around us; not like some exotic plant, seldom to be seen in the scenery of England, but one which we believe is daily to be met with, in all its fidelity and beauty, in ten thousand times ten thousand English homes. Certainly, however, we associate it mainly with such scenes as that described by Burns, where the "big ha' Bible" is the very centre of the picture.

How true it is that our own personal ambitions, when weakened and wasted, project themselves into the future of our children and our children's children. In writing a letter to your father in the calm country village, you cannot please him better than by telling him how Mary has taken the first art prize at the Museum, and how Willie has got the exhibition for Oxford. Dear old man, he doesn't know how glad he is; he wipes his spectacles, which have something more than dust upon them now, and, dear me, the dew quickly comes upon them again—another gentle rub, and then he reads and repeats his read. Breakfast over, of course he meant to go before, but he is quite decided now, just to call on his friend the vicar to talk about the New School Scheme; and of course one little channel of conversation takes him up to the folded letter in his breastcoat-pocket, to be opened yet again and again in many a favourite circle of friends. The father felt very much of gladness in his heart at the events recorded there, but not for one moment to be compared, in degree and depth, to the emotions of that dear grey sire, who feels, as indeed he ought, that a new chaplet of spring flowers has been placed upon his brow, and that children's children are the crown of old men. If the young amongst us would oftener think of this—if they would but estimate one thousandth part of all the blessedness they give, by simply being good and getting on, it would make them rise up with greater energy than Ariosto's heroes after the slumber of a long neglect. The crown of old

men! Old age, then, is in no sense to be despised. "The hoary head," we are told, "is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." I cannot write reproof severe enough for those who, by speech and manner, put disrespect upon their aged friends. We may learn in this respect from the Chinese. Their veneration for their fathers is such that no greater crime can be committed than any slight, ill treatment, or neglect towards their parents. Only last week a missionary, just returned from China, told me that a whole village was razed to the ground, so that only the ruins were left, because a son by simple accident destroyed his father; so intense is their hatred of any injury done to the aged. It is not always so with us; there is a juvenile precocity common enough in the present day, and often cleverly caricatured in the *Charivari*, which treats age with an irreverence as disgusting as it is deplorable. Mature wisdom sits beneath that wrinkled brow, the ripened fruit of long experience: one word from those lips has in it solid gold, compared with which all our superficial clevernesses are but as the small dust of the balance. Old men deserve all the honour we can crown them with. In the busy world they have no longer the place assigned to them in days when the intellect was fresh, and the step elastic, and the nerve strong. So much the more reason why their children, and their children's children, should circle their heads with the honour of a strong esteem, and their hearts with the bands of a tender affection.

I have remarked on the fact that the grandfather rejoices in the getting on of the little ones. But notice how, at an earlier stage of their existence, he rejoices in them as the little juvenile trots. There he sits in the old arm chair, tossing one on his knee, and humming the snatches of the old familiar tune which he once danced the little Lucy's mother to, who is now the majestic, matronly lady working at the bay window, looking over the lawn. You will notice how silyly grandpa opens the sham snuff-box—with sweets in it, and how the little eyes look silyly at mamma, who drops her eyelids as she works, pretending not to see, whilst the "pinch" properly taken, the little steps patter to the mother's chair: "Zoo don't know what grandpa dib us;—grandpa dib us barle zugar zic!" But could you see deep down in the shady well of the old man's heart, what hopes are there! It is scarcely too much to say that the curly locks are types to him of something higher than the barrister's wig, and that he doesn't look for any coming down at all in the family position in the future days.

But he is a Christian, that old man. He has learnt not to estimate greatness and glory by any mere material measurement. It was always known that he wished his John had been a minister, though he certainly succeeded better in this life as a miller; but he was glad, very, very glad—when first he saw him come to the communion table, and take the cup in the memory of Christ; and when he goes to rest—the old man now—the Eye that sees, and the Ear that hears in secret, watches that old man's dewy eye, and hears that old man's broken prayer, when he asks of God, through Christ, the grace of the Holy Spirit for the dear children's children.

One excellent feature of our own dear fatherland is this—that England has so much home-life in it. Long may this be one of the special character-

istics of our country: it has preserved, I believe, much, both of our patriotism and our piety. A restaurant life may be a very sparkling one, and a very easy one; but it certainly has in it none of the elements of true pleasure and prosperity. Many changes have occurred in our national tastes and habits, and many more doubtless will succeed; but in this may we retain the same permanence and prominence as do our own white Albion cliffs—viz., the sacredness and happiness of home-life. The old shopkeeping people, let us hope, will also be a home-loving people too, from one generation to another.

The other half of this metrical verse contains a truth equally suggestive. This is one of the features of the Bible, that if its scenery is Eastern, its truth is unchanging in its nature, and universal in its adaptation.

We read in Festus, "Man is one, and hath one great heart"—a sentiment most true and beautiful: and the Bible meets the need, not of a race, but of a world; not of a dead era, but of humanity in all its developments, from age to age, for ever.

What a Divine end does the fact represented in this proverb serve! "The glory of children are their fathers!" Why, if it were otherwise—if children did not glory in their fathers, if, in any degree, they suspected their parents of insincerity, or hypocrisy, or imperfectness—what an injurious influence would attend their training. But in earlier years it is not so; and this is an element, I believe, of Divine preparation in the education of the young. It takes a great deal of shaking to displace a child's belief in its father. Up to a certain age, the child thinks him the tallest, wisest, richest, greatest, bravest man living. Perhaps at school the idea gets the first severe and startling knock upon the head; but, even then, there is, for some time, a kind of mental staggering. One of the first difficulties is awakened in boyhood's brain; and when some cruel-hearted boy suggests that some one he knows—perhaps, his own father—is wiser or better than our own, how indignant we feel. But for a long, long time in childhood's history, the glory of children are their fathers. Their highest ideal of life is when they shall go to market, or go to battle, or ascend a pulpit, or go to the city, as father does. And even to their life's end, I love to think that we not only venerate, but glory in our fathers. With their Christian honour, integrity, and ability confirmed by the long course of years, we do right to be proud of them. How often their more perfect workmanship, their ripper scholarship, their more careful commercial contracts, their more spiritual sermons, if they do not shame us, at all events make us still glory in them.

Doubtless, however, the idea of the proverb is mainly that of the way in which early childhood revels and rests in the earthly fatherhood. "Sit still, my boy!" was all enough to silence us when behind the restive horse, ears laid back and all, such a dangerous animal—but father was driving! "Sit steady, boy!" quite enough to quell alarm when the water came into the boat over the taffrail, for father had hold of the mainsail. "Find it presently, boy!" quite enough when lost with your father in some Hyde Heath Wood at night. If father is with us, and father speaks to us, and we can keep near him, then all is well.

Truly, the glory of the children of the heavenly King is their Father. With what trust and glad-hearted dependence they can say, "Who in the heavens is like unto the Lord?" "If God be for us, who can be against us?" And who shall say that God did not create this trustful feeling in childhood's heart as a mute prophecy and promise of the confidence which his reconciled children might repose in him?

Permit me to say, that if careless and vicious fathers knew but one tithe of the misery which they cause in the hearts of their children by wickedness and wrong, they would hesitate indeed before they altogether crushed that God-like emotion which children feel who glory in their fathers. Happy those of us who have had fathers of our flesh whom we could reverence and love. Pityable, indeed, is their case who not only know the secret sins of their parents, but find them cropping out before the public gaze, and sadly recognise, on every hand, the terrible loss of family respect. What must it be to them to hear the whisper of reproach, and to see the spectacle of a father's battered reputation? For children placed in positions so envied by trouble, all sensitive minds must have a well of sympathy very deep indeed. There can scarcely be a sorrow greater than that of having the father transmuted from a glory to a shame. Such cases, however, there are; all of which teach us a lesson concerning the cruelties of sin. We see how it not only destroys the man's character and blights his own immortality, but, at the same time, crushes the holiest and happiest feelings in the hearts of the children, who have also to bear the suffering, though they do not share the sin.

Taking, however, the brighter aspect of the case, we have no hesitation in adopting this as the motto of experience in every Christian family. Not that any father is altogether perfect: a few spots, however, do not dim the lustre of the sun, we can only see them with a telescope; and a few earthly imperfections do not mar the excellency of fatherly character. With every allowance for infirmity of temper and frailty of disposition, it yet remains true—"The glory of children are their fathers." The thing to be specially careful about is this—that, when the young life expands, and there is closer acquaintance with us, and a wider judgment awakened concerning things and men, their verdict may not be reversed. Let every father strive and pray that his glory suffer no eclipse, that now until his evening hour he may be a living illustration of the words—"The glory of children are their fathers."

It is allowable here to suggest that no greater evil can come upon a country than any dishonour or slight put upon the marriage estate. If it be true that there is a dearth of marriages in some circles of our land, and if it be a fact that extravagance without marriage is preferred to carefulness with it, well assured I am that society itself will suffer in more ways than one; and not amongst the least of the losses which accrue to men will be a deprivation, in after years, of the honour, veneration, and love in which well-trained children hold those parents who, with daily help from God, have aided them in the preparation for the life that now is, and the life that is to come.

This subject, ere we leave it, suggests to us that

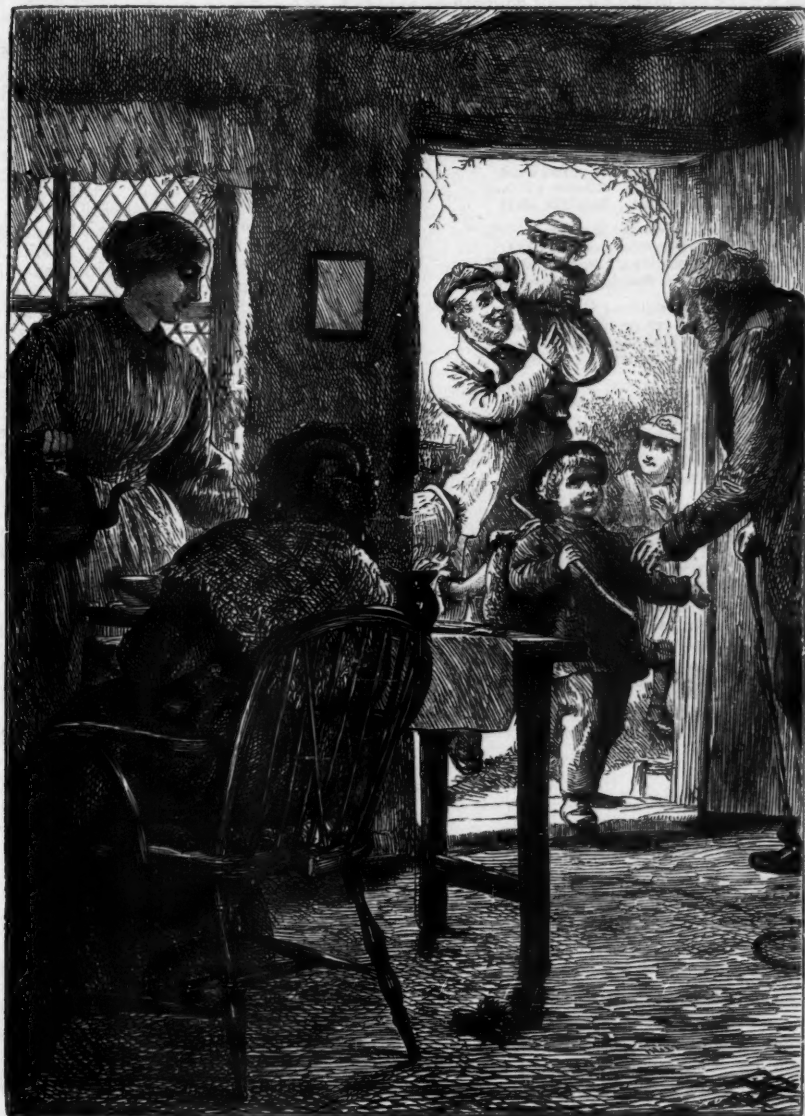
there should be as much communication as possible between parents and children. Certainly, it is not pleasant to topple over them in hall and parlour, and to see what Charles Dickens aptly calls "cascades of babies" tumbling down the stairs. But, on the other hand, there is danger of a mere nursery existence for children. In the stirring and pressing commercial life of this vast empire, there is so much excitement of brain, that to many the prattle and play of children is a vexation and a bore. Pity, indeed, that this should be so, for far more important than the richest earthly gains is the culture of the young immortal spirit; and when we lie down on that couch from which we shall never, rise nothing will grieve us more, if we are Christian men, than to leave the little ones a large estate, and to have the sad consciousness that we have cared little concerning the formation of their characters and the well-being of their souls. By all means let home-life be well regulated, and children be properly provided with nursery-room, to "noise" in as they please; but let Christian parents see as much of them, play as much among them, talk as much to them, and pray as often with them, as they possibly can. The reward will come in the end; and if you lose something in consols, you will gain much more in honour and affection. In the after-days, long, perhaps, after you quietly rest with your fathers in the silent sleep of death, they will remember you as associated with all their early joys and sorrows, their reverses and successes; and in every picture of early life your figure will be prominent as that of counsellor and companion. So that even then, when you, my friend, are not there to see it, the glory of children will be their fathers.

The picture in this text suggests to us many pleasant reminiscences of character, around which we should love to linger—some from the pages of the Bible, and some from the remembrances of other days. Artists have often chosen some special English scene—the old oak of the village green, and the young men and maidens dancing beneath its shadow; the country maypole, with the picturesque portraiture of infancy and age watching the struggle of the boys—all true to nature, and touching in their teaching; last, and not least suggestive, is the old village church and graveyard, reminding us "how one generation passeth away and another cometh," and recalling Bryant's words—

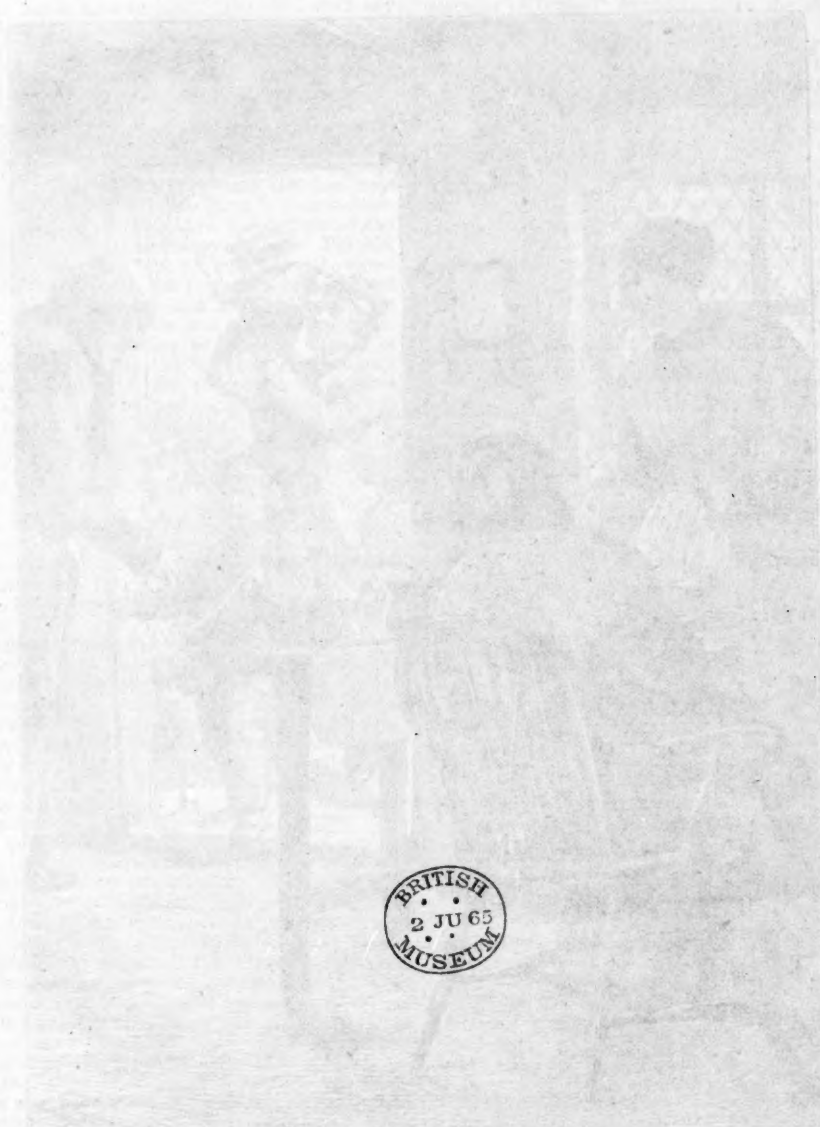
"The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid
And the sweet babe, and the grey-headed man,
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them."

Pictures these are of past associations and of pleasant English scenes in our forefathers' days. But rustic customs change, and the rude railway breaks in upon the quiet habits of the olden days. But the scene in our text, diversified as may be its features, will remain in substance the same from age to age for ever, where there is the fear of God in the family, and the love of God in the heart. "The Lord shall bless thee out of Zion: and thou shalt see the good of Jerusalem all the days of thy life. Yea, thou shalt see thy children's children, and peace upon Israel."

And so we close this picture of inspiration with its twofold aspect: the one the looking down of



"Children's children are the crown of old men; and the glory of children are their fathers."—p. 88.



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age upon childhood, the other the looking up of childhood to manhood, both of which we have endeavoured to dwell upon, and both of which we venture to suggest our artist has made a picture of, worthy of a page in our periodical, and of a place in our hearts; but ere I quit the fellowship of the reader, let me suggest that the proverb before us, which has in it so much beauty of sentiment, has in it some suggestive lessons. Forgive the abruptness of the reminder, but write home when you can, and remember, in your "little ways," the old folks at home. It is unworthy of us ever to leave out of memory and attention the forms which so soon must fade away. Our father's father must never be forgotten. The dear old faces, which so many see at Christmas only, are, indeed, now amongst the "dissolving views" of life. Remember, too, that if a smile plays still upon that face, and a joy-note strikes in that heart as they hear of our honour and success, so we but pay them their due, when we have them always in remembrance. Moreover though the lesson be somewhat trite, it were a shame and a sin for the most successful man to despise a very humble parent, you thought, perhaps, at the great party that mother was hardly up to that sort of thing, and would be better quiet in the breakfast-room; but after all, when you decided to press her to come in, she was the centre of admiring eyes, and far more interesting and entertaining than yourself. Your father was a mechanic, perhaps, and you may be a merchant; never mind, those rough hands are honest ones; they rocked you to sleep in the rude cradle, and gained for you the hard-earned daily bread; and all sensible men admire you when, with eyes sparkling with admiring honour, you introduce him, with honest pride, as "My father, sir!" The humility of our origin need never reverse the grand old proverb, "The glory of children is their fathers."

"Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

And now let us cross the water for a moment; let us sit down on the other side of the broad Atlantic, and converse with the genial spirit of a Longfellow. Listen to his poem concerning childhood, part only of which we have space for here—not, perhaps, amongst the most remarkable of his productions, but to my mind amongst the wisest and sweetest poesy he has ever written—

"Come to me, O ye children,
For I hear you at your play;
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.
"Oh! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more;
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.
"Come to me, O ye children,
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.
"For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses
And the gladness of your looks!
"Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead."

I take leave to say farewell to my readers now, with the simple wish that all who have patiently read these words may have this trinity of blessedness—a dear old home behind them, a dearer home around them, and the dearest home of all before them; that one of which we are accustomed to speak as Jerusalem the golden, and concerning which we have often sung—

"For ever with the Lord,
Amen! so let it be."

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

"KEEP YOUR WORD."



CHILD the old proverb, says "Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well," and depend upon it, boys, it is not far wrong. Throw your whole heart into anything you may have to do, and let your desire always be to excel and become perfect. When I was a boy of about twelve years of age, I had a very particular friend and playfellow, named Wallace. He was a good boy in almost every respect, and very popular. He was acknowledged to be a first-rate cricketer for his age, a good runner, and he could scull with any boy in the school. With such qualities, you may be sure he was a general favourite. Wallace, however, had one great fault—one that belongs, in a degree, more or less, to every boy, but in him it was

predominant—and that was his extraordinary carelessness in any matter, great or small. To such an extent, indeed, did this exist, that even the boys with whom he was most intimately acquainted could not, at times, avoid showing their distaste for it. He never thought it of the least importance to keep his promises, consequently no one could place confidence in him.

I well remember the circumstances which succeeded in effecting a reformation in him, and, although they were very painful, I could not help feeling a certain satisfaction when I reflected what a great change had taken place in the once careless ne'er-do-well, George Wallace.

We were then at school together in St. Heliers, Jersey, one of the pleasantest and most picturesque of the many pretty towns in that island.

At the time I speak of, the school was very full, and several French boys of respectable parentage had been recently admitted. One of these, little

Victor Gay, I will especially draw your attention to, as he is principally concerned in the story I am going to tell you.

Little Victor was one of those delicate-looking boys that you often see. His disposition was gentle and loving, and his fine, large, dark eyes always had a thoughtful, kind expression in them, that seemed to attract you to the boy at once. We all liked Victor very much, and George Wallace appeared to be more attached to him than any of us. Victor, on the other hand, than whom no one could have been found so essentially different in every respect from George, seemed to be attracted to his side instinctively.

I can account for this, in a great measure, by the fact that George spoke French very fluently, having for some two or three years resided in Paris with his parents. He seemed proud of the companionship of little Victor, and acted as his champion in more than one boyish encounter.

One bright afternoon, in the middle of July (as well as I remember, it was a holiday), several of us went down to the sea with the intention of bathing.

We were not on this occasion accompanied by Mr. Burnard, the under-master, because we were considered old enough to take care of ourselves, and to keep out of mischief.

Away we went, swinging our towels round and round our heads, and thoroughly enjoying the fresh sea-breeze, which we could just feel pleasantly cooling our cheeks, without a thought of anything but how we should enjoy the afternoon, and what fun we should have.

Presently we came down to a nice, shady little nook, from whence we always started for our wished-for "dip," and after seeing our clothes deposited in a fissure in the rock, we commenced swimming out.

Our party were thoroughly enjoying themselves, for we were all good swimmers, and our principal anxiety had been removed by little Victor having promised to remain in charge of our clothes, and give us timely warning if there should be any descent of the "cads," who frequently annoyed us in our dipping excursions.

We were not disturbed, however, for a considerable time, until one of us, not so good a swimmer as the rest, thinking he should tire before he could get back, turned round, and was proceeding on his way, when he suddenly and loudly exclaimed, "Look! look! there's Victor Gay afloat! and by himself, too! Can't you hear him shrieking out?"

We turned our heads on the instant, and looked in the direction indicated by Charley Thane, who had first seen it, and there we saw the little boy standing in the stern of the boat, his hands stretched out imploringly towards us, and calling to us to help him. We might well be terror-stricken: the boy was drifting slowly, but surely, out to sea.

I shall never forget the cry of horror which broke from the lips of poor George.

"Oh," he cried, "he's got into that crazy old fishing-boat, that I promised to return to old Jacques last night. Oh, save him—save him! He's as safe to be drowned as we're here!"

Away we went, striking out with all our strength for the shore; and away the boat was going, but faster, in the opposite direction; in fact, it was now

above a mile off, and looked more like a speck upon the water.

We sped on, for we knew that it was a race for life or death. George reached the shore first, and without stopping to put more than his trousers on, started off at full speed to where a number of fishing-boats were stationed. This was about half a mile distant, and the little boat had now disappeared.

Poor Wallace's terror was intense, and he flew on at his utmost speed towards the boats.

"See, see!" cried he, and pointed to where he had last seen the boat.

But nothing was there but the sea, stretching as far as the eye could reach.

"Oh! where is it—where is it?" he wailed. "It has sunk!" And he fell down quite exhausted at the feet of the man he was addressing.

The old tar, who was coolly smoking his pipe in the shade, with his hands in his pockets, quietly turned himself about, and looked to seaward, but could see nothing.

George was panting, and trying to regain his breath, which he, at length, succeeded in doing.

"Why don't you stir?" he cried, "instead of standing there like a mummy? Get out your oars, and pull for your life; one of our fellows is adrift, and knows no more how to handle the sculls than a baby!"

And as the man scuffled to get this done, poor George continued, "And it's all my fault; I promised to take the boat back last night, but I thought it didn't matter." And so he bewailed it, and his face was white with terror.

Meanwhile the man was pulling stoutly, and making good way, but nowhere could the boat be seen.

"She's down, to a certainty, young gent," said the man, "if it's that old craft o' old Jack's."

Then George could hold out no longer, and he fairly burst into a cry of anguish in his great distress.

But why go with them every stroke in the boat? Suffice it to say that the journey was of no avail. Nowhere could the missing boat be found, and they returned with a number of other craft, which the boys of the party had succeeded in getting out.

The consternation and alarm at the schoolhouse was great; and George received such a lecture as he never forgot. I do not think, however, that he needed it, for his remorse was great punishment in itself.

We all went to bed that night with sad hearts, for one was missing from among us; and, thoughtless as boys are, I believe that each one of us prayed to God from his heart to look down upon and protect the poor little absent boy.

Early next morning we were awakened by a loud shout, which proceeded from a dozen lusty men, who were coming direct to the house.

Up I jumped and rushed to the window, but there was one before me—George Wallace. Poor fellow! he had a tender heart, and I could see he had been crying very much during the night, for his eyes were much swollen.

"Thank God! thank God!" said he, "they have found him!" and he pointed with his finger to a part of the crowd; and there, to my astonishment and joy, I beheld Victor, hoisted on the shoulders of a great strong fellow, who was shouting, and

seemed as pleased as any one. And I'll now tell you Victor's story.

After we had left him, he strolled about listlessly, and at length spied the luckless boat drawn into a little cove, and apparently fastened securely. This, however, was not the case, and the boy had no sooner lain himself down in the boat to read, than it slowly drifted out. He did not notice it until he found the motion grow more violent, when he started up, and, of course, was terrified at his awful situation. The boat was old, cranky, and past work; but it proved the means, under Providence, of saving, as well as imperilling, a human life. He drifted out further and further, as it appeared, from assistance; but God had ordained it otherwise. When Wallace had lost sight of the boat, she had drifted behind a headland, and continued to go further and further out to sea. The poor boy was now sitting in the bow of the boat, looking despondingly around, when, in the distance, he saw a steamer approaching, which appeared to be bearing down upon him. He sprang up with a cry of joy, and offered up a short thanksgiving. He was not quite safe yet, for might not the vessel alter her course? On she came, however, and he hailed her as loud as he could, when she reversed her engines, and lowered a boat, which took him safely on board. They did not reach St. Heliers that night, having to call at St. Aubins—which accounted for little Victor's long absence. I have nothing more to tell you now, excepting that George Wallace had received such a lesson as, judging from his after-life, and repute in his profession as a solicitor, he never forgot.

W. H. H.

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

EASTER SUNDAY.

"Christ is risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that sleep."—1 Cor. xv. 20.

OH, the happy Easter morning,
The pleasant dewy time,
The Sabbath light seems softer,
Sweeter the bells' low chime;
The breath of early flowers
Is floating on the air,
The trees are whispering lovingly,
God's peace is everywhere.

Hundreds of years have floated,
Adown time's rapid stream,
Since on a fair spring morning,
There shone a lovelier beam,
Than ever yet had sparkled
Upon the glad earth's sod;
The tomb's stern bar was broken,
By Christ the Son of God.

Two women searching, weeping,
Around their Lord's lone bier,
Saw suddenly an angel,
Who said, in accents clear—
"The rock-tomb is forsaken,
Your Master is not here;
Yet put aside your sadness,
The Lord is very near."

They turned and saw their Saviour,
And, trembling and pale,
They fell down prostrate at his feet,
And his greeting was, "All hail."
He knew their hearts beat wild and fast,
"Be not afraid," he said;
"Go tell my brethren I am here,
Arisen from the dead."

And children, still he speaks to you,
And bids you cast out fear,
And when the sorrow darkly falls,
He whispers "I am here."
When friends unto the gloomy grave
You are constrained to give,
"Fear not," Christ says, "your Lord arose,
They too again shall live."

KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 74.

"Be sober, be vigilant,"—1 Peter v. 8.

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|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Benoni | Gen. xxxv. 18. |
| 2. Esarhaddon | 2 Kings xix. 37. |
| 3. Sodom | Gen. xviii. 26. |
| 4. Omri's | 2 Chron. xxii. 2, 12. |
| 5. Benaiah | 2 Sam. xxiii. 20. |
| 6. Elnathan | Jer. xxvi. 22. |
| 7. Rahab | Josh ii. 1. |
| 8. Benjamin | Judg. ix. 20. |
| 9. Elnathan | 2 Chron. ix. 36. |
| 10. Vashiti | Esth. i. 12. |
| 11. Ishbosheth | 2 Sam. iv. 7. |
| 12. Gehazi | 2 Kings v. 26. |
| 13. Ibleam | 2 Kings ix. 27. |
| 14. Lydda | Acts ix. 33. |
| 15. Abigail's | 1 Sam. xxv. 3. |
| 16. Nob | 1 Sam. xxi. 1. |
| 17. Abitha | Acts ix. 40. |

SCRIPTURAL ACROSTICS.—No. VIII.

A WICKED KING WHO WAS MURDERED BY HIS OWN SERVANTS.

1. One who comforted a king in his old age.
2. Where Joshua overthrew divers kings.
3. A Christian who ministered unto St. Paul at Ephesus and at Rome.
4. A city the scene of a great slaughter.





"BEHOLD THE MAN!"*

BEHOLD THE MAN! brought forth
enrobed for scorn,
In raiment of imperial purple hues;
By the thorn-crown his sacred temples
torn,

Proclaimed, with mocking hate, "King of the
Jews!"

Smitten and scourged, rude cords about those hands
Whose love-tasks yet were scarcely well begun;
Then Pilate speaks, while thus the Saviour stands,
"BEHOLD THE MAN!"

BEHOLD THE MAN! Behold him led to death,
Meek as the ewe-lamb, dreamless of its doom,
And silent as the uncomplaining breath
Of wood-flow'rs withered in their earliest bloom.

* John xix. 5.

Still, "Crucify!" "Away with him!" they cried,
While from the pain-bent brow the red blood
ran;

So, by his chosen follower denied,

BEHOLD THE MAN!

BEHOLD THE MAN! What more can language
say?

Go, search through rhetorics' unbounded store;
Listen, where poets sing their lives away,
Where saints' orisons climb to heaven's door,
Or prayers of infants sanctify the earth;
And vainly yet the holiest lore ye scan
To add one tittle to those words' sweet worth,

BEHOLD THE MAN!

A. W. B.

NORTON PURNELL.

CHAPTER XI.

HAG-RIDDEN.

NOT long after Jim Perkins's committal to prison, Norton, as he was passing, one day, through the "Owl's Bottom," met old Nanny, Jim's mother, hobbling along with difficulty, within a short distance of her own door, and carrying a bucket of water. As soon as she saw Norton, she shook her stick at him, with impotent rage. "Oh, you young toad!—you young varment! I wish I could get at thee. I'd beat thee meddling brains out, I would! 'Twer thee, you young toad, as sent our Jim to gaol, leaven his poor old mother here, wi' nobody to help her; and I wi' the rheumatism so bad that I can hardly move. And how am I to vetch the water, and put on the teaturs, and serve the pig, and dig up the bit o' gearden-ground, and go down to shop vor my things? Oh, you young wretch (grinding her teeth). I'll send a rheumatism into every bone of thy body! I'll—"

"Hush, Mrs. Perkins," said Norton; "you shouldn't talk like thus. I only did what could not be helped. I am sorry you should be left in this way. Here, let me carry your bucket, and then I'll lift the pig's potatoes on to the fire for you; and, if mother likes, I'll come every evening and do your errands."

Nanny looked at him in astonishment: a spirit so different from her own she could not understand. But she cunningly saw her own interest in securing Norton's services, so she changed her tone instantly to a coaxing, wheedling one.

"Ah, 'twill be very good o' ye, my dear. And you mustn't mind what a old ooman like I do say; my bark's wuss than my bite. Come along, my dear. Carry the bucket, and pour the water into the crook whar the teaturs is, and then heave the crock on the fire."

When this was done, Nanny began, in the same wheedling voice—

"You don't want to go home direckly, do ye now? Go down to the well, and get another bucket of water for me, do ye, there's a dear."

Norton got another bucketful of water, and then she began—

"Now, bless ye, my handsome dear; do ye go down to Mally Ganes, and get me a pinch o' snuff. I han't a had a pinch these three days, and my nose is like a cinder. And while ye be about it, ye may bring me a pound o' candles, and an ounce o' tea, and a pound o' lard, and a half-pound o' butter, and a loaf. Now do ye, there's a dear, love ye."

Norton performed all the errands, and then imagined he would be at liberty to return home, thinking his task would be over; but the old woman began again (and if this was a specimen of the way in which witches work their familiars, we must pity the poor creatures):—

"Now, love ye, you be the best young gentleman I ever set eyes on. Why, you han't been no time gone. And such a memory! why, you've brought everything as if 'twer in a book. And now—you been't in a hurry, be ye?—ye can just take the spade, and dig up this patch o' ground, and sow some peas for me. You will, I'm shour, won't ye, love ye?"

Norton was obliged to resist the selfish whim of the old woman, and promise to return to-morrow, if his parents permitted.

He told his father and mother, when he reached home,

what he had done, and what he promised, with their permission, to do.

"The nasty, spiteful old cat!" said Aaron; "let her starve; 'tis what she do desurve. She ought to feel a little o' what she've made other folk feel."

"Thou shouldstn't say that, Aaron," said his wife, gently.

"Now, look here, Ruth; theest knew what a spiteful old viper she've a been. Why, there were Farmer Hedges—he found her, one day, with Sally Clapham, the dairy maid, a tellen her fortin. Well, farmer flew in a passion with her, and told her if he ketchod her there again he'd put her in the stocks. Nanny looked in at the dairy winder as she passed, and, shour enough, they churned and churned, for weeks and weeks, and no butter would come. And first one cow and then another died, till farmer thought he were going to be ruined."

"I can't believe these things, father. Aunt Nancy and Farmer Hedges *fancied* they were bewitched."

"I believe 'tis true. There used to be such things in former times; why shouldn't there be now? And I do say, a wicked old creatur that have sold her soul to the divil, and 'll do such spiteful things, ought to starve."

"I don't know," said Ruth. "Sometimes I think God A'mighty wouldn't give such power over his children to poor, wicked, ignorant, malicious creatures like Nanny Perkins. But, if it is true that she was as wicked and spiteful as you think, that's no reason why we should refuse to do her a kindness. We're to do good to all; and if she've done one o' our family a injury, why that's the more reason why we should requite her good for evil. So my mind is for Norton to go and do what he can for the old woman. Bad as she is, she's God's creatur too; and I suppose we must seem wuss and meaner in his eyes than she do in ours; and yet he don't desert us, but loves us, and does us good every day."

Norton was glad at his mother's decision; and Aaron scratched his head, and said slowly, "They could do as they liked; but he'd a let her starve afore he'd help her."

So Norton went to Nanny's hovel several times a week, to render her the little services she needed. He did not venture on this work of kindness without considerable repugnance. He had, as we have seen, learnt to rise above the local superstitions of ghosts, witchcraft, tokens, charms, and such trash; but still he felt a sort of shrinking dread at the old woman. Perhaps it was that in the mind of one—especially if he is endowed with vivid imagination—who has been *cradled* in superstitious beliefs, there is always a kind of taint—an instinctive and unconscious lingering of the feeling.

The appearance of Nanny was certainly repulsive. She had been tall, but was now bent nearly double. Her head shook, at times, with the palsy; and at such times her attempts to speak made her seem hideous. She was lean and withered, had a grey beard, and a single yellow tooth like a fang. Her grey, ragged hair was turned up above her bleared eyes and shaggy eyebrows, and confined with a dirty, close cap, without border, bound by a broad black riband.

Her abode, though in the midst of the most picturesque scenery, was a miserable hovel. It could boast no floor but the bare, hard, trodden ground. The lower storey consisted of one rather large-sized room, furnished by a couple of old tables, one or two rough benches, a copper, fastened with staples on one side of the damp walls; a smouldering fire of green wood on the hearth made the place smoky rather than warm. In a corner was the earthen pan that held the water, the bucket to fetch it in,

and the round crock in which she boiled her potatoes, while on some old shelves over the table were three pewter plates, a wooden salt-cellar, and one or two cracked cups and saucers.

The place was the picture of misery and poverty, and yet here (when Jim was at home) a number of men (and women, too,) from the neighbourhood had been accustomed to gather, for the purpose of drinking the smuggled brandy. Now, however, there was no brandy to be obtained, and so the old frequenters never came near; for Nanny was so much disliked and feared by the people of Chilton in general, that she would have been likely to starve through neglect, if Norton had not taken pity upon her.

The old woman was the subject of much fearful interest to Norton, just as some venomous creature might be, whose nature and habits he wished to understand.

"What was the source," Norton asked himself, "of this popular belief in Nanny's powers of witchcraft?" He determined, if possible, to probe the matter.

"Nanny," he said, one day, when he thought he had sufficiently ingratiated himself with the old woman to venture, "tell me, will you, why people think you are a witch?"

"Ah, my dear," she said, sitting down on the old crock by the fire, and resting on her stick with both hands, as she leered up into Norton's face—"ah, my dear, 'tis a gift; and 't have been gied to me to make up for other things—poverty and trouble. Ye see, from a child I were on the parish. My mother died afore I was five years old, and I were brought up in the poor-house with old Betty Parsons; and I had a hard life on't from the fust. Oh, how she would beat and starve me! I were always black and blue wi' her blows, and as lean and hungered as a wolf. When I grew up, 'twere wuss still. They would not keep me in the house, and I took to beggen, and nobody would take me in; and I were drove from house to house and place to place. I'd come to the farmhouses, and look through the winders, and there were the gurt fire, and there they were a-sitten down before it to dinner, with the smoking roast beef and the gurt loaf, and the frothing yale on the table, and their faces as rid as ponies; and I bitter cold, and my face and fingers blue, and my toes a-sticken out o' my old shoes; and the keen wind blowed throo my bits o' rags. I were ready to fall together for hunger, and they drove me from the door—drove me as if I were a toad. Ah, then my heart turned to fire, and I wished—oh, how I wished!—I had the power to strike their limbs and wither them up. And the power came to me. When I went out begging one day, there come to me a little black dog, and he went about wi' me wherever I went, and there he is now, under the table, wi' his eyes a-gloweren. After that, I found that anything I wished against my enemies come to pass. Oh, I did wish, and I did punish 'em! One would pine away to a skillerton, and die; another would fall down and break his leg; then another would lose his cows. Aha! how I would punish 'em! Hah! hah! hah! hah!"

As she spoke, the fearful old hag went off into an hysterical fit, foaming at the mouth, and raising her voice so that her weird laugh rang in a shriller, louder key; whilst the dog set up a fearful howl, his eyes glaring with a malignancy equal to that of his mistress.

Norton was sorely frightened; the spectacle was altogether new to him, and reminded him of the demoniacs described as possessed by the evil one in ancient time. But he exerted great power over himself; he was determined not to allow his mind to be overcome by superstition. He had no doubt the old woman was insane, and that what he had just witnessed was one of her worst attacks; so, when she was quieter, Norton turned upon her with a stern, firm look, for he had read that this was the only way with insane people; fixing his gaze upon her,

he said, "Nanny, I am ashamed of you. Your own malice has turned your brain. Do you think the good God would give such a wicked, malicious woman as you such power over his creatures?"

"Ah, my dear," continued Nanny, "don't talk to I about your good God. I don't know nought about him; and as to him giving power to a poor mean creature like me to do harm, look at the nettles; they be poor, mean creatures, and yet they get power to sting. Look at the toadstools; they be poor, mean creatures, but what terrible power they've a-got to poison. And look at the viper; 'tis a little, mean creature, no bigger round than one's finger, and yet he've such a sting that the stoutest man's afeard on. Aha! nettles, and toadstools, and vipers wi' deadly stings, I love 'em, for they makes folk fear."

Norton was almost petrified with horror at this manifestation of the old woman's perverted and malignant mind. "Oh, Nanny," he said, "your poor head is wrong. Depend upon it you're only dreaming," added Norton.

"A-dreamen!" returned Nanny; "a-dreamen!" She started up in anger, shouting, "It is true, it is true. I can humble the proudest o'em. I could rise the thunder and the lightning; I could blast all the crops in the country wi' a flash. I could hit down Chilton Church or the Great Hall wi' a thunder-clap. I could rise sperits, I tell ye."

"Pooh, pooh," said Norton; "you raise sperits. Do that, and I'll believe you."

"Ah, you been't stout-hearted enough to bear it. And if you were to be afeard, they mid tear ye to pieces."

"Stuff!" continued Norton, piqued by the old woman's insinuation, and really curious to see what she would do. "You only try me. Raise the sperits, and I'll believe you."

"Very well, then, my dear; you sit down there on that stool, and I'll make a circle round ye, that nothen shall come to you."

Norton seated himself in the middle of the cottage, opposite the window. It was now dark without, and the little candle was lighted. Nanny placed in front of the window the round table, drew a circle on it with charcoal, then set in the centre a pot, into which she threw what seemed to Norton some roots and dried herbs. She dropped some lighted embers from the fire upon this, and the whole began to send out a smoke, which rose and gradually spread about the room. A number of other things were then placed in the circle, which seemed to Norton to be human bones, dried toads, lizards, and vipers, and a piece of old, rusty chain; which done, she gave him a penny. In it was bored a large hole, through which she directed him to look steadily towards the window; then, extinguishing the candle, she began muttering a long incantation.

Norton looked steadily through the thin smoke towards the window, which was black with night. Presently a flash of lightning illuminated the opening, and revealed the trees on the hill above; then all was dark and black again. The flash was followed by a thunder-clap, which seemed to shake the cottage to its foundations. The dog growled ominously. The low, flickering fire on the hearth was just sufficient to reveal the objects in the room, and to bring out, in strong relief, the table and its fearful furniture. It lighted up the old woman's face with an unearthly glare, and made the window seem shrouded in darkness. Suddenly, in that darkness, there appeared a fearful apparition, whose open eyes seemed to look into the room with a sad and stoic gaze. It stood there for a few seconds, and then vanished. Norton dashed the penny to the ground, and cried out, "Light the candle, and put an end to this."

"Ah, my dear," cried Nanny, re-lighting the candle,

and looking into his face, "you've a-seed summut—you've a-seed summut. You'll believe old Nanny have got power now."

"I believe no such thing," said Norton, angrily. "I believe my own imagination has played tricks with me. Come, let me get into the open air, out of this detestable vapour."

There certainly was something suffocating in the smoke issuing from the pot: most likely it arose from narcotic herbs.

CHAPTER XII.

A DISCOVERY.

WHEN Norton got into the open air, he felt weak and shaken in body and mind. In passing down the glen, he heard the distant thunder mutter. The owl hooted, the screech-owl screeched. He heard the creaking of wings, and great black creatures seemed to be flying about him. Terrible forms appeared to stretch their hands towards him out of the hedge. He thought he should grow mad with his own fearful imaginations. It seemed as if a fever—an insanity of fear and horror—had fallen upon him. He deeply reproached himself for consenting to witness Nanny's dreadful mummery. He felt now that not only was it wrong thus to trifle with such things, but it was wrong to trifle with his own imagination; and he prayed God to forgive his folly.

How glad he was when he reached his father's cottage. Here he found his father and mother, and the children, all in trouble. The news had just come that cousin Polly, of Tetbury, of whom they were all so fond, was dead.

Norton sank down, terrified and astonished. Good gracious! it was the face of his cousin Polly, then, that he had seen looking in at the window. He sat paralysed with fear and grief, though his family believed him to be only overpowered by the sad news.

He crept off to bed as soon as he could, and buried his head in the bed-clothes, not to sleep, but to think and wonder. He strove with all his might to overcome the miserable fear and superstition that tormented him. He thought with shame and disgust at his cowardice. He was determined not to yield. Carefully he surveyed the whole of the evening's events. First of all, the thunder and lightning; they could surely have no connection with the witch's incantations, for the weather had been electrical all the afternoon, and the clouds had been gathering as he came up the glen. The vision which he had seen through the window must have been the work of his own imagination, excited and overwrought by all the conversation of the evening, and the witch's horrid rites. He even went the length of asking himself if he really had thought, *at the time* he saw the vision, that it was the face of cousin Polly, or of any known person, and strange to say, he could not be sure that he had done so. Now it seemed to him, beyond doubt, that the face had been hers; and yet the more he thought upon it, the more he felt that this impression was a subsequent creation of his imagination, after cousin Polly's death had been mentioned, although so vivid now seemed that impression, that it was difficult not to believe that it had been on his mind from the first. It was a lesson for life to Norton, not to tamper with the mysteries of his own nature. So that, after all, the incantation, witching, and apparition, resolved itself into the simple fact that a thunderstorm, which had been threatening all day, had burst with great fury over the neighbourhood, and the frantic ravings of a superstitious old mad-woman, had so excited Norton's brain, that, when looking through a hole in a penny at the smoke which was ascending from the pot on the table,

he fancied he saw a face looking at him; and afterwards, when he heard of some one's death, he fancied it must have been her face he saw, though the idea never occurred to him at the time. Thus, given an old mad-woman, an excited young man, a cottage filled with smoke, a surly cur dog howling under a table, and a thunderstorm—and we can have ghosts and spirits *ad infinitum*. Norton almost determined, at first, to go near old Nanny no more; but, remembering her helpless condition, and her insanity, in which he firmly believed, his heart relented. He resolved, however, to say no more to her about her powers of witchcraft, convinced that all allusion to the subject only excited her insanity and malignity.

One day he had been to her cottage as usual, fetched her water from the spring, and was hurrying home to his studies, when she begged him to go down to Mally Gane's and get her half an ounce o' baccy, for she declared she hadn't had a pipe for two days.

Norton said he really could not well afford the time now, but he would bring some with him on the morrow. "Ah, now, do ye go, do ye, love ye! If you will, I'll tell you a secret—ah, a secret about yourself, my dear—about yourself, as you'd give gold to know."

Now Norton had his share of curiosity: he went the errand, and then waited for the secret.

The old woman shut the door, and, taking her old place on the copper, motioned Norton to sit down on the three-legged stool before her; then, bending forward her head, she said—

"You're not what you do seem, Norton Purnell. You're not a poor man's boy; you're a gentleman's son—aye, a gentleman's son," nodding her head significantly.

Norton stared, breathless with astonishment.

"Ah," continued she, "there's news for ye! Ah, you always thought you were summut above them there stupid clodhoppers, didn't ye? and so ye be."

"But how can that possibly be? Am I not the son of Aaron and Ruth Purnell?"

"No; some says, the son o' Ruth Norton, but not of Aaron Purnell."

"But—but—do you mean to say my mother has been married before, then?"

"Married, indeed!" was the sneering answer.

Norton started to his feet, and, grasping the old woman by the arm, shook her violently, saying—

"How dare you speak in that way of my mother?"

"Bless my soul," said Nanny, "one would think as I'd done ye an injury, a-telling ye that you were a gentleman's son. And suppose you—"

"I can't hear you talk like that, Nanny," interrupted Norton. "Tell me at once what you mean. What do you know, and how did you learn it?"

"Well, d'ye see—doan't be in a tantrum—a woman o' the name o' Sally Wainwright come over here from Polton, t'other night, to see if I could tell her summut by the cards about her husband at sea. So we got a-talking about Polton, and summut come out about you. I told her how good you were. And then she said she did know your mother afore she married Purnell. Ruth comes from Polton, and her mother, Betty Norton, lives there now. She said that a month afore Ruth was married, she happened to go into Betty's cottage, and there she saw Ruth nussing a baby, and that was you. And she asked Ruth whose baby that was, and she answered, 'My own, to be shour.' And Sally said, the talk in the place was that Ruth had lived at Bath, in the family o' some squire; and she did say his name, but I've forgot it, and that thou wert his son; for that he had been privately married to Ruth, but being anxious to marry a fine lady afterwards, he told Ruth that her marriage was no marriage in the sight o' the law at all, as there was no witnesses; and he gave her a lot o' money, so she made no fuss about it; but he died

soon, and then she married Aaron. Mind, I've only told you what Sally Wainwright told me."

Norton was at first struck with surprise, and angry at the intelligence. But he roused himself, and tried to persuade himself that it was only another of the old woman's wicked delusions.

But it was easy to settle the scandal. He had often heard his parents speak of their wedding day: it was Easter Monday, 1814; and in the family Bible were written the ages of the children. On his return home, he directly got the Bible, and, rushing up-stairs with it to his own room, shut and secured the door, and then turned in a terror of apprehension to the fly-leaf. There, sure enough, was the entry, "Norton Purnell was born December the 19th, 1813."

An utter sickness of soul came upon him. He had nothing more to hope for; darkness was on every side. Every honest aspiration that he had ever formed seemed doomed by this disgrace to be disappointed. What a mystery of iniquity had been opened to him in the last few weeks! Nanny, with all her misery and malignity; and now the mother, whom he had thought a saint, and the father, whom he had thought a good man and true, were stained with the sin and shame of a gross deception, if not parties to a worse villany. And himself—he who had aspired to be above his companions—must now be looked down upon as a kind of outcast. And Sophia! Sophia! he should never dare to turn his eyes to her again. If she should hear, as she might, his history, she must forget her childish playmate.

At first he felt as if he could never have any love or respect for Ruth and Aaron again. His heart was full of bitterness and resentment, and he kept away from them for many days, sullenly nursing his misery.

It happened a few evenings after Norton's miserable discovery that Aaron was from home, being gone to Bristol with the wagon and horses of Farmer Hedges for a load of slate.

Now Ruth had always persuaded Aaron to consent to family prayer. She was the priestess of the worship, and this evening she chose, for some reason or other, Psalm li. for the reading—"Have mercy upon me, O God." Her prayer, which followed, was extempore, thrilled with deep and earnest supplication for pardon for sin—secret sin—the sin of past days.

Norton was deeply touched. He now thought he understood his mother's sorrow for sin; but at the same time he felt that she entertained so deep a penitence for the past, she so cast her sin behind her, and wept for it perpetually in the sight of God, that it was not for him, her son, to judge her. He determined, if it might be, from that time, to take his mother's sin, as it were, upon him—to bear it with her and for her, suffering and repenting with her. And then he felt his love for her come back—a love of pity and tenderness, a love that would shelter her, if possible, from herself.

During the next few weeks Ruth felt instinctively that there was a new tie between her and Norton. She scarcely knew what it was. The boy, with his sad, earnest gaze, seemed to look into her very soul, and compel her to turn away from him. And yet there was a strange tenderness in his words and tones, and a perpetual watchfulness to render her all kinds of service, to save her trouble.

He still continued to visit old Nanny, to do her little tasks, and gradually began to feel sure that the old woman's mental disorder was considerably increased by drinking. There was a perpetual smell of brandy about the place, and sometimes she seemed quite stupefied. Norton was puzzled to know what to do with such a perverted and degraded being. He knew not what words to use to meet a disorder of mind and spirit so terrible.

Yet he remonstrated with her on her habits, and tried to make her feel their wickedness.

"Ah, my dear," she said "'tis all the comfort I've got, is the drap o' drink; 'tis victuals and drink, and clothes, and house, and home."

"Nanny, Nanny, what is this but saying that drink stars up all the bad passions in your nature?"

"Ah, Norton, it is too late now—too late now. And yet I might ha' been different once," she added, with a gentler voice. "Ah, yes, there was a time when I wer a little maid, when they turned me out o' the poor-house. I weren't so bad, then, but what I might have been done summat with, if anybody cared for me. Once, as I wandered about a-beggen, I come to a place t'other side o' Mendip; and I was crying on a heap o' stones, and there come by a young lady a riding a-horseback, and she stopped her horse, and asked me, in a kind, sweet voice, why I was a-cryen. I said, because I did not know where to go in the wide world, and I was tired and hungry. And the pretty lady told me to come wi' her, and I went to a big house like Chilton Hall, and the lady told the servants to give me summat to eat, and they made me wash all over, and put on nice clothes to wear, that I did not know myself; and she took me to school, and told the missus to teach me, and I was to go to the hall to my meals, and to sleep in a little bed in the garret. And the sweet lady came every day to school to teach, and she took such pains wi' me, that I wer determined to be good, to please her. But it wasn't to be. I hadn't been at school three weeks, when the lady was took bad of a fever, and died. Ah, she died, she died!—the only creature that ever cared about me in this world. She hadn't been dead a week, when somebody from Chilton came, and told the folk at the hall that I was a thief and a liar, and they began to look on me with scorn. I could see their hearts were turned agen me. Well, then a ring was missed, and they blamed me for a chamber-maid there as stole the ring and put it in my room wi' my clothes; and I was sent to prison—ees, I wer put to prison. I found her out afterwards. And then I were turned out to beg or steal again. 'Twas all over wi' me. And from that time I said in my heart that there was no use tryen; all was agen me. You believe in religion, my dear. Now, tell me, do your religion say 'tis possible for one like me ever to have a chance again?"

"My religion does teach," said Norton, "that God's mercy in Christ is infinite, and can restore the most sinful soul."

"Ah! d'ye think so—d'ye think so? Ah, 'twould be a comfort, after all, if a body could believe that."

Norton added what he could express of the doctrines of Christianity, and what he thought most likely to meet the old woman's case. For the poor old half-crazed crone, the story was just the same as for the refined philosopher. Norton told her of a Saviour's dying love—of forgiveness freely offered to the vilest and most abandoned. He related the touching anecdotes of New Testament history—the woman spurned by her fellows, but forgiven by her Saviour—the thief put to death, as too vile to live in this world, but received by the dying Jesus as a saint into paradise; and at first it seemed as if light was beginning to dawn in upon her dark soul; but again, as if the clouds rolled across her spiritual vision, with recurring impatience she broke out—

"There, child, 'tis no good to talk to me about such things. There's one stands and whispers in my ear, 'Tis all nonsense,' and he won't let me listen. There, go home, now—go home, now. If anybody could do me good, you could; but ye can't, and nobody on earth can."

(To be continued.)

THE WISDOM OF THE PENTATEUCH.

NO. II.



IF any one should be asked to describe the contents of the first chapter of the Pentateuch, he might say, if he was fond of hard words, that it contained the Mosaic Cosmogony; or, if he wished to speak more simply, he might say that it contained the Bible account of Creation. A great deal has been said of late concerning this cosmogony or creation, and there has been (as every one knows) much argument as to whether the history, which the first chapter of Genesis gives us, is consistent or not with what science teaches. Some controversialists say that it is not; others as confidently say that it is; the former regard the latter as stupid or ignorant, and the latter return the compliment by stigmatising the former as infidels. The writer of this paper thinks, however, that some views may be put forward, upon which both sides may look with advantage, and which usually are not made so prominent as perhaps they ought to be.

Well, then, let us consider that the first chapter of the Pentateuch, or of Genesis, contains an account of *creation*—not of changes in an existing order of things due to causes which we call *natural*, but of the first making, construction, fabrication of that glorious universe, of which we men form an important part. Now no memoir which any scientific man writes ever deals with this subject. Look into a volume of the "Transactions of the Royal Society," or of the Geological Society, or into any other scientific work, and you will see at once what I mean. The geologist, for example, takes the earth in a certain condition, and traces its changes into other conditions; it is the revolutions and alterations which the globe has undergone, not the origin of the globe, with which the geologist has to employ himself. Just as the historian takes the nation, whose history he is to write, as the raw material upon which he is to work: he does not trouble himself to explain how men came upon the earth, but, knowing their existence, he deals with their actions, and records their achievements. Creation, therefore, lies altogether beyond the domain of science; science has no tools with which to work upon it, and no terms with which to express it. If all the scientific men that exist were to be brought together into one grand conclave, astronomers, geologists, chemists, botanists, zoologists—the most notable representatives of every actual or conceivable *ology*—they would be utterly incompetent to give any account whatever of creation properly so called.

The reader will see the reason of this more clearly, if he remembers that all natural science is what we call *experimental science*; that is to say, it all rests upon experience or experiment. Mathematics come in to our help in enabling us to trace out results, to connect cause with consequence, to generalise, to verify; but after all, the sciences rest funda-

mentally upon experience or experiment. Now, it is clear that in the case of creation we have no experience to guide us; we know nothing of it; all our experience is connected with changes in the existing universe; we know of *transformations* of matter, but nothing of *formation* of matter; and, therefore, if we attempt for a moment to throw our minds into a condition of things antecedent to the existence of "the heaven and the earth," we simply find ourselves in that darkness which "was upon the face of the deep" before "God said, Let there be light."

Hence there would seem to be an underlying and original mistake of no small magnitude in the views of those who treat the first chapter of Genesis as if it could be brought alongside of a memoir in the "Philosophical Transactions," and criticised in the same way. It is not a scientific treatise, and ought not so to be regarded; its sphere is divinity, not physics, and it is only physical in the same way as man is physical, and as you must first regard man in his bodily earthly personality, before you can regard him as a spiritual being having a living soul and heavenly destinies.

At the risk of wearying the reader, I will observe that not only is science incompetent to describe creation, but human language is unable to supply the terms in which the description can be attempted. As it is no disrespect to say what I have already said of science, so it is no disrespect to say what I now say of language. The words which constitute language are all of necessity borrowed from experience; and as soon as ever we travel beyond experience, we travel beyond language. Of course we may use, and do use, language to describe things which exist in this unknown region; but we can only do this by figures, by means of pictures drawn from what we see. Take St. John's vision in the Apocalypse as an example: a *door* was opened in heaven, and a *voice* like a *trumpet* talked with the favoured apostle, and said, "Come up hither, and I will show thee things which must be hereafter;" and immediately he saw a *throne*, and one sitting on the throne who was like a *jasper* and *sardine stone*, and a *rainbow* round the throne like an *emerald*. Then there were *seats* round the throne, and *elders* sitting upon them clothed in *white raiment*, and having on their heads *crowns* of gold—and so on throughout the whole vision. It is a vision of heaven, but all the things seen are of necessity described as things of earth; human language can describe nothing else, and when applied to things of heaven, or to things in any way transcending experience, it can only describe by way of parable, or comparison, or figure.

This is, I think, sufficiently clear; and it requires no deep study of the science of language to enable the reader to understand what I have now been writing. What I wish, however, particularly to press upon the reader's attention is, that creation is one of those transcendent subjects which, in the nature of things, human language cannot describe: creation is not an operation of Nature, it is some-

thing which precedes the operations of Nature; creation is presupposed by science, and science has nothing more to do with it; if it be necessary to have some account of creation as the foundation of morals and divinity, then the account must be in some sense a figurative account; it must be couched in language which is accommodated to this special purpose; it cannot be examined and dissected like the language in which a scientific man gives an account of a volcano, or a storm, or a series of rocks, or an eclipse of the sun.

With this preface, as to the conditions under which the opening of the Pentateuch, if it is to deal with the subject of creation, must, in the nature of things, be written, let us see what is the actual comment upon, or development of, the opening sentence, which tells us that "in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

The most prominent point is, perhaps, this, that the whole work of creation is attributed at once and immediately to the operation of God. Science, in general, says nothing about God, and, in general, does so with propriety. God is assumed, so to speak. He has given laws, and man has to investigate these laws; and to attribute anything in a scientific discussion to God would be simply to confess ignorance. So far as the Divine hand is introduced as an agent, so far science has failed to do its work. But it is different with divinity. There God is everything; secondary causes are nothing. It is the Lord that commandeth the waters; it is the glorious God that maketh the thunder; it is the Lord that ruleth the sea; the voice of the Lord is mighty in operation; the voice of the Lord is a glorious voice. One of the grandest revelations that our Lord Jesus Christ ever gave us of his Father—one of the truths upon which we can repose most securely and peacefully when doubts and fears darken our hearts—is that simple declaration, that God numbers the hairs of our heads, and that no sparrow can fall to the ground without his will. Pray observe, therefore, the manner in which, in the opening of the Pentateuch, the Divine creating Person comes before us in his Divine creating personality; and to impress upon the mind more clearly the feature of the first chapter of Genesis which I wish you to observe, please to count for yourself, the number of times the name of God is introduced into the chapter as the name of the active Creator of the world and the things which are in it. I have made the reckoning, and my result is, that in this first chapter of Genesis, containing thirty-one verses, God appears more than thirty times, or, on an average, once in every verse. Fancy a scientific memoir with the name of God in every short paragraph, and then you will see the absurdity of treating the Scripture account of creation as a scientific treatise; and you will, moreover, be likely to perceive what kind of a treatise it really is.

The wisdom of the Pentateuch, or, rather, the wisdom of God its author, seems to me conspicuous in this characteristic of its opening. "God said" is the key-note of it. If you ask, How came all these things that we see into being? the wisest and only answer is, "God said, Let them be." Verse after verse brings before us, again and again, the same magnificent fiat; and upon this account of creation the wisest and simplest meet, as on common

ground, and science and divinity shake hands. It is no trifling compliment to a book (to speak after the manner of this world) that it should open with language which is as appropriate as can possibly be to the condition of those half-civilised, half-slavish people to whom it was addressed, and which yet seems, in its simple magnificence, to be as suitable for conveying all that can be known of the Divine mystery of creation to those who are conversant with the science of Europe in the latter half of the nineteenth century; and it must be positively startling to any reader of Holy Scripture, who takes a low view of its character and authorship, to compare the first chapter of Genesis with the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, and there find Him who is the centre and subject of the New Testament connected with the creative Word of which we read in the opening of the Old, by the oracular sentence, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

Yes, a person may say, this is very well, but you are trying to throw dust in our eyes, and prevent us from examining whether the cosmogony of the Pentateuch does really agree with what science teaches us. I am sorry if any one of my readers should take this view, and I can assure him that I am not intending to throw dust in his eyes, but rather to clear away dust, which, it seems to me, often interferes with the vision of very clever people who read the Pentateuch. Please, dear reader, to remember the critic, who, in Garrick's soliloquy, kept his eye upon the stop-watch; there was a pause where the critic ruled that there ought to be none; perhaps there was something to fill the gap, some gesture, some movement, some play of countenance, which made the breach of the critic's rules into a beauty beyond the reach of those to whom critics' rules are everything; was there nothing of this kind, O critic? Critic cannot say; he "looked only at the stop-watch!" And really we cannot but feel that not unfrequently stop-watch criticism is applied to Holy Scripture, and that the grand purposes of God are forgotten in the calculation of the amount of probable defects supposed to exist in details. However, in the present case, it is not denied that there is, in the history of the six days' creation so much of an apparently scientific character as to invite a comparison between that which the first chapter of Genesis tells us and that which we know from scientific investigation; and it is sufficiently remarkable, to say no more, that a document of such antiquity as the commencement of the Pentateuch, written apparently in such a corner of the world, and addressed to people in so imperfect a condition of education, should bear upon it certain great marks which correspond to the leading truths which geology teaches us. It may be doubtful what is meant by a day; and the notion of a day in the creation-history corresponding to two revolutions of the hour-hand of a good clock (as is maintained by some) is manifestly transparently absurd; and there may be difficulties connected with the primeval creation of light and the creation of the sun on the fourth day; and so on; but still there is in the creation-history what I may call a grand progression from chaos to man—a progression which seems to agree with all that science teaches us, and to be certainly true what-

ever hypotheses, advanced by scientific inquirers, may be false—a progression which is important, not merely because it is physically true, but because it gives us our bearings in the moral world, and because it shows us that sun, and moon, and stars, and all the animals upon the earth, or above the earth, or under the earth, are inferior in value, and in cosmical order, to him who is created in God's own image, and into whose nostrils God's Spirit has "breathed the breath of life."

It seems to me to be a minor question how far this correspondence between the creation-history and the conclusions of science can be carried,—a minor question because, as I have endeavoured to explain already, the story of creation must, after all, be, to a great extent, a parable and a similitude. More than enough, probably, has already been written on the subject, and there are, amongst the writers, some who would find, in the opening of Genesis, the anticipation of modern discoveries, some who (like Hugh Miller) would interpret the chapter as a kind of vision of phenomena seen by the inspired writer, permitted, as it were, to "fall into a trance, having his eyes open," and to contemplate in an ecstasy the past revolutions of the globe. But whatever be the true opinion on the matter, I would have the reader to observe that the creation-history is manifestly a sketch, and a sketch having a certain great moral and spiritual purpose. Now, every sketch is imperfect, but not necessarily, because imperfect, untrue. Every picture even is imperfect; a portrait elaborated over so faithfully, and by the most skilful artist, is still, by the necessities of the case, an imperfect representation of the original; in many things it is conventional, in many things it has to appeal to the imagination of the spectator. Nay, a skilful artist does not generally endeavour to accomplish that absolute rendering of minute details which belongs rather to the photographer, and which sometimes makes the photographer's work ridiculous; the skilful artist will not elaborate the hat and walking-stick of his subject as he will his eyes and his hands, and will keep his adjunctive circumstances in subordination, so that the prime conception of the picture may be brought out into fullest prominence. Still more is all this the case with a sketch. Who has not been struck with the power which certain clever artists have of producing an effect with a pencil, or pen and ink? A few lines, scribbled on a piece of paper in a moment, almost without effort, give you the likeness of an absent friend, a mountain view, or a pungent caricature. Is the sketch incorrect, or in any proper sense of the term imperfect, still more is it false, because it merely does that which it was intended to do, and conveys to your mind vividly a certain impression which it was intended to convey? And if we can conscientiously say of a mere sketch in pen and ink, Oh, that sketch is perfect! why may we not with reverence, but in a much deeper sense, say the same thing of an historical sketch, which compresses into a few verses the Divine operations of ages, and which, keeping out of sight all that does not concern us, and much which it was intended that man should discover for himself, leads up rapidly from that chaos, which was in the beginning, to that creation of men in God's image, which is the great master-fact upon which all religion turns?

There can, I think, be no doubt in the mind of any honest inquirer that the relation of man to God is the real subject of the opening of the Pentateuch. The chapter is moral and religious, not physical and scientific: it is not the speculation of an early inquirer into the mysteries of Nature, but the utterance of one commissioned to teach men to love their Maker, and to walk in the ways of holiness. Hence it is that the chapter has not fallen out of date, but is as valuable now, when science is rushing on almost out of breath, as it was when it was first heard by the semi-barbarous tribes of the Hebrews; men whose great temptation consisted in the idolatrous bent of the human mind, who were in contact with nations who worshipped the host of heaven, and whose worship degenerated into much lower forms, who had seen in Egypt animal-worship in all its strange power and elaborate development, could hardly be told anything more to the purpose than that the sun and the moon were marks of seasons, and lights to give the earth light, and that animals and plants stood nearly upon a footing of creative equality, whilst *they*—they, men, with their perfect forms and upward-looking countenances—stood upon a pinnacle of creative dignity, from which it would be a sin and a shame if they degraded themselves to worship their inferior fellow-creatures. The opening of the Pentateuch is absolutely incompatible with idolatry, and its doctrines are the only antidote to idolatry. Surely there is wisdom unspeakable in the adaptation of the message, which this opening of the Pentateuch contains, to the wants of men, who, being beset by idolatry on all sides, were not only to keep free from idolatry themselves, but to be "a light to lighten the Gentiles." And surely this wisdom is made all the more conspicuous by the fact, that the religious conclusion from the history of creation is not drawn, but left to be inferred: the premisses are stated in such a manner as to make the conclusion apparently inevitable, even to half-civilised, half-educated, newly-emancipated Hebrew slaves; but the conclusion, is not drawn, and for this reason—if for no other—that the true conclusion is much broader than any which those Hebrews could draw, and requires for its elaboration all the subsequent history, and all the varied experience of the various branches of the human race.

The explanation of what I mean by the preceding sentence shall bring this paper to a conclusion. I see the wisdom of the opening chapter of the Pentateuch in this, that, while it cuts at the root of idolatry in those grosser forms which were the capital temptation of those to whom the Pentateuch was originally given, it does not bound its teaching by drawing the obvious conclusion against idolatry, but allows each successive age, and each thoughtful mind, to draw its own conclusions from the weighty and comprehensive assertion, that He who in the beginning created the heaven and the earth, created first those things which man sees above him and about him, and then "created man in His own image and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life." No one can say that the first chapter of the Pentateuch is merely this or merely that; it is the one great foundation-stone upon which the whole fabric of morals and religion must be built. It speaks a universal language; ancients and moderns, Jews and Christians, children and men of science, may all find in it the assertion of that great truth which

lifts them from earth to heaven, and from brotherhood to the beasts to an absolutely Divine nature. Put away your stop-watch, good critic, and look at the chapter; and especially note how, in this almost morbidly anthropological age—when the problem of man's relation to other animals is being prosecuted with a zeal which makes the blood of all but professed anthropologists run cold—note, I say, how the opening of the Pentateuch supplies the very Divine truth which is necessary to balance human investigations. Let the problem of which I

spoke be prosecuted by all means; the truth, whatever it may be, will come out at last. Meanwhile, let us note that the present fearless discussion of man's origin, and of his place in creation, render more conspicuous than ever the wisdom of the opening chapter of the Bible, and teach us to thank God for his mercy in enabling us to anticipate the result of any physical inquiries by that magnificent moral and religious conclusion which is contained in the simple assertion that "God created man in his own image." H. G.

GROWTH.

BETWEEN life and growth there is an intimate and wonderful connection. They are found together in all living things. The plants grow, and the animals; and there is a growth of mind as well as of body. Indeed, the presence or absence of these powers of life and growth is one grand distinguishing characteristic of all organised and unorganised bodies; as a tree goes through the mysterious action of an inward vital force, while a stone can be increased only by the addition of matter from without.

Growth is something that pertains, or should pertain to all life, physical, intellectual, and spiritual. So Jesus grew in stature and in wisdom, and an apostle has said to all believers, "grow in grace;" growth in grace being growth in spiritual life, in religion, or in moral likeness to Christ and God.

Religion in the soul is to be regarded as a growth, like the growth of grain in the field, or like growth in knowledge. This is what Christ taught us when he said, "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." The beginning of religious life in the soul is always faint or feeble, like that of the tender blade of grass when it first springs up from the ground, or like that of the new-born babe; but from this small beginning it may grow till it attains a fulness and maturity that is fitly symbolised in the full corn ripened in the ear, or the full-grown man in Christ. Very beautiful and expressive are the illustrations used in the Scriptures to set forth this great truth. Our religious course is likened to the rising and increasing light of the morning, which shineth brighter and brighter from the first blush of dawn unto the perfect day. We are said to be first babes, and then men, in Christ. The Christian virtues or graces, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, patience, trustfulness, kindness, self-control, are called "the fruits of the Spirit," rich, ripe, and shaking "like Lebanon." And this growth of the religious principle and character, from its slender germ to its full maturity, the Christian man or woman having become in heart and life thoroughly

spiritualised, and really "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light," is the highest and best attainment possible for man on earth. After this nothing remains but to be gathered into the garner of the Lord.

Growth in grace, like all other growth, is gradual, often imperceptible to an individual himself and to others, and much less apparent or noticeable in its later than in its earlier stages. The growth of corn, like the movement of the earth around the sun, is imperceptible to our senses; but after a brief period of time has passed we can see that it *has grown*. And the first year's growth of an oak or elm is very striking to the senses; but after it has attained the size of some of our great, what we may call our historical oaks, it may add still something in bulk to its stately trunk and spreading branches, and the change be not at all perceptible or striking. So mature and well-grown Christians need not wonder if the signs or marks of their religious improvement or growth in grace are not so manifest or observable as at the beginning of their Christian life.

Also, growth in grace, like growth in knowledge, is the result of effort, toil, and painstaking. It requires a diligent and faithful use of "the means of grace," and a lifelong work of self-discipline, self-denial, and consecration to the Lord. As every living animal needs its daily food that it may grow thereby; and as every plant is nourished by the air and sunlight—the soil into which it strikes its roots and the rain that cometh down from heaven, this food being transformed and incorporated into its own being—so we must use the appropriate means of growth in grace, the reading of the Scriptures, prayer, the services of the sanctuary, the ordinances of the Church, through which influences and help, the saints "may grow up into him in all things, who is the head, even Christ."

But this growth in grace is not confined, like that of material bodies, within certain bounds; but like intellectual growth it is illimitable, the process going on till the very end of life in this world, then continued for ever in the next. Always we shall need to say with the holy apostle: "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect," and "press toward the mark" of the image of God in Christ—a mark so high that, though we may for ever approach, we can never fully reach it. This continual, endless growth in holiness is the true growth in grace.



THE CHILDREN AND THE RAIN DROPS.

THE children watched the drops of rain
That fell from the clouds all day,
And they longed for the summer to come
again,
With roses and lilies, and all her train
That they might go out to play.

"Oh! come, sweet summer, our hearts are weary,
Because of the falling rain;
The winter days are dark and dreary,
But thou art joyous and bright and cheery—
Sweet summer, come again!"

Then the raindrops thus to the children said,
In tones like a fairy dream—
"Ye weep that the summer's flow'rs are dead,
That the summer's balmy breath is fled,
That rippled the woodland stream.

"Know that the flowers are not dead, but sleeping
In the bosom of mother earth:
Soon ye shall see them in beauty peeping
Forth from their earthly covering creeping,
In new and glorious birth.

"Know that the softly whispering breezes
That float through the summer air,
And the cold north wind that in winter freezes,
Both come and go as their Maker pleases;
His power is always there.

"And we, the raindrops, His word fulfilling,
Fall from the clouds on high,
Fresh strength and health to the earth instilling,
While all its pulses of life are thrilling,
To break forth by-and-by."

And then the children left off weeping,
And smiled and laughed again,
As they watched their baby-sister sleeping;
Then waken up, with her blue eyes peeping,
Like blossoms after rain.

Only, when life becomes truer, stronger,
Through the influence of death,
It confines itself to one world no longer,
But bursting forth, floats upwards, yonder,
On heaven's eternal breath.

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Der har du der malt som laae i det hus som Jacob bygde.
Der har du den muss som graved det malt som, &c.
Der har du den kat, som beedden muss som, &c.
Der har du den hund som jog den kat.
Der har du den koe som stanged den hund.
Der har du den pige, som var ferloren, der malked den koe
med de krumme horn, som stanged den hund.
Der har du den skriver med pen og bloekhorn.
Som cegted den pige som var ferloren,
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Som gnaved det malt,
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Of new and holier things;
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He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
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These champions to thine arms were sent,
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From Denmark thunders Jordenskiol,
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
And fly.

Path of the Dane to fame and might,
Dark rolling wave!
Receive thy friend, who, scornful flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
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And amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
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Cheer the heart of our king with benignity's token,
Light his soul with the sunbeam that sets not above;
Be his sword unresisted, his sceptre unbroken,—
Oh, peace be to Christian, the monarch we love!

With an emerald zone bind the rocks of the North,
O'er Denmark's green vales spread a buckler of gold;
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And show that our wealth is our dear native mould.
Smile on the conqueror of ocean, who urges
Thro' darkness and tempest his blue path to fame,—
May the sea spare her hero, and wait on her surges
Blessings and peace to the land whence he came.

Round the forehead of Art twine the wreath that she loves,
And harden to labour the sinews of youth;
With a hedge of stout hearts guard our Eden's fair groves,
And temper their valour with mercy and truth.
Bless him to whom Heaven its bright flame commendeth,
And shadow his couch with the folds of thy love;
Give light to our judges—the heart that ne'er bendeth
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LONDON, AND ITS LABOURS OF LOVE.

THE BLOOMSBURY RAGGED-SCHOOLS.—PART II.



O night, as we visit the school-room, it is a gathering of boys and girls, not of the refugees, but of the ragged-schools. Mr. Charles Marshall, of Oxford Street, who has gratuitously laboured in this district for years, is about to give every boy and girl present an almanack for 1865, on a large sheet. As we take our seats we see hundreds of little faces, all directed to one man: this is Mr. Marshall. He

holds them to-night under a spell. He speaks by hand, eye, attitude, as well as by a voice very flexible and varied in its tones; now rapid and loud; anon soft, low, and tender. He is a storyteller of the right sort; a "dramatist," whose "plot" and "actions" are alike successful. He wants to teach these young people weighty lessons through a tale most touching. His audience are the children of the "very poor;" yet they have already been lifted up out of the mire. Training, teaching, discipline, love, and truth, all have told upon them, and they are to-night very bright and happy.

Who are the characters in the story told to-night? First, there are two elderly gentlemen. One is Mr. Frankheart, who is a zealous philanthropist, and is always doing good; the other, his friend, is rather sceptical as to the use of efforts made to benefit the poor and their children. It is a cold, wet night, and the two gentlemen are seated in a restaurant. The speaker pictures its interior, and makes children see the hot soup, the mutton chop, &c., put before the visitors, as well as the table with its "white marble top," on which the viands are placed by the "solemn-looking waiter."

Look yonder! The door of the restaurant is pushed open by a little girl, and, with a sweet voice, she begins to sing. The waiter cries out—"Away with you!" and slams the door in the child's face.

But she has been seen by Mr. Frankheart, as she stood in the gas-light, dripping wet, and he says—"Waiter, don't shut the door: let her in; yes, let her come in."

And so the door is opened, and in walks a poor little creature, with olive complexion, with large, dark, lustrous eyes, and hair black as the raven's wing.

Poor little thing! she looks half starved; her poor toes are out of the old shoes she wears, and she has a frightened look. Yet there is something bright and striking about her. And kind Mr. Frankheart says—"I should like to hear her sing." The waiter don't like it, though, and says—"Take her into another room;" so the gentlemen go into an inner room, and she says—"What would you like me to sing? Shall it be in Italian or English?" "English," says Mr. Frankheart, and at once the child begins, oh! how sweetly, to sing—and here the speaker sings

himself, while his ragged audience breathlessly drunk in the well-known hymn—

"There is a happy land, far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand, bright, bright as day."

"Yes, so sweetly and gently does the little Italian girl sing, that the old gentleman is melted into tears.

"Where did you learn that?" asked Mr. Frankheart's friend.

"At Sunday-school, sir."

"Where is the happy land? Did you ever see it?"

"Not yet; but I'm going to, soon. It's in heaven."

"How do you know that?"

"Mother told me about it before she died. She went to that happy land, and she said that if I loved Jesus I should go there, too."

There are a number of gentlemen in the room, and all are affected. "Come," says Mr. Frankheart, "let us have a subscription for her."

And what a heap of shillings! She had never seen so much silver in all her life, unless in a jeweller's window.

"All that mine?" said she to herself; "what a fortune!"

"Come with me, my child; I shall see you safe home with the money;" and out they go, hand-in-hand together. But first the good man goes into one shop, and gets for her a pair of shoes; and into a second, and buys her a good out-door dress, and a bonnet also. How warm and comfortable she is now!

Walking along, she leads the old gentleman into a dark court, and says, pointing to a staircase—"This is where I live, sir."

"Go up," he says, "and I shall follow."

The child climbs the stair, and opens a door.

"Who is there?" says a feeble voice from within.

"Me, father."

Mr. Frankheart sees a man sitting up in his bed, half dressed, with black and matted ringlets, and looking very ill. He had come, some years ago, from the sunny fields of Italy. He was an organ-man. How the boys used to pull him about, and the policeman was always telling him to "move on," saying—"Get away as fast as you can!"

At last the poor Italian fell sick; his wife, waiting on him, falls ill too, and, after a lingering illness, dies. And then the little girl said—"I shan't let father starve. I can sing and get bread for father." And out she goes in the cold and wet streets, day after day. And to-night how happy she is! "Oh, father," she cries, "look here! what a heap of shillings I've got!"

"Oh, Carey!" said the poor man, with some alarm, fearing that she had stolen the money.

"All right, father. These good gentlemen got it for me."

Four or five nights after, the two merchants come back to the court, and climb the creaking stair. Tap—tap—tap: no answer. At last a

woman opens the door—"You've come to see the old man again?"

"Yes."

"'Tis too late! he's dead!" And then the speaker, in a low voice, repeated the words—"He's dead; yes, he's dead. There lies the corpse, and, alas! the child is dying, too."

"Why, Carey," cries Mr. Frankheart, "you're ill."

"Yes, I am very bad."

"How is it?"

"Why, sir, when father died it was more than I could bear, and all my strength went away from me."

Then the woman breaks in and says—"Ah, sir! when Carey's mother died it almost broke her heart, poor thing; and now her father's gone, and that, I fear, will finish her."

Mr. Frankheart asked—"Has the doctor been here?"

"Yes, sir; and when he saw the child he only shook his head."

The child now looks up lovingly at Mr. Frankheart and says—"Oh, how kind it was to let me sing that night." And then she added—"I want to go to heaven, and to see father, mother, and Jesus there."

And then, winding up his story, Mr. Marshall expressively said—"Carlotta, dear children, was not afraid to die, *but I think that some of us would be afraid to die.* On the railway, now and then, there is a big, black tunnel, which is frightful enough; but once through, all is sunshine. So it is with the dark tunnel of death: but to all who, like Carlotta, love Jesus, it is coming out on the other side into the sunshine of the land of Canaan."

It is painful to find that there are hundreds of children crowding into the large room up-stairs every Sunday night, for whom, as regards teachers, the necessary supply is most inadequate. The night Sunday-school here is a most potent means

of usefulness and blessing. Well may the committee, in their last annual report, appeal to ladies and gentlemen, and the Christians who have the power and the leisure also, to come to the rescue of these perishing little ones. To the many Christian readers of *THE QUIVER* let us add our own appeal to that of the committee, and invite those in the metropolis to visit the Queen Street Refuge on the evening of the Lord's day, and see for themselves what a noble field for sowing the good seed of the kingdom in young hearts is here presented to them. Even the refuge boys—a comparatively limited band—are not fully supplied with teachers; but for the class up-stairs, into which boys and girls press in large numbers, the band of teachers is so painfully scanty that repeatedly the little ones go away without receiving instruction. Surely there are hearts warmed with the love of Christ that will prompt to immediate action here. The responsibility is great and solemn, for "if thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not he who pondereth the heart consider it, and he who keepeth thy soul, doth he not know it? and shall he not render to every man according to his works?"

All over the kingdom, in every large town, there are ragged, outcast children to be sought out and saved. Let Christians everywhere then rise to the height of this great argument. It has its bearings on civil, social, natural life and prosperity; but, above all, on the salvation of souls for whom Christ died. Richard Knill, a powerful advocate in his day for missions to the idolaters of distant lands, was wont to conclude his touching appeals by saying, "Brethren, the heathens are perishing. Will you let them perish? GOD FORBID!" And so we say to earnest Christians, with regard to the *home heathenism* of a large portion of the children of the poor, "These children are perishing—will you let them perish? God forbid!"

THE ENGLISH BIBLE.



O the general aspects of the subject may be added one peculiar to the English-speaking nations. That version of the Scriptures, which has become the common heirloom of all English-speaking Protestants, is by common consent the noblest monument of our mother tongue. The English Bible is the accepted standard of the English language. It has done, and it is doing, more to keep the language to its moorings than all other causes combined. If, in the starting, rush, and progression of new ideas, the language do not drift entirely from its moorings, so that Bacon, Milton, and Shakespeare, will have to be read by our descendants with the help of a lexicon and a commentary, as native Greeks have now to read Plato and Demosthenes, it will be because, through all coming generations, every English-speaking lip shall be trained from infancy to the

golden accents of the English Bible. Of the more than seventy millions who now speak this wonderful tongue, there is not one whose dearest household words are not drawn from that priceless depository. The writer or the speaker among us who wishes to utter his thoughts in words which shall have power to stir the public heart to its lowest depths and its widest circumference should give his days and nights to the study of the English Bible. He who wishes merely to enrich his own mind should allow it to be steeped, as it were, in the very words of that marvellous book.

If any one would appreciate fairly the influence of the English Bible in keeping the language from drifting away from its standards, let him reflect that in this respect, now, at the end of two centuries and a half, we are not farther from Shakespeare, whose writings were contemporaneous with King James's version, than Shakespeare was from Spenser, who was only some twenty years his predecessor. The change in two hundred and fifty years since the publication of the English Bible has not

been as great as it was before in less than a single generation. Had it not been for the influence of this marvellous book, Shakespeare might even now be to us the almost scaled book that Chaucer is; and Dryden's translation of Chaucer would itself need to be again translated into more modern English. In fact, down to the time of James I. the language was in a constant state of flux. The authors of one generation became obsolete to the next generation, and they in turn almost unintelligible to the third. But, all at once, this onward and downward tendency was arrested. This wandering island became fixed, a solid and enduring continent in mid ocean, receiving from all quarters increments and additions, enriched and enlarged by contributions from every clime, but retaining in its centre and heart all its primeval elements, towards which every wandering barque might safely direct its course, as to a haven of rest.

To this benign result there can be no doubt that our English Bible has contributed more than all other causes combined. It has done for the English what no societies of the learned, no autocracy of letters or of science has been able to do for any other tongue. It has given to our language a fixed point, immovable as the everlasting hills, a solid granite formation of rude, homely, elemental Saxon. No floods of change can ever disintegrate or wear away this enduring mass. There it stands, like the upheaved form of a mountain range, with no more

depression of its height, no more deflection of its line, than when, centuries ago, the rude savage still hunted at its base. Whether our race shall survive for two centuries or for twenty centuries, the great backbone of the language, the central stock of its elements, its household words, all the grand old terms by which the heart still continues to tell its joys and sorrows, will still be the same that you and I now use, and that our forefathers and mothers have used for so many generations. No legislation, civil or ecclesiastical, can ever weed out from the heart, or banish from the tongue, of the English-speaking race, the words of its English Bible. While infancy still continues to learn at its mother's knee, in its first lisping accents, to say, "Our Father who art in heaven," or old age with its last expiring breath shall say with Simeon, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, . . . for mine eyes have seen thy salvation;" while the lyric pathos of David, the lamenting wail of Jeremiah, the trumpet notes of Paul, or the subdued majesty of John the Divine, shall find an echo in the devout believer's heart, the words to which these glorious thoughts have been wedded shall live, and shall be a common medium of thought to all the unborn millions who shall speak this dear English tongue of ours to the end of time.

Thank God, then, my friends, for the Holy Bible. Thank God, especially, for our good old English Bible.

SHADOWS ON THE STREAM.

SUMMER evening shadows
Thickly drawing round;
Summer's beauteous blossoms
Strewing all the ground.

Leaning o'er the buttress,
Ruin'd, grey, and old;
Looking into waters,
Silent, still, and cold.

When our bright reflections
Dance its surface o'er—
When like ceaseless music
The distant torrents roar;—

And the rocks before us
Kiss the water's brim,
Flinging a reflection
Between *myself* and *him*!

As we stood together,
Whispering soft and low,
Flinging harebell blossoms
On the waves below:

Laurel leaves were gleaming
Round his shaded hair,
While the rocks were frowning
O'er mine, cold and bare!

Seemed they not prophetic
Shadows on the stream?
As when visions haunt us
From a troubled dream.

Many, many summers,
With their wreaths of flowers;
Many, many winters,
With their dreary hours:

Flowing like those waters,
Life's rough pathway down;
Bringing fame's fresh leaflets
For his laurel crown!

By the grey old buttress
Lonely now I dream;
Softly, sadly watching
Shadows on the stream!

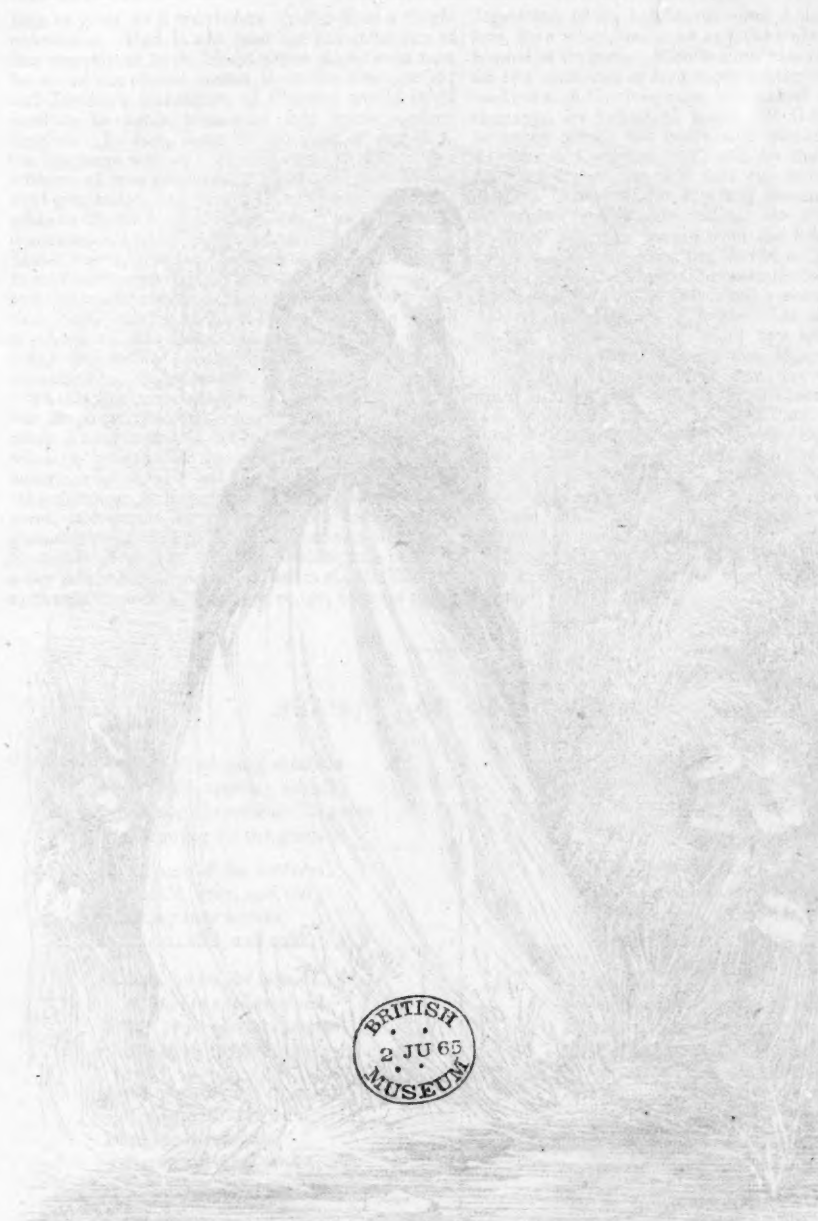
A. N.





"Softly, sadly watching

Shadows on the stream!"—p. 110



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WHO BURIED MOSES?



HIS has been a point of much controversy amongst many. Infidels, and deists, and others, have tried their hands, ridiculed, and sought with all their subtle ingenuity to throw doubt on the authenticity of the Pentateuch, because of the account there given of the death and burial of Moses; and, were it not susceptible of solution, their glaring pretensions would unsettle the faith of numbers; but, happily, data exist, if carefully examined, that will remove all doubt as to its genuine record of facts.

Such men as Dr. Colenso, clothed with the habiliments of sacred office, who stand in situations to make serious impressions on timid, unsuspecting minds, and on those who have not the ability to penetrate the ways of God to man, and compare Scripture with Scripture, have opportunity to unsettle the faith and hope of the sincere Christian.

These critics say, "It cannot be admitted as a fact in these books that it is Moses who speaks without rendering Moses truly ridiculous and absurd. For example (Numb. xii. 3)—'Now the man Moses was very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth.' If Moses said this of himself, instead of being the meekest of men, he was the most vain and arrogant."

Again, the objectors say—"It is said (Deut. xxxiv. 5, 6), 'So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.' If the writer meant that he (God) buried him, how should he (the writer) know it? or why should we (the readers) believe him, since we know not who the writer was that tells us so? Certainly Moses could not tell himself where he was buried. This account could not be given by Moses. The writer says, 'No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.' How, then, should we know that Moses was buried 'in a valley in the land of Moab?' for, as the writer lived after the time of Moses, it is evident, from his using the expression 'unto this day'—meaning a great length of time after the death of Moses—he certainly was not at his burial; and, on the other hand, it is impossible that Moses himself could say, 'No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.'"

Answer. This statement has been given by objectors to prove that Moses could not be the writer of the Pentateuch. If it were said that Moses wrote the last chapter of Deuteronomy, the force of this reasoning could be admitted. But as it is nowhere so said, and as certain things are assumed which are not true, such assumption must fall to the ground.

The cavillers think it unquestionable evidence that because a book, as per the present division of

the chapters, bears the name of a person, the whole of the book must have been written by him. This arises from ignorance. The books of Samuel were not all written by Samuel, for at the twenty-fifth chapter, first book, it is said, "and Samuel died;" consequently, the latter part of the first book, and the whole of the second book, could not have been written by Samuel, but were written by Nathan the prophet, and Gad the seer, after Samuel's death.

The last words that Moses wrote or spoke are contained in Deut. xxxiii., just before he went up to the mount to die there. He took his final and affectionate farewell of all Israel in the last verse, saying: "Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord!" &c. These are the last words of Moses; consequently, the Scriptures are sufficiently plain that Moses could not have been the writer of the last chapter of Deuteronomy, which gives an account of the death and burial of Moses. It was no doubt "written by a person who lived after the time of Moses," but this is no proof that "the person who wrote this account was not at the burial of Moses," as objectors have ventured to assert.

We know Joshua was appointed by Moses to be his immediate successor as King of Jeshurun; and as it was not possible for Moses to write the description of his own death and burial—the national records being then under the direction of Joshua—it is evident that this last chapter was written by him; and that when the Bible was divided into chapters, the last chapter of Deuteronomy ought to have been placed as the first chapter of Joshua. Now, as Joshua gave the history of his own and the Israelites' transactions, and "wrote them in the book of the law of God" (Josh. xxiv. 26), which law of God comprehends the whole of the Pentateuch, it is evident that the above-mentioned circumstances and things were written in the book of the law of God by Joshua. And it was incumbent on him, having witnessed so many proofs of the meekness and excellent spirit of Moses, to inform posterity with what patience he conducted himself before the rebellious Hebrews, for forty years, under the thousands of trials he bore from them so heroically.

Further, that Moses was buried in the same manner as his brother Aaron was, is plain from Deut. xxxii. 50: "And die in the mount whither thou goest up, and be gathered unto thy people; as Aaron thy brother died in Mount Hor, and was gathered unto his people." It is here positively declared, that Moses was to be buried, or gathered to his people, in the same manner and way as Aaron was; therefore we only need turn to the description which is given of the death and burial of Aaron (Numb. xx. 29), which is described to be in the most public manner: "When all the congregation saw that Aaron was dead," all the house of Israel "mourned for Aaron thirty days." Just in as public a manner, in the very same way and order, was the death and burial of Moses (Deut.

xxxiv. 8): "And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab thirty days," thus describing the very place where he was buried by Joshua, who then had the charge of the nation in the place of Moses.

"But no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." Objectors contend that this account, and justly too, was not given by Moses; but the Bible does not say it was given by Moses, therefore the objection is absurd. The last chapter of Deuteronomy, where this matter is related, not being written by Moses, but by Joshua (as above), the words, "But no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day," do neither say nor mean that there was a sepulchre erected for Moses; for, if there had been one erected, the writer (Joshua) could not have said "no man knoweth," as he and the elders of Israel must have known it; but this was the Hebrew method of affirming that there was no such thing.

Besides, as a wise and prudent ruler, Joshua knew the Israelites' proclivity for setting up things to worship. In all their forty years' wanderings in the wilderness their continued attempts were witnessed at every hand. Moses, their ruler, had been a man of such extraordinary courage, wisdom, abilities, and power, not only having liberated his nation, of about two million six hundred thousand souls, with all their wealth, flocks, herds, camels, asses, and everything that belonged to them

from onerous bondage from the most tyrannical and powerful monarch of his day, but having conquered for these Egyptians the Ethiopians, and reduced them to sue for peace, even under and against the most formidable difficulties (see Josephus), and governed the Israelites through all their rebellions in the wilderness; changed their corrupt priesthood from Ephraim to Levi; gave them the most wise and perfect code of laws possessed by any nation, and from which all civilised, prosperous nations have ever since borrowed, even to this day; parted the waters of a sea, that they could pass through dry-shod, and let their enemies be drowned in the same; and when two hundred and fifty of their chief princes came disputing his authority to rule over them, such wonders, by Jehovah's directions, he caused to be shown, that fire from the altar consumed the whole; moreover, Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, and all the men with them, leaders in this revolt, were swallowed up before their tents into their graves alive. In short, it was far from improbable that the remains of this great statesman, legislator, ruler, and warrior should become, amongst the people whom he had led, the object of idolatrous regard. No man knowing where his bones were deposited, however, prevented the possibility of pilgrimages to his sepulchre, as, in after ages, became the practice with the followers of the false prophet at Mecca. In this we therefore recognise the wisdom and discretion of Joshua.

CHRISTIANITY AND HUMAN NATURE.



OUR religion is no less adapted to man as man, to human nature, than to society and the world at large.

Man is the same moral and religious being, with the same moral and religious nature, the world over and time through. Certain spiritual wants and necessities of our nature are always and everywhere the same; and these must

be met and answered by any religion that aspires to be universal. A religion that is not thus adapted to man, to his reason, to his conscience, to his affections, desires, passions, and will, may yet, through a partial adaptation to his wants, and through the influence of accidental circumstances, like Buddhism or Mahometanism, attain and hold a local and temporary sway; but it can never spread from race to race, or do anything in the way of becoming the religion of all mankind. But our religion is exactly and admirably adapted to all the wants and powers of the human soul, the reason, the conscience, the affections, the desires, the passions, the will; gently subduing the will to God, and establishing his kingdom in the soul; restraining the desires and passions within their appointed bounds, and directing them in their appropriate channels; withdrawing the affections from the world, and fixing them on spiritual things—God, and God in Christ; and commending itself to every

man's reason and conscience in the sight of God. Its principles are the eternal truths of God and of the soul, so that they must be true to man as long as his nature is human, or what it is. Its revelations of God, as the all-sustaining Father, the redeeming Son, and the sanctifying Spirit, answering to our deep, conscious, and crying need of a Divine care, a Divine redemption, and a Divine sanctification; its representations of God's original, eternal, and unpurchased love, grace, and goodness; of his yearning over lost sinners, and his gift of his dear Son for their salvation; of the dreadful evil and the desperate power of sin; of immortality, retribution, and the love that all men owe to all other men—these are truths for all men everywhere, for all classes and conditions of men, high or low; and the need of these truths, and the witness to their veracity, all can find in themselves, if they will. So our religion is adapted to our human nature.

In this adaptation of our religion to our nature, or to our wants and needs as human beings, we see the reason why it is addressed to all men, and why it appeals to all for their reception. It is because it is thus adapted to the nature and wants of all. It is not addressed to brutes, because there is nothing in them to which it is adapted; and if it were addressed to them, they could not receive it, because they have no nature, faculties, or powers that can receive it. But it is, as we have seen, adapted to the nature of mankind, and therefore addressed to all men. As Neander says: "Everywhere there lies in human nature that which has

affinity to God; "in other words, man is made in the image of God, as the brutes are not; and this in man which is the image of God, or which has affinity for God, is found, attracted, combined with by the Gospel through which God works to save the souls of men; and herein is "the hiding of its power." This is what makes it "the power of God unto the salvation of every one that believeth." The magnet is not more adapted to move the iron; soil and moisture, with the influences of the atmosphere, light, heat, and electricity, are not more adapted to the growth of

plants—"first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear"—than is the Gospel adapted to the nature of mankind. In all the ages of its history, it has shown itself the admirably adapted, mighty, and efficient instrument or power of God for the salvation of men; and thus it has shown its capability of spreading from land to land, from nation to nation, from race to race, and of finally winning the hearts and hopes of all human beings, and becoming actually, what it was intended and is fitted to be, the religion of all the world.

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

DUTY AND BEAUTY.



LITTLE girl sat in a low doorway, with a tin basin in her lap filled with ripe currants, and an empty one beside her upon the threshold. The door was wreathed over with jessamine, which climbed up to the eaves, and made a shady bower for a nest of young swallows, whose large yellow mouths were stretched wide open to receive more flies from their white-breasted and dark-blue-backed papa and mamma. The little girl was dressed in a clean pink calico gown; she had brown curling hair, brown eyes, with cheeks and lips almost as red as the ripe currants; so one might think on such a lovely evening she made a pretty picture against the dark paper of the little entry into which the door opened.

But the invisible spirit which has such power over its servants, the muscles of the face it looks through, had twitched down the corners of the currant-coloured mouth, had drooped the shapely white eyelids in a forlorn way, and had taken all brightness and sweetness out of the eyes, leaving them heavy and dull, like fire half smothered by ashes. These were the outward signs the discontented spirit showed; while within, unhappy thoughts and uncomfortable feelings made tumult, like a swarm of angry bees.

"How disagreeable to have to sit here picking currants, and staining my fingers all up, when the other girls are having such a good time at play! None of them have to work as I do, not one; and it is too bad!" she muttered. "Now, when these old currants are done, I have got to get up the potatoes, and wash them, and by that time the milk-pail will be coming in; and if there is anything worse than washing potatoes, it is washing pails."

After such a buzzing and stinging of unhappy thoughts, you may guess the doleful face did not brighten the more. No, it looked more abused than ever, especially as Helen could hear all the time the shouting and laughter of a company of children playing upon the church steps round the corner. She was so busy pouting, indeed, that she did not see a girl about as old, about as curly-haired

and red-cheeked as herself, until she was startled by her voice calling, "Helen! Helen Akers! Why don't you come and play?" As she spoke, the girl ran through the gate, which slammed together after her, and up the wide path bordered by sweetly-blooming pansies, but beyond them by round, bobbing clover blossoms, and shining yellow buttercups.

Helen looked up with a displeased face, for she did not wish to be seen at work by Luley Castello, who had been waited upon until she could not even fasten her own dress: for her mother, poor woman! kept six servants.

"I do not wish to play, that is why," she replied, shortly.

But Luley did not notice her reply at all. "What are you doing? Oh, may I help you?" she cried, eagerly, crushing a stem of currants, which had fallen upon the rough door-stone, against her delicate dress. "It must be fun to help about the house, I know; I should like it more than anything; but our cook is such a cross old thing, she will never let me do a single bit. She always says, 'There, there! don't bother, miss. And sure, I'll be after laying if you don't!' And mamma doesn't allow me in the kitchen, because she doesn't like her to get offended, for fear she will leave. I'm sure I would keep a good-natured cook, even if she couldn't make bread. Is your cook pleasant?"

"Yes, pleasant enough," replied Helen. She was ashamed to say before this little city girl, who was spending her first summer in the country, and did not know much about country habits, that her mother was sole cook and chambermaid, being both upper and under servant for herself. She was also ashamed of her plain calico frock, beside Luley's embroidered muslin and silk sash; and she was ashamed of living in a low thatched cottage. "Oh, dear me! If my father were only as rich as Luley's, I should be perfectly happy, I know," she sighed to herself.

But she would have been no happier. I doubt, indeed, if she would have been as happy, for the more one has the more one wishes for; and usually those who have the least are most contented. At any rate, God had not placed her anywhere but in the low thatched cottage, where she could be dressed only in calico; and so of course he meant she should make the life he had given her just as beautiful as possible. Instead, she was ashamed of it; and so she waited about long after the currants were



"I do not wish to play, that is why," she replied, shortly.—p. 115.

ready, because she would not have Luley Castle know about the potatoes and the milk-pail.

"Now let's go over to where the girls are, and play; I promised I would go back when I had got you," said Luley.

"I don't want to. I'm tired and sick of playing housekeeping, housekeeping, for ever; Jessie Dale never likes to do anything else. And I don't care about playing 'I spy,' or 'Old Buzzard,' or any of those silly things, either," Helen replied. She did not speak the truth, though: for her whole childish nature longed to be running over the church green; yet rather than say she had something more to do at home before her mother would let her play, she pretended—with ill enough grace—she desired no greater pleasure than sitting idly in the doorway, trying to draw "threads" from leaves, and make bracelets by stringing clover blossoms upon tough grass stems.

Luley, without in the least suspecting why, saw

that for some reason her favourite playmate was out of humour, and so at last she went away very reluctantly. But it was then so late that, after Helen's other work was done, the children had gone home; and so, from a foolish sort of false shame, she lost a pleasant hour, without gaining respect from herself or anybody else, and without any good reason for it either. Because, if we go along cheerfully and quietly, doing whatever belongs to us to do, we can make any work or station in life dignified, and in some degree pleasant.

I wish to tell you, my children, a bit of poetry about this, which you may not quite understand now; but if you will learn it, and put it away in your memory, some future day you will see how good and true it is:—

"Straight is the line of duty;
Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow the one, and thou shalt see
The other ever following thee."

STORY OF A PIN.



ANY years ago, a lady in Paris was going out to walk the gay streets of the city, to see the new and beautiful goods hanging so temptingly in the windows, and perhaps to buy a few trifles. When all ready to go out, she noticed that some part of her dress seemed to hang awry, and so she snatched a pin from its paper, and thrust it in the dress. The poor pin felt that he was lost and almost smothered for the first hour; but after a while he began to work his way out, so that his head was in sight.

"Now," says he, "I can see it all. I have nothing to do but to ride through these streets, and see all the beautiful things, and enjoy myself."

Pretty soon the lady met some gentlemen, and they took off their hats and bowed very low.

"Ah!" says the little pin, "was not all that to me? I'm sure they looked directly at me when they bowed. My head is bright, and perhaps they thought me a costly diamond. Who knows?"

And then the pin began to thrust his head up higher, and to look about with an air of great satisfaction. It seemed to him that all the people had come out in their best clothes and in their carriages for him to look at, and that he was the most important thing in all Paris. He felt that his mistress was walking out for his sake, and had placed him up near her neck so that everybody could see him. Poor pin! he had much to learn.

By-and-by, as the lady was walking through a street in which none but the rich lived, the pin thought he would stretch up his head high enough to peep into the window, when he lost his balance and fell. He cried with a very tiny, jingling, tinkling sound, as his head struck the sidewalk. He lay still, expecting that all the passers would stop and gaze at him, and especially that his mistress would miss him and come back after him. But she passed on, and all the rest passed on, and nobody stopped. Presently a heavy foot trod on him; then another and another; and at length the foot of a dirty beggar trod on him. "Oh!" cried he, "have I come to this? Alas! I find I was nothing, am nothing—a poor, useless, despised, forgotten pin! No human eye will ever look on me again. I must rust and perish between the flagging of this pavement!"

Just then a young man came out of one of those rich houses. He had gone in to see if the rich banker who lived there could not give him employment as a clerk. The banker said, "No, I have now more clerks than I really need." The young man was disappointed; and as he came out, he paused a moment, and then saw the little pin lying on the sidewalk. So he stooped down and picked it up, and stuck it in his sleeve. Careful, saving young man! Many would have despised you for saving a pin. But it was the making of you.

The rich banker was looking out of his window, and saw him pick up and save the pin.

"That young man," said he to himself, "will make a careful, prudent man of business. I will have him."

So he sent for the young man and took him into his employment. Eventually that young man became a partner, and then at the head of the bank, and eventually one of the very richest and greatest men in France.

When the little pin learned how much good he had done, he was very glad; but he had the good sense to see that it was Divine Providence, and not he who had done all this. It was not because he was great or bright, or could make his voice heard, but because God can make a pin teach, and the welfare of a man for life may turn upon the mere picking up of a pin. He was thoroughly humbled, and all his descendants since have been willing to be stuck and thrust anywhere—just as willing to hold the rags over the shoulder of a beggar, as the rich cashmere shawl on a princess. Who can tell on how small a thing great interests may turn? They seem small to us, but with Him there is nothing small, and nothing great. A pin and a kingdom are alike, each and both nothing.

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

"Peace be unto you."—John xi. 19.

"PEACE be unto you," children,
Thus your Saviour saith;
Hold the precious promise,
Firmly unto death.

What of toil and bustle,
Business and unrest,
If God's peace be nestled
In your youthful breast.

When life's midday journey
Hot and toilsome grows,
Peace spring round you, children,
Fresh as Sharon's rose.

On your youthful bosom,
May all see it set,
Grace and peace and love,
A holy coronet.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURAL ACROSTIC.—No. VIII.

"Amon."—2 Kings xxi. 23.

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|----------------------|------------------|
| 1. A bishag | 1 Kings i. 1-4. |
| 2. M erom | Josh. xi. 1-9. |
| 3. O nesiphorus..... | 2 Tim. i. 16-18. |
| 4. N ob | 1 Sam. xxii. 19. |

NORTON PURNELL.

CHAPTER XIII.

RUTH AND AARON RESOLVE TO TELL NORTON A SECRET.



ABOUT this time Norton and Ruth had been one Sunday to Polton, to visit Ruth's grandmother, Betsy Norton. They were returning, somewhat late in the evening, through Chilton Street, when they passed a knot of young men standing under one of the large horse-chestnut trees. Just as he came opposite the group, Norton noticed that a coarse horse-laugh broke out among them, and one of them, Etherd Heskins, said, "How about the Bath squires?" and then there was another laugh.

Norton pretended not to hear, and hoped his mother had not heard. He engaged her in an excited manner in conversation, until they reached their cottage, when, slipping out unobserved, he ran hastily back to the group of young fellows, picked up a large stone, saying, in a fury of rage, "Etherd Heskins, I can't fight you, because you are twice as big as I am, or else I would: but I tell you what, if ever I hear of your saying a sneering word against my mother again, I'll—"

Etherd turned white, Norton looked so fierce and determined; but still he felt it necessary to brave it out in the presence of his companions, and so cried out, aggravatingly—

"Go along to thy Methodist mother."

In a moment the stone whizzed from Norton's hand and caught Etherd on the side of the head—fortunately outside his hat, or the consequences might have been fatal. As it was, Etherd put his hand hastily to his head, and fell senseless to the ground.

One or two of the young fellows rushed towards Norton to chastise him; but he snatched up another stone, and looked so desperate, that all fell back.

In a moment, however, his passion was cooled. He came to where the young fellows were employed raising Etherd, and said—

"Here, lads, you may thrash me if you like, only let me help you to get Etherd round. I didn't want to hurt him, only he should not have spoken ill of my mother. You would not stand to hear your mother insulted."

The young fellows did not molest Norton, and he ran to the nearest cottage for a basin, in which he got some water from the brook to bathe Etherd's face and temples, who soon came round; and Norton made him lean on his shoulder, and another supporting him on the other side, they took him to his home.

Sally Heskins, when she saw her son brought in pale and weak, with blood upon his face, screamed out—

"What's the matter, what's the matter? Have ye been a fighten again?"

One of the company told her how it had occurred, whereupon she flew at Norton like a wild cat.

"Oh, you young dog! This is what your larning do teach you, is it? This comes of your being the parson's favourite, and going into the parlour wi' the gentlevo'k! Ah! I hates favourites, I do. I'll teach thee, if I can get at thee!"

She was held back by those who had entered, so she changed her tone, and began to cry, in a whining voice—

"I'm shure 'tis nothing but trouble for me; there's my husband come home yesterday wi' ague, and he's been sheaking all day like a leaf; and there's the children running in and out all day, and made the house like a pigsty; and I told Patty to mind the fire, and she've let it go out; and now there's Etherd brought home wi' his brains knocked out, for all's I know. Oh, dear, oh dear!"

"Mrs. Heskins," said Norton, "I am very sorry—very sorry indeed—for having been so violent to Etherd. I confess I was in a passion, because he said something against my mother. I am sure, Mrs. Heskins, if Etherd heard some one call you a bad woman, you would like him to stand up for you."

Sally now turned her fury upon her son, screaming still, in her shrill, whining tone—

"What business hadst thou to backbite hes mother?"

But Etherd being soon recovered, and his wound being very slight, we may leave him and his mother to adjust their quarrel in their own way.

The means which Norton had taken, in his indignation and inexperience, to beat down the evil speaking about his mother, had, as might be expected, the very opposite effect of calling attention to the subject. A crowd had collected round the door of Sally's cottage, and inquired one of another what had happened. It soon came out that a woman from Polton had mentioned a day or two before, in Chilton, that she knew Norton Purnell was born before Aaron and Ruth were married; and before Norton got home some busy gossips had been also to Ruth's cottage, and told her of Norton's violence; so that when he entered it shortly after, miserable and degraded in his own estimation, he found Ruth alone, and in tears. The children were gone to bed, and Aaron was busy at Farmer Hedges'.

"Oh, Norton," she said to him, "what hast thee been doing? I'm afeard, committing murder in thy heart. Norton, Norton, I didn't think thou'd give way to passion."

"Mother," said Norton, "I know it was wrong, but I could not help it. Oh, I wish I were dead—I wish I were dead!" And the poor boy sat down on his three-legged stool, bent his head on his hands, and sobbed aloud.

"I didn't mean to be hard on thee, child," said Ruth, "but Christians mustn't avenge themselves, for 'tis said, 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay.' And how canst thou go to the Sunday-school, and teach em to follow the example of Him who when reviled, reviled not again, and then act as thou hast?"

"Oh, mother," replied Norton, impatiently, "I don't want to go to Sunday-school again; I don't want to go anywhere, but just to lie down and die out of it. I wish I had never heard of this."

"Heerd what?" for Ruth had supposed Etherd had said something against her religious profession. "What hast thee heerd, Norton?" continued she, finding he did not speak.

"I can't tell you, mother, I can't tell you! Why didn't you throw me into the pond? Why did you bring me up—me, the child of—"

Ruth turned pale, and trembled with sudden emotion. "Oh, mother, say it is not true—say it is all a mistake and a lie."

Ruth groaned, but remained silent; and then presently wrung her hands, and rocked herself to and fro, repeating in a low voice—"Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do?"

Presently she said, "Have pity on me now, Norton, Go to bed. My head's going round and round like a

mill-wheel. "Oh, I never thought o' this—I never thought o' this! Go to bed. I can't say nothing to thee to-night, but by to-morrow morning, may be, the Lord'll show me what to do."

When Norton, in deep dejection, obeyed her, Ruth fell down on her knees, and seemed for a long time to be pouring her soul out in passionate pleading to God.

Presently she rose more tranquil, and sat in her low rocking-chair, looking vacantly at the dark window, and wishing Aaron would come home.

"Tis *she* again!" said Ruth, "sent for a token. Praise to goodness! I see my way now. I wish Aaron would come."

And sure enough, as she formed the wish, the heavy tread of her husband was heard along the garden path.

"Oh, I'm glad thou'rt come," said Ruth. "I've been like one crazed to know what to do." And then she told Aaron the events of the evening, and Norton's distress.

Aaron lit his pipe, and sat down, gazing into the fire with a look of great mortification on his face.

"Well, Ruth," he said, "I do see we shall be the talk of the place. We shall never be able to hold up our heads again. And Norton, too, his mind'll be set against us. Well, 'tis very hard, but we must bear it."

"No, we must not bear it, Aaron: we must tell the truth."

"No, Ruth; we promised, and, cost what it will, we'll keep our promise. Nobody shall ever say that Aaron Purnell weren't as good as his word, especially to the dead; but 'tis very hard—very hard, when we've a-been holden up our heads reather above others, to hang 'em down with shame and disgrace, and be a byword for all the tag-rag and bob-tail of the place."

"May be," said Ruth, "'tis a judgment on us for our pride."

"Taint pride, Ruth; 'tis a feeling o' what's right and just. When I've seen fellows a crawling through life because they didn't like work, or when I've seen 'em shirken work, and cheaten their measters, my spirit rose against 'em, the mean beggars! I couldn't help feelen that I *was* better than they. And then, when I've seen 'em, week after week, alink off to the public-house as soon as they've got their wages in their pockets, to make themselves greater fools than they were afore, and never once thinking of their poor wives and children, wi' bare backs and empty cupboards at home, I've said to myself many a time, if I could feel I were such a selfish brute as to do that, why, I'd go mad with shame."

"Ah, Aaron, we shouldn't glory in ourselves; 'tis like the Pharisee that thanked God he weren't like others."

"Well, well, Ruth, I been't given to bragging about ourselves; I only want to show thee that 'taint pride makes us keep to ourselves; we're not of their sort. And as long as I've breath, I'll try to hold my head up, and look down, as I ought to, on all that's mean and selfish, and slinking. And so I say 'tis hard now for us to be looked down upon."

"But, Aaron, there's no need on't, I tell thee; we'll tell the truth."

"No, Ruth, no; we promised to keep the secret till Norton was fifteen, and keep it we will, come what may."

"Yes, but, Aaron, listen. I think *she* meant we should keep our promise in the spirit more than in the letter. I'm sure she'd like us to tell Norton now, though he's only turned fourteen. He's got more sense and knowledge than most far older boys have; and he's in such a way that, if we don't tell him, I'm afraid he'll go out of his mind. I prayed to-night to be shown what to do, and as it came into my head that the truth was best, just then I saw *her* likeness again—yes, just as she was the day or two before she died. She smiled on me, as if she agreed to what I wer thinken. We *must* tell

Norton, Aaron, and let him tell others if he's so minded."

"Well, Ruth, if thee really dost think *that*, why, we'll tell Norton—not to save us, but to quiet him, though I doan't make much account o' the seeing her face at the window. Thou know'st I can't help thinken that, if sperits be in the good place, they be too happy to want to come back here; and if they be in t'other place, why the old serpent is not likely to let 'em come back. Ruth, we won't arguefy the matter now, for we don't know nothing about et. But still, I'd rather go by the feelens o' my own mind, than trust to any superneartal warnens."

It was settled, then, that in a day or two, as soon as Ruth had time to think it over, Norton should be informed of the secret of his birth.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HEATHENISM OF SUPERSTITION.

FORTUNATELY—or, rather, unfortunately—during the next few days, the people of Chilton had something to talk of which put the scandal of the Purnell family in the shade.

Two or three young fellows were passing up through Owl's Bottom, on their way to some merry-making at Leighton. As they passed old Nanny's, they saw what looked like a rook or jackdaw perched on the hedge of her garden, though afterwards they felt sure it was something unearthly, resting there on purpose to tempt them. They began throwing at the bird, hoping to bring it down. The creature cawed at them, as if in derision, but did not fly away; probably it had a broken wing. Presently one of them, Tom Giles, missed his aim at the bird, and sent his stone crash through Nanny's window, and across the room to the shelf on the opposite side, smashing a poor old battered teapot to pieces. In a moment old Nanny rushed out upon them, hideous with passion. She yelled and foamed her curses at them, shaking her palsied hand, and brandishing her crutch, until she went off into one of those hysterical fits such as Norton had seen, and which were so frightful to behold. The young fellows took to their heels, and never stopped till they were out of sight. They were terribly frightened; but afterwards, at the revel, drank and danced their fear away. It was nearly one o'clock in the morning when two of them, Tom Giles and Will Ashman, left the "Blue Dragon," at Leighton, to make their way home to Chilton. They were both very drunk, and the night was dark. They had got about a mile or two on their way, when Tom, going near a hedge, suddenly cried out, "Oh, Will, Will, something has caught o' me round the droat. I'm choking. 'Tis the witch! 'tis the witch!" as he suddenly thought of Nanny's imprecations upon them in the evening. "Come here, help me."

A gurgling sound was heard as he cried out, then a rush as he fell over the rock, where he was found, sorely bruised and nearly dead, next morning.

When he was brought home, the doctor was sent for, and pronounced Tom so mad that a strait-waistcoat had to be placed on him forthwith. To Will, his companion, restoratives were also administered.

Some of the young men who had not gone home till morning, told, as well as they could, how Nanny had cursed them all in the evening, and how Tom and Will had left the "Blue Dragon" about one o'clock; and it was conjectured, therefore, that they must have got some terrible fright in coming home. But it was not till the third day after their return that either were sufficiently recovered to give his own account of the terrible adventure of the evening. The story soon spread, with exaggerations, through the place—how the old witch had cursed Tom, Will, and their companions,

and how Tom and Will had evidently been hurt and mauled in coming home; what they had passed through; how their clothes had been soiled with mud, and torn to pieces with briars; and how Tom, who had thrown the stone, was driven raving mad by the witch's terrible arts. As the yells of Tom could be distinctly heard by all who passed up or down the street, the village was filled with horror. It was generally concluded that something must be done to punish the old hag and stop her arts, if possible, for the future.

Indeed, to such a pitch of frenzy had the popular hatred risen, that it was with difficulty many of the younger men were dissuaded from going at once to her cottage, and dragging her forth to summary justice. It was agreed, however, that in the morning the whole crowd should proceed to her house, and, putting a rope round her neck, should take her up to the great pond at the head of the valley, and there drag her through the water, and try, by the old witch's ordeal, whether she really would sink or swim; for lingering still in nooks of the world these superstitions were found.

The morning came, and about nine o'clock almost half the inhabitants of the village might have been seen going up the glen towards Nanny's cottage, whilst shouts of "Down with the old witch! Down with the old witch!" rose from every throat.

It was observed that as they came near Nanny's cottage, the door was closed, and no smoke seemed to be coming from the chimney, but that, instead, a vapour seemed to be creeping out through the crannies of the window.

"She's burned to death!" cried some. "The sperits, may be, have faught (fetched) her away!" cried others.

It was some time before any one had courage to enter the cottage.

"You go first." "No, you go; I'll follow ye." At last it was agreed that they should enter, as far as possible, all together. The door was easily opened, for it was only latched. There was no Nanny there, and no fire on the hearth! Then, with timid hearts and steps, they went up-stairs. The bedroom was full of smoke, like the smoke of smouldering clothes. They opened the window, and allowed it to clear; and then it was seen that the bed in which Nanny usually slept was reduced to a heap of ashes, which were still smouldering on the floor. The bedstead was charred as well, but the wood seemed to have been too hard to flare.

One of the company, now grown bolder by the discovery, took a stick and stirred the ashes, to discover if the remains of Nanny were there; but there was not the slightest trace of anything besides the materials and clothes of the bed itself. So the conclusion unanimously arrived at was that Nanny had not been burnt, but that the bad spirits had come and flown away with her.

Such scenes as that which we have here described are now, thanks to the moral and religious advancement of the country, become quite a thing of the past. At the period, however, to which our story refers, the superstition and ignorance of a large class of the country population were such, that as we read the accounts of scenes which were then matter of ordinary occurrence, we wonder which is the more deplorable, the depravity of half-witted old crones, who were designated "witches," or the superstitious bigotry of those who persecuted them as agents of the Evil One.

We may mention, in anticipation, that after a few weeks Tom Giles became sane again. But from that night old Nanny disappeared, for many years it was spoken of as the night when the spirits came and carried off old Nanny Perkins, the witch, in a flame of fire.

Scotting Tom Burgiss, the schoolmaster, when he heard the whole story, said he had no doubt but some of Jim's smuggling companions, perhaps fearing that old Nanny might let out too much to suit their plans, had come and taken her away, and that the burning of the bed was perhaps an accident, caused by old Nanny dropping the sparks of her pipe upon it while she was packing up her traps. He even added that Tom and Will had been the victims of their own superstitious and drunken fears; that the strangling grasp round Tom's throat had been a briar sticking out from the hedge; and his fall a drunken stagger, ending, the next day, in *delirium tremens*.

Such was Tom Burgiss's version of the matter. But then he was known to be a scoffer, and so got very few besides Norton to be of his opinion.

These occurrences had been sufficient to distract the attention of the village from the scandal just revealed to them about Norton's birth, but they had not been sufficient to distract his own mind from the agony of shame with which it was oppressed.

(To be continued.)

FLOWERS, SWEET FLOWERS.

FLOWERS, sweet flowers,
Flung from the hands of od'rous June!
To awake from a dreamy budding
Into a rapturous bloom.

Flowers, sweet flowers,
Born of a thought that was pure!
Blessed be God for such riches
To gladden the hearts of the poor!

Flowers, sweet flowers,
Nuns who are childlike and good!

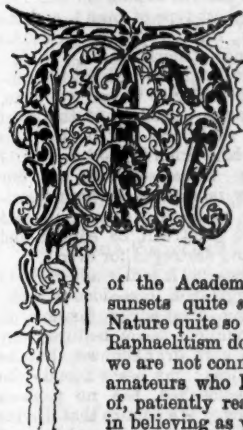
Worshipping, fireless, priestless,
In the mossy aisles of the wood.

Flowers, sweet flowers,
For the bride and the sheeted dead!
Speaking of hope to the living—
Of rest for the souls that have fled!

Flowers, sweet flowers!
May they fill with fragrance the air
When my soul shall escape from death
Up the shining slopes of prayer!

A WORD UPON COMPLETENESS.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.



AN is a complex being, and we are in some danger of forgetting the many-sided character of human life. Every treatise on art, in the present day, is full of sharp criticisms on exaggerated styles. Perhaps some of us have, in an amateur way, ventured to suggest, at the exhibitions of the Academy, that we never saw sunsets quite so red, and never saw Nature quite so vividly distinct, as pre-Raphaelitism does the thing; but then we are not connoisseurs or critics, but amateurs who know nothing to speak of, patiently read Ruskin, and persist in believing as we are told.

Something, however, like this occurs oftentimes in human nature. There are exaggerated virtues. Men are tall in one department of their being, and dwarfish in the other. They are remarkably honest, but unmistakably bluff; very abstinent as regards intoxicating drinks, but quite the other way in relation to intemperate speech; very liberal indeed to societies, and contemptibly stingy at home; very soft and seductive in their tone to strangers, and very harsh and rasping in the more immediate circle of domestic life; very manly and eloquent in their denunciation of parish grievances, but very apt to assume "the indignant," if any one is rash enough to suggest that they are faulty in some respects themselves. Most certainly, character is very incomplete indeed, where men let one virtue grow to a giant stature, and neglect the wider circle of the graces.

It used to be the fashion, some half-century ago, to grow tulips and dahlias, &c.; and men specially prided themselves on the possession of precious roots. That rage "has had its day, and passed away." It was a kind of flower-favouritism which ended in no great enjoyment. How much more beautiful the garden which is so planted as to ensure flowers and fruit in all seasons, from vernal spring-time to golden autumn; and how much more complete that garden which, instead of some one favoured flower, grows the multitude of plants at once, in all their varied shades of colour and forms of grace and beauty!

It is no uncommon thing, in these days of push and progress, for young people, instead of at once rectifying the neglect of a bad and imperfect early education, to manifest a neglectful disdain for such elementary matters as grammar and geography, and to work away at physiology and geology. A miserable kind of incompleteness is the result. Imagine the end of it all. Listen to the man who can tell you something even of the mammalia in marvellously bad English, and say if you do not

feel a sort of shudder at the jargon. Would the architect think *that* a beautiful and complete palace which had foundations like those of a rickety hut? Yet such is the kind of education which ignores a bad foundation, and zealously goes to work to build up a pseudo-intellectual edifice thereon.

The same idea applies to Christianity. How narrow and confined are the practical endeavours which some men make after the Christian life! Not so the Apostle Peter. "*Add*," says he, "to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity." Beautiful comprehension this! The word he uses is worthy of notice, and is seldom remarked upon: it is *ἐπιτιθησάτω*—"lead forth as in a chorus:" not merely *add*, in the sense of an addition sum in the Christian life, and like the books on Dominic Sampson's head, so many virtues piled one on the top of each other; but there is to be a common co-existence and coming forth, until the full chorus of Christian graces is heard in the life-song of the history of the child of God.

Such completeness has its analogy in Nature. How varied are all the features of the landscape which go to make up its fulness! The quiet glebe, the landlocked harbour, the everlasting hills, the tints of the evening sky, the ripples of the tortuous river, the mingled colours of the well-wrought carpet beneath your feet, the fern-grass and flowers of glen and glade—all around you speaks of completeness in design, and in detail too. It is this which charms and cheers you; so that the very trees have songsters in them, the rivers their darting trout, the waves their white breakers on the shore.

Some objection may be made, I know, to the requirement of completeness in Christian life. True, indeed, it is, that we shall never be faultless until we stand before the throne of the Lamb in heaven. But because we cannot attain to the Divine ideal, there is no reason whatever why we should not give all *diligence* to call forth as complete a chorus as we can.

Oh, great leader of the earthly band! have we never seen thee look round half-angry—if not, indeed, quite so—at the absence of some one figure in the great gathering of choristers and musicians? And how sadly we fall short in the circle of our virtues. Patience has got a cold, or amiability is laid up, or generosity has gone into the country, or gentleness is engaged till to-morrow. Such, and so frequent, are the absenteeisms of our virtues; and, consequently, our temperance, and prudence, and humility, with other kindred members of the chorus, get on but imperfectly in the absence of the rest.

A great deal is said now about educating the whole man. By all means. Let our English boys learn to ride and to row, as well as to construe Cæsar, and to cross the Rubicon in Euclid. But let it also be remembered that the *inner man* needs

completeness in its treatment; that man is not all intellect, but that conscience and character need educating in the most careful, complete, and comprehensive way. A good muscle and a good brain do not make a complete man; he must "grow up into Him in all things, who is the head, even Christ."

None can fail to see that the very want of this completeness has aforetime brought much dishonour on the cause of Christ. Our novelists would have been more merciful to religious characters if they had been religious altogether. It is quite true that there are things lacking in the best of us; but harshness, neglect, selfishness, and pride are warts which show most in characters that are assumed to be of the higher and better caste.

We know what the old philosophies did. Epicureanism catered for man as a being capable of pleasure; Stoicism treated him as the possessor of a *will* which could do nothing better with his finer instincts than crush them. Both produced deformed, contorted specimens of humanity. How different the gracious and genial influence of Christianity, whereby we bring body, soul, and spirit into perfect accord, and use all our powers in the harmony of a perfect operation, and in the anticipation of a higher life.

I cannot help thinking that some people's virtues are like spoiled children—made so much of that they are terribly obnoxious. A has gained a reputation for always meaning what he says—forthwith, he often assumes that other people do not; and takes the liberty of saying what he does say in a way more concise than Christian. B has a reputation for doing kind deeds in a rough way; that is, you must eat the kernel of kindness with the prickly shell of sharp speech in it, and, in finding how sweet the nut is, you must pass by the lacerated lip. C is commonly known as an abstainer—a useful and honourable position to occupy; but, then, if he abstains from alcohol, he does not abstain from those peculiar phrases with which he consigns temperate men to a gehenna of his own imagination.

Such illustrations might be multiplied. They will serve their purpose, however, if they suggest forms of thought in which we may study the incompleteness of many of the best characters.

It has been remarked, that in architecture completeness often shuts our eye to the magnitude of a building; that St. Peter's would look all the larger if it had some one exaggerated feature. This certainly holds good in human character. The man who will consent to grow out very strongly in one direction, will often attract greater notice than the man who more quietly and consistently strives after the rounded completeness of a healthy life. But, then, in the latter case, men have their reward in this—that happiness consists in what a man *is*, and not in what is the estimate formed of him by his fellow-men.

In all we are imperfect, and in many things we all fall short of our ideal. But of this we may be

certain, that we have a Divine model before us in all our struggles after a higher and nobler life, and that Christ has promised us the aid of the Holy Spirit to guide us into all truth.

This leads me to suggest to the reader the argument which may be drawn in favour of Christianity from its adaptation to all the aspects of our life. The Christian is the highest type of man; and the principles of the Gospel, rightly applied, furnish us with the only true science of spiritual life.

I must not close these remarks without the consolatory reflection that, faulty as we all are here, like statues still under the chiselling of the great Master Sculptor, we shall one day be faultless before the throne of God. Such is the teaching of inspiration. Let us, therefore, look at our brother, not as he now is, marred by his vulgarities and oddities, but as he will appear in that great day, when all the good will be educes, and all the bad depressed and destroyed for ever.

In the meantime, however, it is fair and right to run a tilt at all exaggerated, one-sided virtues, which keep protruding themselves forward in society like a too prominent facial feature: my temperance friend can cure drunkenness, but he has no recipe for sulkiness: my peace friend, who can keep my fists unclenched, has no panacea for preventing profligacy. We admire that Divine religion which sets the head and hand and heart at work in every direction, and shows us the Divine image of One of whom it is said, "Ye are complete in him!"

Yes! I love those records which tell us all so clearly that our completeness will be the work of Him who *begins* the work. Nothing is more unlovely than the finish of a rude hand upon a beautiful design; better the unfinished temple than the one botched by an after builder; better an old and half-decayed church than one whitewashed and churchwardenised, and completed! *Sic!*

This allows the thought to have a place, that even incompleteness is a better thing than had finish. We all have seen beauty in ruins. Some men see completeness only in that which seems to have some sort or kind of finish, like the American traveller, who, returning from a tour on the Continent, was asked what he thought of Rome? "A very fine city," he replied; "only the public buildings are very much out of repair."

True, the soul of man is in ruins now; but we desire no human handicraft to set it right. It has a melancholy beauty even in those broken arches and those ruined architraves. But with joy we accept the truth that its restoration need not be delayed: the Divine architect can restore it to more than primal beauty. He by whom all things were created, who said at first, "Let us make man in our own image," has in mercy said now—that which his cross has achieved—"Let us make man anew." There is the only completeness worth having, the true Christian manhood—completeness in Christ.



FOUND UNTO LIFE.

THERE was a drawing close of breast to breast
In reconciliation free and full,
And mutual mingling tears of happiness
Coursed down the cheeks of each; and then a voice,
A broken voice, that came from out the depths
Of the full-swelling stream of penitence,
Broke out, all tremulous and falteringly—
"I am not worthy to be called thy son."

Then He, whose glory and supreme delight
Was to forgive, smiled with the smile of peace,
And sent his word to all his ministers,
That served him with the flying will of love—
"Bring forth the robe of honour, and the ring,
And sandals for his feet bring forth, and spread
The feast of joy. Rejoice, rejoice with me:
The lost and dead is now alive and found."

They bring the robe of honour, and the ring,
And sandals for his feet bring forth, and spread,
With many a gladsome song, the feast of joy.
But he, the reconciled, trembling and weak
Under the power of his full happiness,
As shake the green and moistened leaves beneath
The Spring's warm showers, finds only heart to say,
"I am not worthy to be called thy son!"

Poor prodigals are we: let us return.
Yea, let us turn towards our Father's house,
Toward his open arms of might and love,
Towards the light of his eternal smile;
So shall the joy of heaven for us be tuned,
And the sweet symphonies of seraphim
Be echoed in our souls, and One shall say,
"He that was lost and dead is found to life."

BONAVIA.

"THE CLAPHAM SECT."

BY THE REV. W. MORLEY FURSHON, M.A.

NO. II.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.



REVERSES of fortune befall
streets as well as men.
There is no more melancholy pilgrimage than to
pace thoughtfully down a
street which has once been
famous—such a street, for
instance, as the Canon-
gate, in Edinburgh, once
peopled by proud nobles
and fair dames of high
degree; now, sheltering

Poverty in its mansions, and pouring out of
its dark wynds the Arabs of the great city,
intent on errands of crime. The contrast startles
you, and thought becomes obtrusive in its moral-
ising, whether on the littleness of earthly glory or
on the constancy of the law of change.

The river-side situation of the High Street, in
Hull, will preserve it for business longer than its
former dwellers were able to keep it as the exclusive
quarter of the wealthy; but they who built its fine
old houses, if they could have foreseen the change,
would have spared, perhaps, the massive oaken
staircases and the costly carvings on the walls.
Nearly at the head of the street, on the right as you
pass up from the Humber, there stands, in its own
courtyard, the house which those who have learnt
to appreciate moral goodness still show with pride
as the birthplace of William Wilberforce. He came
of a family long settled in the county of York, and
about eight miles from its chief city there was a
township of Wilberfoss, which gave his ancestors
the name. His grandfather, who altered the spel-
ling of the last syllable, sprang from a younger

branch of the family, and was one of the early
adventurers in the Baltic trade, which has since
become an element in the prosperity of the town.

The father of Wilberforce died when his son was
nine years of age. After a three years' residence
under the care of an uncle, from whom he was
removed in order to prevent his becoming a Metho-
dist, the youth was sent to the Grammar-school
at Pocklington, and thence, in due course, to St.
John's College, Cambridge. He is described as a
slender, short-sighted, delicate lad, sharp and active
in manner, uniformly good-tempered, and with an
exuberance of spirit which compensated for his lack
of physical strength. His college course was passed
without distinction, but without excess. His win-
ning manners rendered him a general favourite,
and the claims of hospitality could readily seduce
him from the claims of study, so that he could not
look back upon his university life without regret
that its opportunities had not been more worthily
improved. While at college, he had chosen public
life, and with ample means at his command, fluent
utterance, and a penetration which, in the estima-
tion of many, supplied the place of experience, he
offered himself while yet under age to represent his
native town. Whether his wit or his wealth com-
mended him most to the constituency may perhaps
admit of question, but it is certain that, at an
expense of nearly £9,000, he was returned at the
head of the poll. The memory of Andrew Marvell,
the incorruptible, had surely faded from the place
of his birth!

Wilberforce sat for Hull until 1784, by which
time he had attached himself to Pitt in an intimacy
which nothing but death was strong enough to
sever. Those were stirring times—the times of the
Coalition Ministry and of the American War. There



WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

was everything to rouse a young and chivalrous spirit who had ambition and ability to rise to the occasion. The political conscience of the country was outraged by the Coalition between two statesmen, the one of whom had threatened the other with impeachment not a year before they were made friends together. Addresses condemning the Coalition were sent from all parts of the country, but Yorkshire was supposed to be in its favour. The houses of Wentworth and Cavendish, and of the Norfolk and Carlisle families of Howard, were deemed to be too mighty to be opposed successfully, but the spirited yeomen were resolved to try, and a county meeting was called in the Castle-yard, at York. It lasted six hours and a-half. Late in the day, when the address had been moved, and the opposers heard in answer, Wilberforce, who had waited his opportunity, mounted the table. Excitement had almost spent itself by its own continuity, the hail pelted against the faces of the listeners, and his slight form seemed as if it had neither vigour to contend against the elements, nor voice to

be heard amidst their war; but his first tones reached and stilled the most restless, and they listened, enchained, for an hour. Boswell wrote to Dundas: "I saw a shrimp mount upon the table, but it grew and grew until the shrimp had grown into a whale." Rarely, perhaps, has a public assembly been more thoroughly subdued by the voice of one man. The opposition was silenced, and the loyal address was carried with enthusiasm.

The result of this display of ability was one which Wilberforce had foreseen, for he is candid enough to confess that his address was delivered with a purpose beyond the immediate occasion. Almost before his speech was finished, there arose an indefinable murmur, which soon gathered shape and volume. "This is the man for us. We will fight the battle of independence with him as our champion." The feeling spread among the freeholders; but to contest a shire like that of York involved a startling expense, from which any man of moderate fortune might well shrink. The men were in earnest, however, and as it

is a principle in a commercial country which has learnt to appraise everything, that men are sincere in their admiration of anything they are willing to pay for, they proved themselves in earnest by a subscription of £18,000. The candidates on the other side ventured only to the nomination, and were dismayed at the thought of the poll; and, without a contest, this youth of five-and-twenty summers, at whose heels no trainbands waited, and in whose veins no "blue blood" flowed, was girt with the sword, as knight of the largest and mightiest of the shires. It was a great triumph, early won; and it contributed to the influence which, when wielded under the control of high religious principle, was destined to confer such lasting blessing on the world.

The position and the influence had thus been given him, but as yet his life was that of a man of the world, absorbed in the present sphere, looking and longing for no higher. The re-action from his early seriousness seemed complete; but that Providence which "shapes our ends" by means which are often inscrutable, had already prepared the train of circumstances by which he received a higher fitness for duty, and the principle of a nobler life.

When Parliament was prorogued, he went on the Continent with Isaac Milner—whom he had met in Scarborough—as his travelling companion. Had Wilberforce known Milner's principles they would never have journeyed in company; but he was struck by the reverence with which his friend, who was light and gay in all other matters, spoke about religion. Their conversations insensibly interested him; Doddridge's "Rise and Progress" deepened the impression; a chord was struck which had been long silent in his nature—the memory of early days came again vividly before him, and he returned from that tour an awakened man, longing to know the truth, and, like the dying Goethe, asking for "more light"—not of the earthly sun, but of that light "which never was on sea nor shore." To this end he frequented the churches in which godly men ministered, was much in private study of the Scriptures, and in diligent search into his own heart, and sought counsel from good John Newton, and other wise winners of souls. By these means his convictions became established, and he was enabled to be at once firm in his own faith in Christ, and valiant for the truth upon the earth. In the frank avowal of his altered sentiments he displayed the truest moral courage. It was the custom of the times to tolerate enthusiasm, and even to applaud it, anywhere but in religion. Much of the contempt with which a Stoic looked down upon effeminacy, or with which a Pharisee frowned away a publican, was felt towards all who dared to be singular in their protest against fashionable forgetfulness of God; and even the clergy who were in earnest were dismissed with the doubtful praise which Wilberforce had formerly given to Stillingfleet, "He is a good man, but carries things sadly too far." That with such hindrances, a man moving in the higher walks of society should boldly profess himself a Christian, and avow his purpose to regulate his life by the principles of Christianity, was a thing so marked that it could not but furnish many a savoury morsel for the current gossip and scandal. However, Wilberforce was brave enough to do it, and with a straightforwardness as politic as it was

courageous, made a frank declaration of his principles, which secured him the respect even of thoughtful opponents, and which saved him from subsequent trouble and misunderstanding. It is always so. The pliant neutral is suspected of the hollowness of which he must be conscious, and when a war of principles impends, his post will be the hottest in the battle, for the cross-fire will rake him from the artillery of both sides.

Wilberforce entered upon the next session of Parliament with a solemn sense of stewardship, not only to his constituents, but to God. Hence it followed that he could no longer be a servile supporter of any political party, but must judge, according to the light of reason and conscience, every measure which was brought before the House. He felt this to involve serious consequences, because his personal affection for Pitt had grown into tenderness, and the thought of being compelled to differ from his friend haunted him with a strange sense of pain. He told Pitt, in all sincerity, that, though he fully expected to be able to agree with his policy in the main, there were occasions on which he should be compelled to differ, and to maintain that difference both by adverse speech and vote. To the honour of the great minister, he received this confidence as it deserved, and in a conversation in which he acknowledged that, for himself, Butler's "Analogy" had raised more doubts than it had solved, he said that Wilberforce must do just as he thought right, and that no difference of opinion should be suffered to create a difference of friendship.

In the year 1793, Wilberforce conceived the design of writing a book upon religion, which might at once vindicate his own principles, and warn and counsel others, especially in his own rank of life. He says, in his journal, that on the 3rd of August, in this year, he "laid the timbers of his tract;" and, though it was not until four years afterwards that his book was published, this was the beginning of his "Practical Christianity."

In this work he did good service to the cause of vital religion. He forcibly contrasts New Testament Christianity with the modern exhibitions of it with which the upper classes were familiar; presses home the necessity of a changed heart; exalts faith as the source of real obedience, and the motive to spiritual action; and shows that in the working of this living principle the very life of Christianity is involved. His friends had many fears about this literary venture. Milner strongly dissuaded him from risking the reputation he had acquired in an untried field. "You mean to put your name to the work," said the cautious publisher; "then I think we may venture on five hundred copies." The result rebuked their timidity; within a few days it was out of print; 7,500 copies were called for in the first half-year; translations were made of it into various languages; and it became, for a season, a religious classic, both in England and America. Nor were there wanting direct results of blessing. "I am truly thankful to Providence," wrote Bailby Porteus, the good Bishop of London, "that a work of this nature has made its appearance at this tremendous moment. I shall offer up my fervent prayers to God that it may have a powerful and extensive influence on the hearts of men, and, in the first

place, on my own, which is already humbled, and will, I trust, in time be sufficiently awakened by it." Similar testimonies to its usefulness were rendered by others among the highest dignitaries both in Church and State; and, in respect to that deeper impression upon which the writer's heart was set, it is said that not a year passed during his after life in which he did not receive some information, that by its means, the careless had been made thoughtful; or, the languid, earnest; or, that some wanderer, who had been astray for years, had been reclaimed to the service of Christ.

If in ancient Rome the civic crown was richer than the mural, if men have come to recognise the truth, that all the world over there is nothing so valuable as a man, and that he does the greatest thing who uplifts, or succours, or blesses his fellow, then we may safely leave those who, from their fancied intellectual eminence, look down pitifully upon the Clapham Sect and its apostle, to the

enjoyment of their unworthy sneer. "He rests from his labours," but a multitude of "his works follow him;" and it were renowned enough for the most covetous seeker after fame that men of the highest mind, both clergy and laity, have traced their first serious impressions to the reading of his book; that it was owned of God to win the gentle spirit of Legh Richmond, and to rouse the fiery earnestness of Thomas Chalmers; that it was a balm, in mortal sickness, to the soul of Edmund Burke; and that in many lands its witness is spoken still, at once a testimony, a blessing, and a power.

It is not our purpose that these sketches shall usually be extended beyond the limits of one paper, but in the case of Wilberforce—"the Agamemnon of the host"—some latitude may be allowed; and on his connection with the abolition of the slave trade, the great work of his political life, we shall remark at another time.

THE INFINITY OF GOD.



S fire ascending seeks the sun, so the flame of a heart that has been baptised with the Holy Ghost and with fire, leaps upward towards its source in God. And the Christian ever delights to meditate upon the Divine Author of his existence. God, who alone of all the beings in the expansive universe it is proper to adore and praise and worship, may become the object around which our meditations may revolve in humble and devout reflection.

The celebrated French pulpit orator, rising to pronounce the funeral oration over the body of his king, and seeking to find an utterance worthy of so grand an occasion, burst forth in the startling exclamation, "God only is great!" It was well and fitly spoken. He is a great and mighty God. Thou art great, O Lord God! for there is none like thee. Great is he in his being, and in all his attributes. But "great" is a weak term at best; it is only the exclamation of our feebleness as we stand astounded before the incomprehensibility of his Divine excellence and glory. It is a general term expressive of amazement and incompetence to comprehend his nature. It is a word that we apply to many things which are only the work of his hands.

There are other terms to be applied to him, which are set apart to him alone of all beings. They assist our weak comprehensions to lay hold upon some of the elements of his character and nature. They are so many telescopes, earthly instruments by which we gain enlarged views of his glory. But they cannot reveal God to us in all that he is, no more than the sun is shown from the observatory in all his magnitude and brilliancy. They merely enlarge somewhat the scope of our distant glimpses.

No more can finite mind comprehend the Eternal Jehovah than the human eye could gaze upon his face of glory. And if we cannot look steadily in the eye of the noonday sun, one of his inanimate creations, without having blindness draw its curtain over us, how can we hope to look upon his face and live?

Let us, in our reflections, consider some of these honoured words that belong to him alone; thus, perchance, catching through them some expressive rays, we may be elevated in mind and heart to unwonted spiritual heights, in their contemplation.

God is infinite! No creature is infinite, and all beings are creatures but he. His nature utterly transcends the utmost, the most enlarged and expanded capacity of archangel, angel, and man. The finite can form no adequate conception of his being and perfections, no more than a star can fill the universe, or a grain of sand the sea. Wherever any space or any creature can be, there is he, and still beyond and outside of all. The waters of his life break on no sands. They are shoreless as they are unfathomable; a boundless ocean. He fills immensity with his presence. "Behold, the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee!" "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

No one can ever be entirely alone, for, go where he may, God will still be at his side. This is what we mean by his infinitude, that he is incomprehensible, immense, and omnipresent; surpassing the extreme limits of our conceptions; spreading out his substance beyond the farthest edges of space on every side; being present wherever there is anything else, and off beyond into the immeasurable realms of his own being, where is nothing else, because he has assigned none of his creatures

thither. In comparison with such a being, any one of his creatures, and much more a man, is absolutely as nothing—a blank that is as infinite in its littleness, as he is infinite in his greatness.

Well do we recollect how ingeniously an eloquent professor was accustomed to illustrate to his classes the fact, that time in comparison with eternity, is absolutely as nothing. Let eternity be represented by a line stretching out before us without end to the east, and without end to the west. It being endless in either direction, any point before us may be assumed as the centre. Now cut out from that line a portion representing time, which may be called a mile, on either side of the centre, and over the space thus taken away in the middle, draw the two ends formed by the removal of the portion, together, and unite them. The line will still stretch out infinitely in either direction as before, and that which is cut out will not be missed; it will be absolutely nothing. And equally so if the eliminated portion of the line be a million or any number of miles, and the severed ends again drawn together; it will not shorten the line, which will be infinite still in both directions. So any portions of time, or all time, is as nothing to eternity. So also any creature is absolutely as nothing in comparison with the Infinite.

But if we cannot comprehend the being of God, why meditate upon it? Just for the same reason that we open our eyes to the light of the sun, and delight therein, though we can never receive all the rays of his light, which, if they should once fall upon us, would consume us in an instant. We want to reflect upon these things, because it is good for us to know what we can, since it is for ever impossible that we should know all. It is well to know what kind of a God is our God. It adds nobility to our origin, and rank to our life, to be assured that our Creator and Preserver is such a being as this. The glimpse we get is sufficient to fill our souls with his glory; while the rest that we cannot conceive, shines out perhaps on other portions of his creation. It shows us at once our worthlessness and our worth. It humiliates, and

at the same time exalts. What are we that such a God should care for us? Yet he hath cared for us; then how exalted and blessed we are! Oh, to have such an One—the high and holy One who inhabiteth eternity for our Creator and our King! How glorious! But to have rebelled against him, and refused his grace, how humiliating and degrading! And then to have received messages of pardon from such as he!—it almost surpasses belief—it does entirely surpass our conception; for his love to us is like himself, infinite and incomprehensible. How hard the heart, how frigid the understanding, that will find no benefit, can reap no joy, from the consideration of a theme so wonderful, so exalted, even though it can only learn the alphabet of the endless lesson!

God is an Infinite Spirit! Be still, O my soul! In breathless silence stand, uncovered, in this lofty presence! Thank God that you are permitted to meditate upon such exhaustless themes, and to drink from fountains that never can run dry; fountains flowing from out the cleft of the Rock of Ages. And shall we not go from the consideration of this subject, overwhelmed with awe, and trembling under the sight of this Infinity, and each night commit our souls and bodies to the guardianship of the sleepless Eye, and the Presence from which we cannot depart?

"Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

"Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God! there's nothing new.

"Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

"Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee."

MAGIC IN ANCIENT TIMES:



IF all the delusions which have at various times held sway over the human mind, the belief in magic is the most mysterious, and perhaps the most interesting. By "magic," in the fullest sense of the word, we mean everything connected with divination, dreams, astrology, necromancy, oracles, alchemy, sorcery, and witchcraft, and analogous subjects. The most curious thing about the history of magic, if we may use the word, is, that it is the history of what never existed. It is the history of what cannot be, but also of what has been imagined and believed. To study the results of this belief, and the crimes

and cruelties of which it has been productive, may not be entirely uninteresting. It may at least show that the much-vaunted reason of man has sometimes been at fault, and may be so again, and therefore that it is, in matters of faith, by no means an infallible guide.

The earliest mention of this art that we have in any profane author is in Homer's poem, the "Odyssey," which is supposed to have been written about the ninth century before Christ. It treats of the wanderings of Odysseus, or Ulysses, a great chieftain of those ancient times. Probably most of our readers have heard of the "tale of Troy divine," and how the city, after a ten years' siege, was at length taken by a stratagem of this very Ulysses. His home lay in an island called Ithaca, and thither, after the capture of the city, he determined

to go. But on his journey it chanced that he came to the palace of one Circe, a great magician. She invited him and his weary companions to enter and partake of her hospitality, which they consented to do. But in the midst of their festivity the treacherous Circe waved her wand thrice, and bid them depart, whereupon all Ulysses' unhappy companions were transformed into swine. But he himself was protected by a certain plant, which rendered her charms powerless.

Such is the earliest mention in any profane work of the magic art; but in the Bible we hear of it at a much earlier date. It would be strange if it were not so. The East is just the place of all others where we should expect the dark arts to flourish. The inhabitants are, as a people, more imaginative and more poetical than the colder-blooded races of Europe. Accordingly, we find that the astronomers and astrologers of Chaldaea were famous before the days of Moses. Even in later times at Rome a "Chaldaean" was synonymous with an astrologer. But although their magicians were so famous, we have no record of individuals who attained to any great celebrity. They have come down to us as mere abstractions, so to speak, without any of the traits that distinguish one man from another. Nowhere do we find any holding a position corresponding to that held in Europe by a Merlin, a Faust, or a Cornelius Agrippa during the Middle Ages. This is the more curious as it appears they were a recognised part of the community. We should, therefore, have imagined that some celebrated "professors" would have been mentioned. But it is not so. The same, however, is the case at the present day. India, Arabia, and Persia abound in jugglers, and dervishes, and charmers, and others of the same fraternity, but they all seem to be of an equal rank and importance in their profession.

When we turn to the Bible, we find magic mentioned in several places, both in the historical books and in the prophets. But the most celebrated instance is, of course, the appearance of Samuel to Saul at Endor. It is the one that those who believe in the existence of magic in old times bring forward as a proof of their theory. We shall, therefore, make no apology for entering into it at some length.

Endor (Ps. lxxxiii. 9, 10) was situated in the territory of Manasseh, about seven or eight miles to the north of Mount Gilboa. The Philistines were not far off, at a place called Shunem. A battle seemed imminent, and Saul, wishing to know the result, "inquired of the Lord, but he answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets." He then determined to consult a woman with a familiar spirit. In this the character of Saul is shown agreeably with the notices we have of him in the other parts of the Bible. He is determined to gain his ends, and, like a bold, bad man, cares little what means he employs, or what wrong he does. A witch happened to be living at Endor, where, it is supposed, she had gone to escape the effect of Saul's own decree against all wizards and familiar spirits. Saul repaired to her abode, which was probably one of the caves that abound there at the present day, and said, "I pray thee, divine unto me, and bring him up, whom I shall name unto thee." The woman was at first unwilling to comply with his request, until assured by an oath that no

evil consequences to herself would ensue. This oath forms one of the most awful parts of the whole narrative. Saul solemnly calls on God to witness a breach of one of his own laws. It shows to what a depth of despair and reckless impiety the unhappy monarch must have sunk. After being reassured, she demanded who it was he wanted called up. Saul answered, Samuel. She then pretended to summon Samuel, when, to her great astonishment, he appeared. She evidently did not expect such a result, which proves that she possessed no real power. The "gods" she saw ascending from earth were "probably some majestic shapes by which the prophet's shade was preceded." Saul dared not look at the apparition himself, but inquired of what form it was? When told, he at once knew it to be Samuel, who seems to have been clothed either in the white mantle common to prophets, or in his winding-sheet. Samuel then foretells the events of the next day, the discomfiture of the Israelitish army, and the death of Saul himself. These words stretched the strong man on the earth, where he lay in a faint until the witch and her servant compelled him to rise and take some refreshment.

The extraordinary apparition of Samuel has, as may be supposed, been accounted for in various ways. Saul was exhausted from a long and perilous journey close to an enemy's camp; weak from want of food, and, in fact, utterly prostrated in mind and body. Some, therefore, have thought that the whole thing was merely the phantom of a sick brain. But on this supposition the Bible narrative would be false, for it says distinctly that it was Samuel who appeared. Again, this would not account for the conduct of the witch. She was astonished, and evidently did not expect the result to be what it was. The most simple explanation appears to be that Samuel was allowed to appear for a special purpose. What that purpose was, we know not. Perhaps it may have been to show the unhappy monarch that every door of mercy was not closed against him, and that even at the eleventh hour there was yet room for repentance. We know that apparitions of the dead are mentioned in other parts of the Bible, and there is no reason why this may not be one. Its connection with magic seems purely accidental; the witch's part in the transaction ceased after Samuel's first appearance.

In the New Testament magic is but seldom mentioned. The magi who came to the birth of our Lord were not magicians: our version translates the word "wise men." Simon Magus, who is spoken of in Acts viii. 9-24, does not seem to have been able to work wonders, or we may suppose he would not have been admitted into the Church so readily as he was. The spread of Christianity put an end to most of these black arts in the early ages of the Church. They do not seem to be revived until the Middle Ages, even if they were then, which may fairly be doubted.

In conclusion, we may say that the Bible never states but on one occasion that any real results were produced by magic. It is no proof that such a thing ever existed, because mankind has in all ages believed in it. If we believe it to have existed, we must, in several instances, be prepared to reject our faith in God's government, and adopt a creed inferior to that of many of the ancient heathen philosophers.

CONCLAVES; OR HOW POPES ARE MADE.



DOWN the steep side of Mount Quirinal, at the bottom of a rugged, irregular spot, rises an immense palace, of singular aspect, with its varied architecture, its incoherent apartments, its great stones with embrasures, its unpalatial façade, and its long wings. It is the residence of the popes

when driven from their old habitation of the Vatican, by malaria and the heats of summer.

The site is happily chosen, for it is airy and salubrious, offering all that is necessary for health, and commanding a fine view of Rome and its environs.

This curious structure was commenced under Gregory XIII. in 1574, but completed under Clement XIII. in 1767, nearly two centuries, and during the reign of twenty-three popes, and under the superintendence of many architects. This explains the incoherences and strange combinations which offend the eye and wound the taste.

The reigns of popes are short, none of them having lived to complete his twenty-fifth pontifical year. If one commences a monument, or edifice, the task of finishing it is left to his successors, who have neither the same ideas, nor the same taste. The destination of the building is often changed, and the architects modify the plans of their predecessors, or introduce their own. Thus nearly all the Roman edifices fail of unity.

On one side of the gardens is a vast and dreary-looking building, in which are held the "conclaves;" for though a decree exists which requires that they shall be held in the place where the last pope is deceased, it is never obeyed. Only once in many centuries has a conclave been convened out of Rome, and that was when the city was occupied by a French Republican army in 1800.

Formerly the people united with the clergy in electing the popes; and it was during this time that St. Silvester, Leo the Great, and St. Gregory—the best popes in the long list of centuries—occupied the pontifical chair. But the priests did not wish to share their power with the people, and first contested it, then denied to them the right of voting, and then took it from them by force. Thus they were despoiled of their most precious prerogative.

How curious is the history of this Roman people! Under Kings, under the Republic, under the Empire, all was done in their name. By them war was declared, and peace made, and laws promulgated, and yet their power was merely nominal. Ruled under Kings by the Senate, oppressed under the Republic by patricians, crushed under the Empire by soldiers, they had in reality nothing but a few bones, which were thrown to them as to the dogs. They rebelled when driven to desperation; but though oppressors were dethroned or banished for

a time, they soon returned with soft words and fine promises, and regained their ascendancy.

Then came Christianity to proclaim the equality of all men. No more tyrants, no more privileged classes, no more masters, no more slaves!

"Behold," said the people, "the day of our emancipation, the era of justice!" And they received with enthusiasm the sublime doctrine of Christ. "Behold," said they, "priests who are neither robbers, nor deceivers, and aspire not to power! behold the true messengers of Heaven!"

They embraced the new religion as deliverance from all evil, they rushed to the new temples, and sealed the new faith with their blood.

In a little time their chains became more galling than ever. The lambs became wolves. The priests employed armies and gaolers. They were richer than kings, more powerful than princes, and aspired to all worldly honours.

The people who had served them as stepping-stones, became fanatics, blinded by superstition, brutalised by ignorance, enervated by idleness, and degraded by misery and servitude.

These are the Roman people of to-day! It was in 1160 that the cardinals acquired the exclusive right of electing popes, and the first that was chosen in this manner was Celestine III. From this time till the death of Clement IV., above seventy years, they simply cast their votes, and a pope was elected. But on this occasion the eighteen who assembled for the same purpose in Viterbe could not agree, and so long were they in deciding that all Christendom was impatient, and embassy after embassy was sent from different courts to pray their eminences to put an end to this delay; but with no result: they did nothing but quarrel with one another.

At length, after seeing them waste two years in sterile efforts to agree, St. Bonaventure, general of the order of the brothers St. François, persuaded the inhabitants of Viterbe to lock up the cardinals in the Episcopal Palace; and his advice was taken. The holy electors were imprisoned, and a guard placed over them, till they should deliver the Church and world from the sad condition of being without spiritual head.

But days and months passed still, and each seemed inclined to remain there for ever, rather than resign his hope of wearing the tiara.

Then the people, becoming still more impatient, resorted to measures more coercive. They removed the roof from the palace, that those within might be exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather. These they braved a long time; but at length, their number being reduced to fifteen by death, they decided to delegate their powers to six, who fixed their choice upon one who was not a cardinal, as the only way of contenting these dignitaries.

The Holy See had been vacant nearly three years when Tebaldo Visconti was thus called to occupy it, and crowned under the name of Gregory X., in 1271. Wishing to prevent a recurrence of similar scenes, he convened a council to frame laws for the election of popes.

These are very curious, but too long to be quoted entire. They provide that, after waiting ten days from the decease of a pope, the cardinals shall meet in the palace where the death occurred, and be enclosed in the same apartment without walls of separation, curtains, or hangings of any kind, with only one small private room and one servant each. They must not speak to each other in secret, or admit any person from without.

Food must be introduced by an open window, and if in three days after their entrance the election is not made, they can have only one dish for dinner and one for supper, during the five following days, and from the end of this time they can have only bread and water so long as they remain.

They must speak of no other business but the election, and no one can be crowned Pontiff who does not receive two-thirds of the votes.

There are various clauses requiring the entire disinterestedness of the electors, and that all the Christians be requested to pray for them during their deliberations, and observe the prescribed facts, and whoever will not obey these injunctions is excommunicated.

The immediate successor of Gregory X. was Innocent V., who, within five months, was succeeded by Adrian V. He and John XXI. modified the laws, against which there were many complaints, and after them only four popes were elected immediately. Then a vacation of more than two years occurred, when Celestine V. re-established the decrees of the Council.

Since then the Church has not been without a head, though all does not pass to-day among the imprisoned cardinals as in the fourteenth century.

When the death of the Pope is announced, the first officer of the pontifical household, who is called the *Camerlingue*, repairs to the chamber of his Holiness to certify the death. This is not done by physicians, but by the *Camerlingue* himself, who strikes three times upon the forehead of the deceased with a hammer. If at the third blow there is no sign, he is pronounced dead.

After the death has been ascertained, the great bell of the Capitol is struck thirty-three times, to announce it to all Rome. This bell is never rung except at the death of a pope and the opening of carnival.

Couriers are dispatched by the Cardinal Dean of the Sacred College to all the apostolic princes, letters are written to all Catholic courts, and the cardinals are immediately invited to convene, in assemblies which are called *congregations*, to read the laws upon ceremonials, to confirm the governor of Rome and the ministers in their offices, to elect a confessor for the conclave, also surgeons, physicians, barbers, and apothecaries, and to draw by lot the cells which they shall occupy during their deliberations.

The Sacred College is composed of seventy cardinals, the number being scarcely ever complete. They are appointed by the Pope, and chosen throughout the Catholic Church.

During the meetings of the *congregations*, the remains of the Pope are exposed three days, with the face uncovered, in the Sistine Palace, where official personages, the Roman nobility, and distinguished strangers are admitted to visit it.

On the third day commences what is called the *grand neuvaime*, or nine days' devotion. The body is carried to the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament in the Church of St. Peter's. There during three more days the faithful are admitted to kiss the feet through an iron railing. In the evening of the third day on this exposition the burial takes place, in a vault of the chapel reserved expressly for deceased popes, the body of one remaining only till it is necessary to bury another, when it is removed to a consecrated spot elsewhere.

Immediately after the burial a platform is erected in the nave of the church, with an artificial tomb magnificently decorated, around which all gather with signs of homage, while gazing at the rich hangings, with gold and silver fringes, counting the candles, and thinking of the new man of power, and the favours he will dispense.

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

I.

HO! let the clarion sound
All Roma's city round,
Till her seven hills resound
Far and wide:

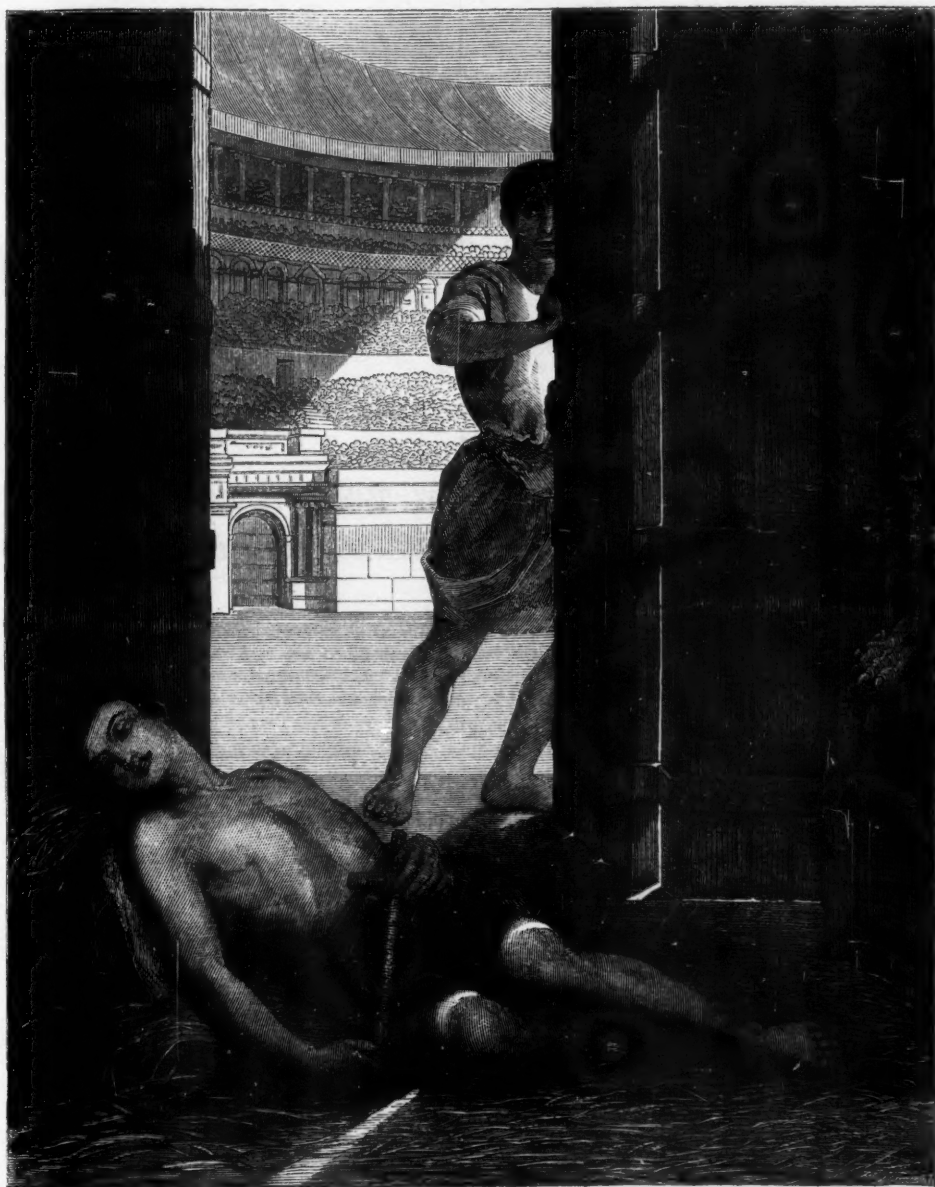
And forth, in Tyrian bloom,
With tall and waving plume,
Come to the Christian's doom,
In your pride.

There will be gallant sport—
Through the gates, but newly caught,
An Asian lion was brought
Yesterday;

The air he madly tore
For vain revenge, and sore
Our children feared his roar
Far away.

Come, for the morn is fair,
Rome's maidens will be there,
And the noblest will share
With the least
In the pastimes of the day
Not a lily hand would stay
For the bridal rite away
From the feast.

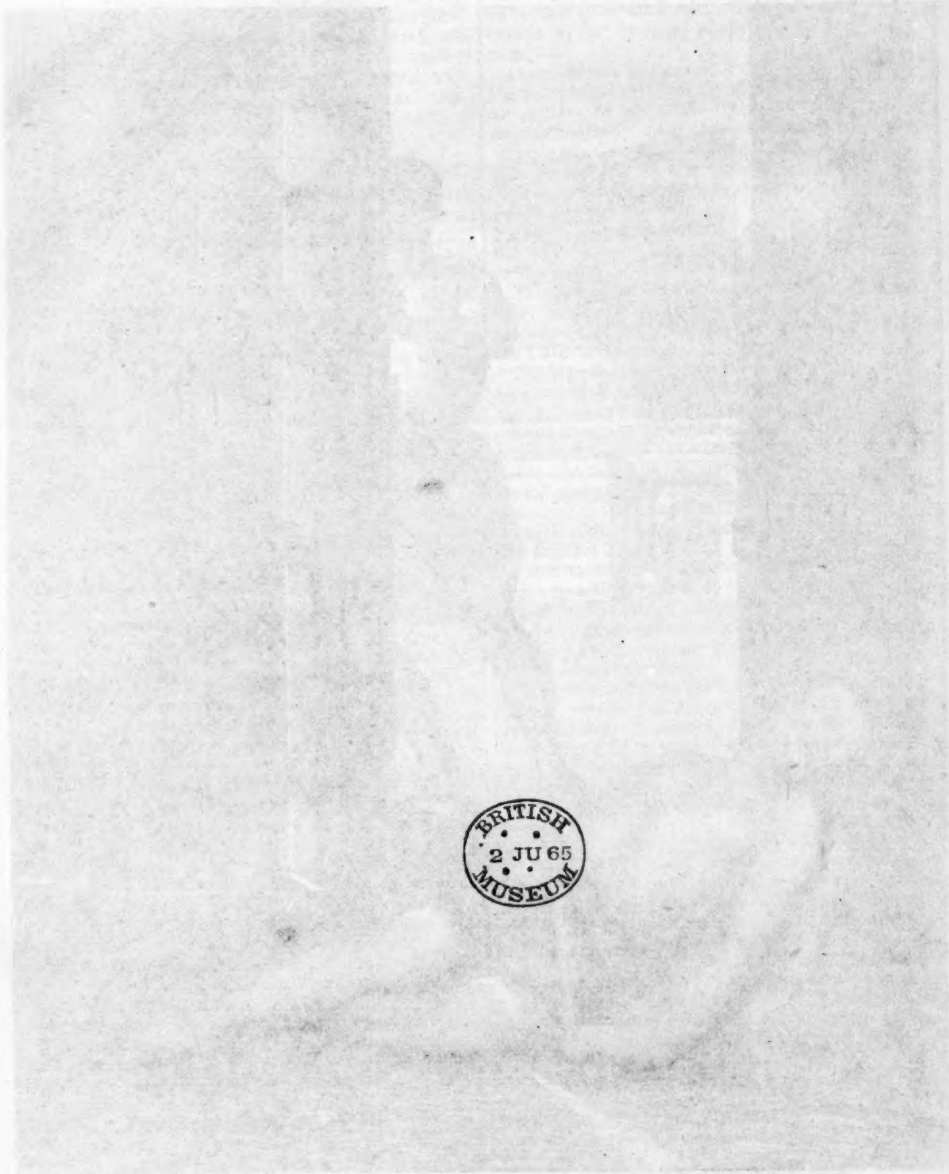
Not a matron but would miss
Rather a mother's bliss,
Than the execrating hiss
Of the crowd,
When the Christian youth is brought
To the amphitheatre court,
And the trump for the death-sport
Rings aloud.



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Keepers, why tarry ye!
Let the gate instantly
Open be thrown.—p. 133.



II.

Impatiently they wait—
Those myriads of the state—
The opening of the gate
Of his cell;
Ready, with jibe and jeer,
To mock the wretch's fear,
Or greet him to his bier
With a yell.

How, in his mad despair,
Will he his God forswear,
And his last breath declare
For their own.
This have they come to see.
Keepers, why tarry ye?
Let the gate instantly
Open-be thrown!

III.

Asleep. His face as calm
As if the dread alarm
And horror were a charm
Unto rest.
Peaceful he draws each breath,
Gently awaiting death,
With the symbol of his Faith
On his breast.

In sorrow's sweet surcease,
In his Heaven-trust's increase,
In the more than angel peace
Of his soul,
He is now beyond your arts;
And when his life-blood starts,
His spirit only parts
To her goal.

A. W. B.

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

SUNSHINE AND TEMPEST; OR, THE TWIN-SISTERS.

IN a pleasant morning-room sat two young girls, probably about eighteen years of age. Any one could see at a glance they were twin-sisters, for Nature had bestowed upon each the same fair complexion and golden hair. A stranger would not have known them apart; only in the expression of their eyes was there any difference between them: they were the same colour, but Margaret's beamed with love, gentleness, and good temper, while Esther's told of nothing but pride and haughty determination. Some one has said that "the eyes are the windows of the heart;" certainly Margaret and Esther Malcolm's eyes were an index to their different characters.

Margaret had early learned to love the Saviour, and she "adorned the doctrine of God" by her meek and gentle behaviour.

Esther had been brought up by an aunt, who had recently died, and that might account, in a great measure, for the difference in their characters, for Esther had always been allowed to have her own way in everything.

They had lost their mother about six months, and Margaret was endeavouring to supply her place as far as she could, both to her father and also her younger brothers and sisters. She is now busy looking over some bills; Esther has just come in from the schoolroom, for it had been arranged, when she first came home, that, as she had received a more liberal education than her sister, she should take the place of instructress to the younger ones.

"Have you nearly done those bills, Margaret?" said Esther, after watching her sister a minute or two.

"Yes, dear; I shall not be long. Do you want anything?" asked Margaret, looking up.

"Yes, I want you to go to the schoolroom this morning," said her sister, petulantly. "I mean to ask papa to let me take the housekeeping; I do not see why I should not manage it as well as you."

"I daresay you could, after a little while; but it would be very strange if you did at first. Mamma took a great deal of trouble to teach me. I think, if I were you, I would wait a little while," said Margaret.

"For you to teach me, I suppose! No, that you never shall! I'll never learn of you. You don't know how to govern a house. The idea of asking servants and children, as you do, to do anything! Command them to do it, I say, and let them know their place."

"I did not mean to make you angry, Esther," said her sister, in a gentle tone. "I know we differ upon which is the best way to govern, but still I think you had better wait until you understand the children a little better."

This made Esther still more angry. But while she is finding fault with her sister, we will peep into the schoolroom. Four little ones are seated at the table: the youngest, a boy of seven, is a merry, roguish little fellow; the next, a pale, melancholy-looking girl of nine, is sitting with her head on her hand, surveying, with tears in her eyes, an ugly blot of ink her little brother had dropped on her exercise book; the two others, Agnes and Edwin, are intent upon their lessons, until a sign from Florence causes Edwin to look up.

"What's the matter, Florry, dear?" he said, and Florence showed him the blot. At the same moment Esther came into the room and saw it too.

"You naughty, careless girl!" she said, at the same time giving her a smart slap on her arm.

"I did not do it, Esther," said the child; "Frank dropped the——" but before she could finish what she was saying, her sister gave her a box on the ears, and sent her into the corner for answering.

"What business had you to serve Florence like that?" said Edwin, jumping up, his face crimson with passion.

Esther moved towards him, and would have served him as she had just done Florence, but he stepped back, and, holding up his fist, like a wicked little boy, threatened to strike her if she touched him. Esther knew his determined temper, and so merely told him to sit down again, and go on with his lesson.

"No, I shan't: I'll never learn another lesson for you. What business had you to touch my sister?" and the angry boy left the room. He went directly to find Margaret, that he might tell her his trouble.

"I would not care for myself," he said, as he concluded; "but you know Florry is so often poorly, and now I know Esther will put more than ever upon her."

"Then, Edwin, if you think so, will you not go back to the schoolroom? Now, listen to me," and she drew the boy's head down upon her shoulder: "Esther gives me trouble sometimes; but you know, dear, she has been brought up quite differently, and so we ought to think of that, and make allowance for her. Now, go back, like a good boy, and tell Esther you will learn your lessons, and I daresay she will forget all that has passed."

"I'll do anything else you ask me, Maggie, but I can't do that," said Edwin, choking down the tears.

"Oh, yes, you can, for Florry's and my sake! think how she will miss you from the school-room."

At length the boy was won over.

"Well, Mr. Impudence," was Esther's salutation, as she saw her brother enter; "who sent you here? Margaret, I suppose; but you'll beg my pardon before you sit down."

Edwin felt his anger rising; but just then he looked across to the corner where Florry was still standing, and met her tearful eyes looking imploringly at him, and he said, resolutely—

"I beg your pardon, Esther," and was about to take his seat, but Esther stopped him.

"Say you'll never do it again," she said, in a peremptory tone.

Edwin was silent.

"Do you hear me?" asked his sister.

"Yes, I hear," said Edwin; "but I can't say it."

"And why not?" asked she.

"Because I might do it again, and then I should have told a lie."

"Then leave the room directly," and, without waiting for him to go, she took him by the shoulders and put him out.

"I have had enough of school-keeping," Esther said, that afternoon, as she and Margaret were dressing for a walk. "I have made up my mind to ask papa this evening to let me take the house-keeping."

Margaret hoped he would not, and resolved, if possible, to see him first, and ask him not to consent to the alteration, for she knew all comfort

would be at an end if once Esther had the management of affairs.

Mr. Malcolm, however, did not come home at his usual time; hour after hour passed, and Margaret began to get quite uneasy. At length a telegram arrived to say that he had been sent for to his mother, who was dangerously ill, and he wanted Esther to come by the first train the next morning, that she might stay with her grandmother until she got better, as he should be obliged to leave in a day or two.

"I hope grandmamma will keep Esther with her altogether," said Edwin. "What nice quiet times we shall have again!"

Margaret could not help wishing the same thing, but she did not say so.

The next day Esther started, and the day following Mr. Malcolm returned.

"Your grandma seemed quite taken with Esther," he said, as they sat at tea the evening he came back from Weston. "She seemed to think her quite a beauty. I hope she will please as much in a month's time as she does now; I daresay she will, though."

Mr. Malcolm did not know a great deal of Esther; he went out to business early in the morning, and did not return until late in the evening, and Margaret had made a point of never troubling her father with complaints of either her sister or the servants.

A week passed—"a glorious week," as Edwin termed it—and then came two letters, one from old Mrs. Malcolm, begging that Esther might be recalled; "for," said the old lady, in her note, "she will drive me crazy if she is here another week. Pray send me my own Margaret again."

When Mr. Malcolm had read his mother's letter, he took up the other; it was from Esther, and contained nothing but complaints about her grandmother, and begging to be allowed to come home and take Margaret's place, that she might go to Weston.

"I suppose you must go, then, Maggie," said Mr. Malcolm, after he had given her the letters to read. "I daresay she will manage very well here; so get your things ready, and I will write for Esther to come back at once."

The children were all very sorry to hear that Esther was coming back and Margaret going away.

"Ask papa to send me somewhere to school as daily boarder," said Edwin, when he heard it; "for I know there will be no peace in the house when Esther is mistress."

"It will be of no use asking him just now," said Margaret. "All the schools are away for the Midsummer holidays. You must try and be as little in Esther's way as you can; and you know what I have so often told you before—try to subdue your passionate temper."

Edwin promised he would do as his sister wished, and Margaret hoped that they would get on pretty well.

"Edwin, ring that bell." This was said by Esther at breakfast-time one morning soon after her return.

"Ring it yourself," said the rude little boy, "you're as near to it as I am;" and he reached across the table for some more bread and butter. But Esther snatched the plate away.

"You shall not have any," she said, "until you ring the bell."

"Then I'll go without," said Edwin. And he jumped up from the table, and went out of the room. In the hall he met the servant, with a letter in her hand.

"Who is that for?" asked he.

"Miss Esther," answered the girl. Edwin took it out of her hand. "I'll take it in," he said, and she, nothing loth, ran down to the kitchen.

As soon as she was gone Edwin looked at the letter, and saw, by the handwriting, that it was not from his sister Margaret, and then tore it in halves; but, thinking that this would not be quite enough, he tore each half into several pieces, and then, opening the parlour door, threw them towards Esther, saying, as he did so—

"There's your letter, it's just come."

Esther, who did not at all comprehend what he meant, picked up some of the fragments of the paper that now lay scattered on the floor, and looked at them.

"What does he mean?" she said to the servant, who had just come in answer to the bell which had been rung five minutes before.

"I don't know, miss," answered the girl. "I gave Master Edwin a letter for you just as the postman left it."

Esther picked up two or three more pieces, and, after putting them together, became convinced that this was it.

"Where is Master Edwin?" she said to the girl. "Go and tell him to come to me directly," but she could not find him, and he did not make his appearance again the whole of the morning. At dinner-time he came home, and took his seat just after the rest had begun. Esther took no notice of him.

"Please, Esther, will you help me?" he said, after he had sat a minute or two in silence. He had evidently cooled down since he had been out, and was now somewhat ashamed and sorry for what he had done at breakfast-time.

Esther went on with her dinner as though she did not hear, and the request was repeated.

"You'll have no dinner here to-day, so you need not wait," she said, in answer to his second request.

"Am I to have it in the schoolroom, then?" said he; for they were sometimes sent there as a punishment.

"I told you you should not have any, and you shall not in this house," said his sister, in an angry tone.

"Oh, Esther, I'm so hungry; please give me some dinner. I'm sorry I tore your letter, but I did it in a passion."

It evidently cost him an effort to say this, and he might as well have left it unsaid for what effect it had on his sister, for she would not give him his dinner, and said he should not have anything to eat until tea-time.

He had been walking about all the morning—moreover, he had not had more than half his breakfast when he was ordered to ring the bell, which had led to his leaving the house—so that, altogether, he was more than usually hungry; and so determined to try what he could do with the servants, now his sister would not give him any

dinner, and he left the room and went down to the kitchen.

"Please, cook, will you give me something to eat?" he said. "Esther will not give me any dinner."

"You tore your sister's letter up, didn't you, Master Edwin?" said cook, laughing, for Esther was by no means a favourite with the servants, and they rejoiced at anything that vexed her.

"Yes," answered Edwin; "I tore the letter, but I said I was sorry I did, and so I am, because Maggie will be so sorry when she hears it."

"Ah, that she will, I know!" said cook. "You have a blessed sister, Master Edwin; I wish there was more like her. I never believed anything in religion till I knew her, but she's done me more good, with her gentle, winsome ways, than all the sermons in the world would. Ah, mind what she says, and do as she does, and you'll make a bright man, Master Edwin."

Just then the parlour bell rang, and Jane went to answer it, while cook laid the cloth for Edwin to have some dinner there.

"Is Master Edwin in the kitchen?" asked Esther of Jane.

"Yes, miss, he's just come down," answered Jane.

"Tell cook she is not to give him anything to eat. He is to go up to his room by himself."

Jane went down, and delivered her message.

Cook laughed at it. "She should do as she liked," she said, "about giving him his dinner." And she cut a slice of the pudding off for him that Jane was just going to take up-stairs.

"Who has cut this pudding?" asked Esther, when she saw it.

"Cook has," said Jane; and without waiting to be questioned further, she left the room.

Esther rang the bell for her to come back, but she took no notice of the summons; and at last, after ringing in vain three or four times, Esther went down herself to the kitchen, and there, on Edwin's plate, she saw the remains of the slice of pudding she had come to inquire about.

"How dare you come down in the kitchen to dinner?" she said, as soon as she saw him.

"Well, I was so hungry, and you said you would not give me any," said Edwin, putting the last piece of pudding into his mouth as he spoke.

"Where's cook?" asked Esther.

"Here I am," said that functionary, coming in from the scullery.

"Did Jane deliver the message I sent you a little while ago?" said Esther, in a haughty tone.

"Perhaps she did," said cook, carelessly; "what was it?"

"I said you were not to give Master Edwin any dinner. Was that message delivered to you?"

"I believe it was," said cook, with provoking coolness, "but I'm not in the habit of obeying any one but my master or mistress Miss Margaret; if they had told me I was not to do it, I would not."

"You'll remember, then, that I am your mistress now," said Esther, boiling with passion. "I have taken my sister's place, and you shall obey me."

"That I never will!" said cook, flouncing out of the kitchen. And that night, after Mr. Malcolm



"What business had you to serve Florence like that?"—p. 134.

came home, cook gave warning to leave that day month, alleging that she could not live with such a mistress as Miss Esther; and Jane, the housemaid, followed her example the next night.

A month afterwards strange servants were in the house, a thing Mr. Malcolm detested. Meanwhile, things had gone on anything but smoothly between Esther and her brother. She had never forgiven the tearing the letter, and visited it upon him as often as she could. Edwin was very fond of cricketing, and belonged to a juvenile cricket club. A grand match was to come off, in which he was to take a part, and he wanted his white suit washed for the occasion, so he gave it to Esther some ten days beforehand, that she might have it in readiness. The morning of the day on which the cricket match was to take place he went to his drawer, expecting to find it there all ready, but it was nowhere to be seen; he searched every nook and corner, but in vain; and he at length determined to ask Eliza, the new housemaid, if she knew where it was. She said she had seen a cricketing dress in his sister's

room, but it was dirty, she knew, "for Miss Esther had taken it out of the dirty linen basket only the week before, and said it was not to be sent to the laundress."

Edwin did not ask the girl to go and find it for him, but went himself; and while he was turning the closet out in which the servant had said his dress was, Esther herself came into the room.

"What business have you there?" she said, at the same time giving him a box of the ears which sent his head violently up against the door. He jumped off the chair on which he had been standing, the dirty dress in his hand, his face glowing, and his teeth clenched with rage, and going up to his sister, he struck her a violent blow; he then rushed into his own room, and taking out of a drawer all the pocket-money he had left, he ran down-stairs and out of the house.

How sad and awful for a little boy to give way to passion!

(To be concluded in our next.)

A LITTLE THORN IN THE PILLOW.



ALTER could not sleep. The curtain was drawn aside from the window, and, through the opening, he could see the stars—a pleasant sight at other times, but now they all seemed to look sadly down on him and though he turned away, he knew they were still there. He heard the sound of the waterfall up by the old mill, and though he had often said its murmuring was like music, and helped him to go to sleep every night, yet now it disturbed him; it was like the voices of people talking low together, and about him, too, and he wished he could stop it.

He turned his pillow over, and tried to arrange the quilt better; but his kind mother had done everything that could be done to make her little boy's bed comfortable before she left him for the night, and all the changes he made brought no rest. He had never been so uneasy on that bed.

What was the matter with Walter? There was a little thorn in his pillow—not just like those which you see on thorn-bushes, but a kind which gives one even more pain than they can. And how came it there? Perhaps we shall learn from Walter. He heard the pleasant voices of the family in the parlour below. "I ought to tell mother," he thought; "but I don't want to."

The waterfall kept on murmuring, and he could almost hear himself accused of something in the sound. The stars looked in at the window more sadly than before. Walter thought again, "I ought to tell her, and I will!"

He got up from his little bed, went gently down the stairs, and tapping at the parlour door, called for his mother. She came, wondering what brought her little boy there when she had supposed he was sleeping quietly. At his request she went back with him, and Walter confessed: "I promised you I wouldn't take any more of the fruit this morning, mother; but after you left the table, I did take a bunch of grapes and three apples, and hid them in my box in the nursery, and there they are now. I'm sorry, mother, and I want you to forgive me. I couldn't go to sleep, because I had disobeyed you, and told a lie too."

This was the thorn. The grapes and apples—disobedience and falsehood—had set it in his pillow. As his mother laid her hand lovingly upon his head after this confession, and told him she freely forgave him, and that she was glad her son had not concealed this wrongdoing from her, the tears of penitence began to fall. Walter knew he had sinned against another dear Friend of children, and kneeling by his mother, he asked forgiveness of Jesus. He asked that Friend evermore to be his Guide, and help him to overcome whenever tempted. His mother snugly tucked him into bed once more. The stars twinkled brightly. The waterfall sang its good-night song, and Walter slept—for the little thorn was gone out of his pillow.

Did any of you ever have such thorns in your pillows? I am afraid so. That which seems a very small sin is apt to plant them; and disobedience to dear parents, and unkind words, have perhaps set more thorns in little children's pillows than any-

thing else. It may be that some are growing in your pillow to-day. Think a moment. If any are there, try to get them out now. Don't wait as Walter did, till you lay your head down on them to-night.

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

"Jesus said, I am the good Shepherd."—John x. 11.



PRAY you listen while I tell
Of a Shepherd kind and noble,
Who his little lambs will guide,
And love them tenderly and well;
And, through rugged paths of trouble,
Journey with them side by side.

But this secret, children dear,
Jesus Christ himself hath told you;
When he tarried among men,
When he dwelt among us here,
Little children, calm and bold grew,
And approached him very near.

And he told them in his love,
With a gracious smile so holy;
"I am the Good Shepherd true,
And wherever you may rove,
Be ye trustful, be ye lowly,
I will lead and comfort you."

Earnestly and humbly pray,
That through rivers and o'er mountain,
Through joy's pastures, or care's storm-strife,
Christ the Shepherd lead the way;
Then from an exhaustless fountain,
Shall you drink eternal life.

What, if walking through the vale,
Gloomy shadows round you stealing,
Send a tremor through the frame,
Till the dimpled cheek grow pale;
Chase away the timid feeling,
Call the Shepherd by his name.

"I will fear no evil," say,
"Thou art with me, O my Father,"
With the shepherd staff and rod,
Go ye boldly on the way;
For the lambs the Lord will gather,
To the enfolding love of God.

SCRIPTURAL ACROSTICS.—No. IX.

THE NAME OF A MOUNTAIN UPON WHICH A KING OF ISRAEL DIED.

1. A giant.
2. One of David's chief rulers.
3. The grandmother of Timothy.
4. A district famous for its oaks.
5. The grandfather of David.
6. The name given to the first man and woman.

NORTON PURNELL.

CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH NORTON LEARNS TOO MUCH AND TOO LITTLE.



It was the evening after Nanny's disappearance that Ruth thought she had sufficiently prepared herself, and put all the events in order in her mind, to reveal them to Norton. The other children were gone to bed; Ruth was darning stockings, Aaron smoothing a scythe-handle. Norton was hanging, sad and silent, over a book, whose words, however, he did not see, engaged as he was in reading his own sad fate, when Ruth, rolling up her work, put it away, and turned to Norton, saying—

"Norton, thy father and I have made up our minds to tell thee all about thyself. Thou werten't to have known it for nearly another year, but thee dost fret so that we'll tell thee now."

Norton's heart grew sick with dread as to what he should hear, but Ruth added—

"Don't look so glum, child, maybe 'twill turn out better than thou think'st; for, thank God, there's no sin nor shame on our parts."

"Oh!" cried Norton, with a sigh of relief.

"Now, thee must wait patiently, and let me tell my story my own way. Thou know'st I was born at Polton, and lived at home wth Grammer Norton till a little before I was married. Well, thy father, who belonged to Chilton, came to Polton to work, and we became acquainted, and 'twas agreed, as soon as Aaron could stock a little home, we would be married."

"Well, it happened that Jane, my elder sister, had gone to Bath to live at service a few years before, and, just about that time, she married a fellow-servant of hers who had saved a little money. So they took a lodging-house in Scrymour Street. Jane looked after the house, and James—your uncle, James Trimbley—went out and waited at gentlemen's houses about the town."

"At first they had no lodgers; and then they had one lady who was sick, and Jane sent for me to come and tend her."

"I had to wait on the lady while Jane looked after the cooking. The lady's name was Mrs. Newman, a sweet, beautiful creature, and couldn't be more than five-and-twenty. But 'twas easy to see that she'd some great trouble, for there was such a sadness—oh, such a sadness in her smile. Her soft, low, quiet voice, did seem to me at times like one o' those tunes that make a body cry. I used to be a good bit with her, for she wouldn't see no company, and she used to talk a good deal to me, and tell me about foreign countries, and things that have happened afore our time. She used to set me copies, and hear me read; and that's how I learned enough to teach yo' children a little better than others. When I was wth Mrs. Newman I learned, too, to speak more properly; but I am afraid I've left it off and lost it since."

"At first we could not make her out, and my sister began to suspect evil; but the sweet creature, as if she could read our wicked thoughts, told us plainly that she had run away from her husband because he was a bad man, and for no fault o' her own, and that nothing on earth should ever make her go back to him. She wouldn't tell us where she come from, but Jane and I, by several hints, made out that it must be somewhere up the country beyond Devizes, because she by times talked as

if she knew all about the country up that way. Well Aaron was out o' work about this time, and so he came to Bath, and James got him a few jobs about in gentlemen's houses; and as he had plenty o' time to spare, he used to wheel our sweet lady out in a chair, for the doctor said she must have air. And the dear, loving heart used to take to Aaron, and got to like him, and wouldn't let nobody else wheel her out."

"By and by, we knowed that this dear lady was going to be a mother, and in December she gave birth to a fine boy, and, Norton, that was thyself."

Norton uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

Ruth continued: "At first all went on well; our lady did seem to go on as well as could be expected. She recovered sufficiently to take an airing. Aaron had wheeled her out even as far as Weston, when she began to go back. She took cold, I fear, for she felt she was struck for death. She ordered Aaron to be called up to her room, to take leave of him, and then she told us both she knew we were going to be married, and there was nobody in the world she should like to trust her child to so well as to us. For she said she'd learned to respect and love us. And she begged us, with all the earnestness and solemnity of a dying woman, and out o' Christian charity, to take her child and bring it up as our own. She said she had not much to give us. She'd sold her jewels, and had about a hundred pound left, and that she should pay to us. 'Twould help to keep the child for a few years."

"We both said we were willing to take the baby without pay, and out o' love to her; but she wouldn't hear of it. I do think we would have promised her anything she'd asked us. Aaron looked at her as if she was an angel. He kneeled down by the bedside, and took her little white hand and kissed it, promising that if I'd marry him he'd be a father to the baby, and do for him as our own. Ah, the dear creature, she made everybody love her, that she could do with them what she minded to. Well, I asked her if 'twouldn't be better to tell us who she was, that we might take the child to his father, and let him be brought up as a gentleman. But she said she couldn't. She'd rather have her child brought up with us, and taught to be good and true than trust him to his father. But one day, soon after, for she lingered on, she said we should all know who she was, and why she'd run away from her husband; and then she told me to go to a little writing-desk o' hers, and bring her a little mother-o'-pearl box that was there. It was a beautiful little box, about big enough to hold a good-sized letter. It had corners and edges of gold, and some curious gold letters in the middle of the cover. She put this into my hand, and said, 'Here I have written the account of my life, and why I left my husband. I have put it in this box, which is almost the only thing I have from my former home, except a ring which is in it. Keep this carefully. Let no one see it, or know anything about it; and when my boy is fifteen year old, give it him as a keepsake from his mother, and let him read the story that is in it.'

"Well, I took the box, and promised to do as she wished, and Aaron promised too."

"Oh, where is it, where is it?" said Norton; "let me have it, and learn the mystery."

"Ah, my poor Norton, there's the worst of it. I haven't got it, and have never set eyes on it from that hour to this."

"Why, whatever became of it?"

"Ah, there's the wonder. I don't know—nobody knows. I tell yo that I took the box in my hand, and

were partly admiring it, and partly a thinking what the lady had said, when I saw that she had fainted. I threw the box, in my fright, somewhere on the bed, or on the table, and we both ran down-stairs to call for help. My sister and a woman that were a helping in the house run up to help me, but she was just at the last! She never rallied, and in a few minutes all was over. In all this hurry and fright, I forgot about the box for some time; and then, all at once, it shot into my head. But I couldn't, for the life o' me, bethink what I'd done wi' it. 'Twas in my mind, that I'd put it down on the little table by the bed, or else on the bed when I'd run down; but I couldn't be sure of it. I might have taken it down with me, though I didn't think I had. However, I couldn't find the box high nor low. I had my suspicions of Betty Chandler, the charwoman; but she took her oath that she hadn't seen it. My sister Jane was very vexed with me for mistrusting Betty, for she said *she'd* trust her with untold gold. Jane made out that I must have left the box at the bedside, and it had been spirited away. And Jane stands to 't this hour, that when we was rushing back up-stairs, she heard a sound like the brushing and fanning o' wings.

"But that's only Jane's imagination, and you know, Norton, such a thing as spirits carrying away a box is all humbug. However, the box *was* gone, and has never been heard of from that hour to this."

Norton wrung his hands, and paced up and down impetuously, in the bitterness of his disappointment.

"Oh, where could it have gone?" said he; "where could it have gone? Why—why did you trust it out of your hand? And did you never learn anything more about—about—my *true* mother?"

"Nothing for certain. James inquired o' the coachmen who drove coaches on the turnpike roads all round Bath; and found out that a lady had come from Devizes to Bath about the time that Mrs. Newman come to Jane's. He thought he'd go to Devizes, and see if he could pick out anything; and so he went to the coach-offices, and there, in one o' the books, on a sartin day of the month, just about the right time, was the name of a 'Mrs. Newnam,' single inside passenger to Bath. We thought the clerk of the coach office might have spelled Mrs. Newman's name wrong, and that she had come from somewhere up the country. James inquired the names o' all the gentilefolk up in those parts o' Wiltshire, but he couldn't find out either a Newman, or Newnam, that did seem at all likely. So we were forced to give it up as a bad job.

"Well, the poor dear lady was buried; and I went home to Polton with thee, Norton, a baby, in my arms. Aaron and I couldn't make it out to be married at once; he hadn't got the things together in the little house as yet.

"After a bit Aaron stocked the house—'twas a little cottage near mother's, at Polton, and we were married. We might have been married at once, if Aaron had used some of the money to buy our few things that the lady had left. But she'd put the money into the bank in my name, and we did not want to draw it out more than a few pounds every year, just to keep the child and find him clothes.

"Well, as I said, we were married. And then we had thee christened. Thy mother had said once that she liked my name so well, that she should like her baby to be called Norton. And she used to be fond o' callen me 'Norton, Norton,' when she was talking with me. So 'Norton' we had thee christened at Polton Church, where Aaron and I were married.

"We never liked Polton very well, arter we'd heard that some stories had been hatched about us; and when Aaron got work at Chilton, which was his native place, why we packed up our few sticks and said good-bye to Polton, and come here; and here we've been ever since. And now, Norton, thou hast the rights o' the story."

"Thou'st been a good boy to us," said Aaron, breaking silence; "and as long as thou'lt stick to us we'll stick to thee. We've brought thee up, Norton, like a poor man's son, because we could do no other. We couldn't make a *gentleman* of thee, but we've tried to make thee a true-hearted *man*, who hates all as is false, and bad, and mean, and to be straightvorred and downright, and out of a kind heart, to be always ready to do another a good turn."

But while the boy's eyes overflowed with tears, and he held out his hands gratefully and grasped those of Ruth and Aaron, the bitter sense of disappointment, the paralyzing half-knowledge, so likely to perplex and mislead, and never to satisfy, filled his heart with sorrow.

"May be," said Ruth, wishing to lead the boy from his grief, and to give her own view, "may be, the Lord has put thee here for a time, to give thee the lesson o' poverty; just as he chastened the children o' Israel in the house o' bondage in Egypt, and in wandering about for forty years in the wilderness afore they came to the land of Canaan. And he'll bring thee to the land o' Canaan yet. Sumthing tells me, Norton, that thou'lt be fortunate. I doan't know *how* it will come; but come it will."

"Ruth," said Aaron, "I do think thou'rt wrong to put such notions into the boy's head. 'Twill only make him discontented. My advice is, Norton, don't think about being a gentleman. 'Twould be all very well if there seemed any chance, or the way was open; but 'tisn't. And if thee'st go caring and pining for what canst get, thou'lt be like poor Jan Marchant—Gentleman Jan they called en—who saw an advertisement in the newspaper that the next o' kin was wanted to an old man who had been a pawnbroker, and died worth a heap of money in London, and Jan, he meade it out to his own heart's content that he was the nearest kin, and should come in for a fortune; so he left off work, and borrowed money, and began to dress, he and his wife, and gave themselves airs, so that they'd hardly look at poor folk. But there was another kinsman found, and there was a lawsuit, and, after four or five years, Jan got fifty pounds for his share, which wouldn't half pay his debts. And, moreover, Jan was spoiled for life. He couldn't give his mind to hard work again, and in the end he drowned himself. Don't thee be like Gentleman Jan, Norton. The thing afore thee is hard work and a poor man's lot. Look it straightvorred in the face, Norton. Don't be afeard of hard work. Tackle to to what comes fust; and if summut better come at last, well; the't enjoy it the better."

"Father," said Norton, sadly, "I am mostly of your opinion. I shall try to have your spirit, and not fear hard work, and buckle to it, as you say, like a man; but, at the same time, I shall have mother's faith too, and trust to be fit for what may come. Oh, that I knew more! That box, that box!"

CHAPTER XVI.

A START IN LIFE.

It was agreed that it should be made known in Chilton that Norton was a nurse-child, which Ruth had taken from a lady in Bath, who had afterwards died. And the character of Aaron and Ruth was sufficiently respectable to make the account generally credited; though, of course, there were some scandal-mongers who averred that the whole story was an invention to cover some piece of guilt, either of Ruth or of another.

And now Norton saw that the time was come for him to leave school. To tell the truth, his conscience had often reproached him for being, big boy as he was, a burden on his parents, bringing them nothing in. But he had often quieted his conscience by urging that, by

his intercourse at the parsonage, the studies he pursued, the books he borrowed, by favour of Burgiss at the school, he was fitting himself to do something by and by which would take him off their hands, and perhaps enable him to keep them in return.

"Father," he said, one day, to Aaron, "I want to leave off going to school now, if you please. I want to do something to earn my own living. I have been thinking for a long time past that I might get a place in Bath as a clerk to a lawyer, or something of that sort. The travelling teaman from Bristol has told me many a time that he is sure I should do for something of the kind; and lately I have been working very hard at my writing and ciphering."

"Well, Norton," answered Aaron, "as for thy leaving off going to school, why I can't but say as I should agree to 't, for colts that isn't broke into harness when they be young never dra' well afterwards, and bea'n't worth a halfpenny to nobody. But as to thy going to Bath to be a clerk, I'm sorry to hear thee'st got that in thy head. It looks as if thee'st want to do summut easy, and get away from hard work; and that aint my sperit. I never knowed but one lawyer's clerk—he was with Lawyer Mogg, at Polton—and he was no great shakes. He got, 'tis true, about eighteen shillens a week, but he spent every farthing on't at the 'White Lion,' where he used to go every night, singing his songs, and telling his funny stories to make fools laugh. They do say that when his master turned he away at last for his drunken ways, the lanlord o' the 'White Lion' gave him his drink and bacey for nothen, for the company he used to draw wi' his songs and his tales. And he lived on that till he died o' the 'dillyrum trimmens.' And they were very rum trimmens for sarten: they trimmed poor David Low, till they took his life away."

"Well, but, father, there is no reason that every clerk should be a drunkard like David Low, any more than that every labourer should be a drunkard like Tom Atkins. It seems to me that one could work hard at doing the work of a clerk, as well as doing any other work. You know, father, I am anxious not so much for an easy place, as a place where I shall have the opportunity of improving myself. I want to be where I can get more books, and more opportunity of studying them."

"More books, Norton! what in the world canst thee want to do wi' more books? Why, I'm shure thee'st never a-read throo all thee'st got—leastways thee can't know all it says in 'em."

"Oh yes, father, I have got as much out of them as I can. You know I cannot get books here, and then I see this, when any one has been out, like you have been, twelve hours labouring at hard work in the open air, and come in tired, they have not the strength or spirit to study in the evening."

"Well, that's true enough," said Aaron; "as thee'st seen many a time. I can keep myself awake perty well a-doen o' zummut, making speeks or menden shoes, but as soon as I take a book, and begin to try to go over it and spell, why I go off to sleep direckly. And even if thy mother do read to me out o' 'Pilgrim's Progress,' or the Bible, my eyelids feel as if I'd got clook weights a-hanging to 'em."

"And, therefore, you see, father," continued the boy, "I should like to find some employment that did not wear me out so much, and that would give one a bit more time."

"I don't think 'twood answer. If thee'st want to be anything better, thee must grow to't, naturally like, b'den where thou art. My notion is that thee should'st be a stonemason. There's Bill Purnell—he's a capital workman, and he calls thee nephew, and he've a-got half the work in the county. He hasn't got a boy o' his own, and I know he'd be glad to take thee for a

mortar-boy, and teach thee the trade, and then thee mightest come to be a master builder one o' these days."

"I'm afraid I shall want to be something better than a mason."

"Don't be so proud, Norton. A mason isn't a bad thing, I can tell thee. Why there was Jan Bond. I mind when he were a boy. And they do say as how now he've got his thousands in the bank."

"Well, father, let me just go and try my luck at Bath. If I succeed, all right; if I don't, why I'll be Uncle Will's mortar-boy, and try to learn the business, and build you a new house some day."

Aaron rather reluctantly gave in to him, but Ruth's consent was easily obtained.

The next Saturday, Norton bade good-bye to school. Burgiss harangued the boys on our hero's departure.

"We are about to lose," said he—"we are about to lose one of our sociable and rural fraternity." Tom always put in a good many epithets as stuffing. "We are about, I say, to lose from our social, and rural, and eleemosynary fraternity, one who, for a long time, has partaken with us of the sweets and the sours of this mortal, and changeable, and—uncertain life. He has been here when the voice of lamentation has gone up from some little boy who has been riding the big horse, and on whose back the flexible, and castigating, and smart-inflicting birch has been descending, to drive naughtiness out of him—Jack Timmins won't I be down upon you presently!—and he has been here when my efforts to amuse you with a little story, or anecdote, or joke, have been crowned with success, and the voice of merry, twinkling laughter has filled the room. But now he is going. He will partake no more with us of life's sweets and sours. The sunshine and the rain will come and go and he will not be here. Many a time will the sound of the awful rod be heard, and the tears flow, and the note of lamentation from such as Johnny Timmins, wring our lacerated hearts, and many a time, I hope, will the notes of mirth be heard within these ancient, durable, and scholastic walls; but he will no longer hear. He will be far away, in far other scenes, and listening, too, for other sounds. I shall look to his place, and it will be empty and deserted—it will know him no more, or a stranger will be there. I shall look to the protruding nail on which he used to hang his suspensive hat, and it will not be there. I shall come to his name when I call the archives of our little kingdom over, and no one will answer, 'Here.' And Tom's eloquence so wrought upon himself, that his voice quivered, and he almost broke down here.

"Yes, my boys, one is going forth who will carry abroad into the world the glory of Chilton School. One is going forth, in whom my humble and sedulous efforts to plant and water the tree of knowledge, and sow the seeds of learning, and cultivate the flowers of morality and religion, have not been without effect. Yes, look at Norton Purnell, boys! If all of you minded the lessons I give you as well as he, you might be as clever as he, instead of being, as many of you are, stupid boobies and addle-headed dunces. Norton Purnell, I take my leave of you. I wish you all prosperity and happiness, and felicity and joy, and comfort and magnanimity, in your future career, and when you have trod the path to glory, and stand on the pinnacle of success, then cast a thought back on this scene of your early labours, and bestow a tear of kindness on him who first taught your infant feet to climb the hill of knowledge, on him who—who—who—

"To your eyes the ample page,
Rich with spoils of time, did first unroll."

Tom sat down, of course, amid vociferous applause, and Norton was greatly relieved when the stream of eloquence was over.

(To be continued.)

PRE-CALVARY MARTYRS.

BY THE REV. J. D. OWEN, M.A.

JOSEPH.

"The crown on the head of him that was separate from his brethren."—Gen. xlix. 26.



HERE need be no apology for reckoning the favourite son of Jacob among the Lord's pre-incarnate witnesses, for this is the place assigned him in the historical recapitulations of the eleventh chapter of the Hebrews. Joseph was a life-martyr.

From about the age of seventeen years he led a lifelong exile in the land of Egypt, never leaving it but once, and then only for a brief visit into Canaan to bring his father. Moreover, this expatriation was the result of his fidelity to God, in the exercise of his prophetic gifts. The predictions which, however personal to himself, he could not choose but deliver, as God had charged him with them, elicited the envy of his brethren. Joseph had been obviously chosen of God to be the future head of the family. Jacob at least perceived this ulterior in the subjective forms of those prophetic dreams with which the young seer was early inspired. In this instance the election of grace coincided with the predilections of nature, for Jacob loved Joseph, not only as the child of his old age, and of a hitherto barren mother—a birthmark, like Isaac's, indicative of the interposition of Divine sovereignty—but Joseph was the relic of Rachel, the true wife of his youth, his heart's first love, whose tender memory had never faded out of the patriarch's affection since that heavy day when she expired in giving birth to little Benjamin, the Benoni, whose nativity at once accomplished her desire and destiny. "Give me children, or else I die," she cried, and God gave her children, and she died. The name Joseph, which signifies "adding," was his mother's prophecy, which the birth of Benjamin fulfilled. Thus, from his earliest infancy, the spirit of prophecy hovered over the young orphan Joseph; and the first unconscious prediction of his name recalled alike his mother's impression, and his own bereavement in her loss.

No doubt Jacob's partiality gladly concurred with what he believed to be the Divine appointment, but it was none the less a feeling of obedience to that appointment which induced Jacob to make Joseph "a coat of many colours." In other words, it was arraying him in the official vestment of the primogeniture—formally proclaiming that his should be "the crown of the head of his brethren" at his father's death. Like the descending mantle of Elijah, which designated his official successor in the person on whom it fell,—like the robe of the apparition of Samuel, by which Saul identified the judge,—like the camel's hair of the Baptist, which connected him in the popular traditions with the order of ancient seers as the Lord's messenger—so Joseph's garment was the badge of his prophetic office. His dreams—as no uncommon channel of

Divine communication, indicating his future primacy in Jacob's family—were heavenly inspirations, which the patriarch had no discretion but to endorse, even had he wished it otherwise. God had chosen the son of Rachel, and their father's ratification of the Divine choice should have been respected by the sons of Leah, and of the handmaidens, as an appointment bearing the highest sanctions in heaven and earth. Instead of this, they envied, and therefore hated him. Their first attempt upon his life was to cast him into a dry pit—probably one of the deep water-tanks peculiar to Oriental pastures—leaving him there to perish miserably with hunger. He came to them, as Jesus came to his brethren, with a loving message from their father; and the words of our Lord's parable exactly tally with their proposal:—"This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours." That they did not actually imbrue their homicidal hands in his blood, was not due to any compunction of conscience, but to the fortuitous collusion between their hatred and cupidity, afforded by the passing of a caravan of their kinsmen, the Ishmaelites. They simply changed their brother's doom from a painful death to a scarcely less painful life of bondage. The fratricides turned to slave-dealers. Men-slayers and men-stealers always were convertible delinquents. Thus "Joseph was sold into Egypt." The expression presents a striking contrast, and present contradiction, to the predictions of his brilliant future. When the manacled chattel, bought by his Ishmaelite cousins, and sold by his Hebrew brethren, entered Egypt with the rest of the drove of merchandise, less like a man than as an ox smarting under the goad of its owner, who could have recognised in the pensive slave-boy the future satrap of Egypt, destined to sit at the right hand of Pharaoh, redeeming from ruin alike the land that received him as a bondsman, and the native land that sold him into bonds?

We learn from the after self-reproaches of his brethren, that he "besought them in the anguish of his soul" to spare him; but there is no intimation, except to the contrary, that he even then offered to relinquish his dreams, or his coat of many colours, which were the grounds of their enmity. They robbed him of his symbolic garment, as their posterity stripped the robe off his Divine antitype, but could deprive neither the faithful servant nor his Lord of their character and functions. Joseph, like the Redeemer, feared not them who could kill the body, and after that had no more that they could do. His loyalty, like the coat of Christ, woven throughout without a seam, was from first to last staunch to his Divine inspirations. He was not disobedient to the heavenly vision,—conferred not with flesh and blood; but, in the full spirit of a martyr, was ready to die in the pit rather than abandon his allegiance to the will of God, involved in the truth of his dreams. The lonely boy cast into a dismal hole, and abandoned there to perish for his fidelity to an unpalatable declaration of the Divine purpose in relation to

his position in the family, when, probably, one recreant word, abjuring his visions and abdicating their prerogative, would have saved his life, is a picture of martyrdom worthy of no mean panel in the gallery of the heroes of the Church. How should the faithfulness of the elder saints to their heavenly calling put to blush our frequent infidelities to the grace and light vouchsafed to us as followers of Christ! Lord, impart to us more of the spirit that dwelt in this true son of Israel, that we may more uniformly prevail with thee for that victory which overcometh the world.

There was an additional difficulty in the delicate element of Joseph's own personal interest involved in the dreams of his advancement. The subtlety of Satan may have insinuated, Renounce these visions, which invidiously concern only your own preferment. To do so is but an indirect shape of self-denial, of which the glory shall be yours. Be magnanimous in your sense of justice, spite of these fanciful dreams. Make a virtue of necessity, and resign this tribular primacy to your elder brother, whose natural right it is. Suspect the reality of an intimation which so immediately interests yourself, and wrongs your brother. You are sure that the claim of primogeniture is God's law, you cannot be so sure of the divinity of dreams which sets aside his law. Besides, these predictions of your future ascendancy certainly must fail, if your brethren now terminate your life. You cannot lose more by at once abjuring your imaginary claim, while you gain, at least, your life. Further, you are your own interpreter; and even if the dreams are Divine, your interpretation may, at least, be human. You assign them the construction which offends all your family, except the poor old doating father, whose notorious partiality for you, coupled with the mental infirmity of age, has, no doubt, induced his acquiescence with your interpretations, however obvious their gross injustice to his elder-born. Remember, too, your father Jacob himself obtained the place of his elder brother by an unworthy artifice, in collusion with a too partial parent; you may, however unconsciously, be reproducing the self-deception, in concert with your parent's imbecility, to supplant all your brethren. They have, most of them, except Benjamin, a prior claim to yours. Surrender the point, if only temporarily; at least, save the life which alone can give your prospects any chance of being realised. Spare your brothers the temptation of putting you out of their way. Spare the old man, your father, the anguish of losing his favourite son. Spare your own youth the disreputable memory of one who forfeited his life to his personal ambition. Even if it be an error to doubt your selfish dreams, it is on the side of meekness and virtue, and the graceful self-sacrifice shall surely be its own atonement.

Doubtless, some such thoughts as these may very naturally have tried the young sufferer's constancy; for in such modes of refined sophistry the enemy of souls gilds the surface of transgression, to lure men on to follow their own reasonings rather than the plain statements of revelation. When God has spoken, it is not for man to argue, but to obey. Any delicacy of personal aspects which may be incidental to the matter to be believed, and acted on, may enhance the difficulty but not dispense with the duty.

What should be a Christian's answer, whom an unbeliever may taunt, as unbelievers often do, with spiritual pride and self-seeking, because, along with other truths, he reckons upon a loftier destiny than Joseph's, a promised crown, throne, and kingdom with Christ, in the latter day? Should the Christian forsake or deny his convictions, because of that personal interest in them, which the world envies, yet ridicules and condemns as selfish and ambitious? God forbid! It is because of that very personal interest in the glory to be revealed that the true and loyal Christian is ever ready to avow with Paul: "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things (if needs be), and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ."

Jacob's dying testimony to Joseph's career, and the whole tenor of the young patriarch's life, demonstrates a tone of mind altogether in sympathy with Paul's conclusions.

Undimmed by the misty distance of four thousand years, the telescopic glance of Holy Scripture presents the person of Joseph, sitting solitarily in the pit, or in the prison, enduring, as seeing Him who is invisible, suffering for righteousness' sake, and hovering over his head appears that crown of martyrdom which, unlike most others of the noble army, he wore in this life, by the side of Pharaoh, in graceful earnest of the better diadem that fadeth not away.

If there were a crisis in his life at which Joseph might be more than usually tempted to suppress the exercise of his gift, as God's minister for the interpretation of dreams, it would have been in that Egyptian stronghold, where his life was any moment at stake, at the will of Potiphar, and which any adverse instigation of his fellow-prisoners, through the governor, might precipitate. What is more likely to provoke some such movement than the enmity, sharpened possibly by terror, of the chief baker, to whom Joseph foretold a speedy doom? Yet, to testify the interposition of the God of Israel in the invisible government of the very land which knew him not, but "gave his honour to another," the intrepid witness boldly announced the preferment of the butler, and the downfall of the baker, both issues hanging on the caprice of the autocrat.

Joseph received no thanks either from the man he encouraged or from the man he warned, but he did his duty, though they neglected theirs. Joseph's faithful testimony shared the fate of God's witnesses in general. Nevertheless, woe be to those who know the Gospel, especially to those who are appointed to preach it, if they shun declaring the whole counsel of God, though to some their statements be a savour of life unto life, and to some a savour of death unto death. The faithful ministry is "a sweet savour" (at least to God), "whether in them that are saved, or in them that perish."

It may be painful to any man's better feelings to state painful truths, where it is our duty to state them; but they must be told out in fitting time and place, "whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear." Even a Balaam admitted, "I cannot go beyond the commandment of the Lord, to do either good or bad of my own mind." Many pusillanimous Christians have not even Balaam's integrity in their

spiritual dealings with the enemies of "the Israel of God." We may all pray for more courage in maintaining our own principles, and in expostulating with those of others.

Joseph cast precious seed into the ground, and though it long lay there, like its patient sower, as in a prison, with no sign of germination bursting through its dark and dusty bonds, it came to light and fruit at last. At length the butler, under the pressure of a similar difficulty with his own, informed Pharaoh of the poor Hebrew captive whom he had forgotten, and had left to languish out his youth and unappreciated wisdom and virtue in wretched fellowship with the scum and villany of Egypt. He recalled the exact fidelity to truth of the interpretation of his own and of the baker's dream, notwithstanding the temptation to ignore, or misrepresent the unpalatable nature of the latter; and the idolater believed in the man of God. He relied upon the even-handed integrity which approved itself in a prison to be worthy of the confidence of a palace. Hence the royal worshipper of idols becomes a supplicant to the servant of Jehovah. He must needs hang upon the lips of one whom, perhaps, his subjects reckoned the meanest man in his dominions; not only a slave bought and sold like a chattel, but a felon immured in a gaol. Pharaoh had dreamt a strange dream; but no dream could be stranger than this reality.

Captive of thy brethren, slave of the Ishmaelites, bondman of Potiphar, prisoner of the gaol, yet, through them all, exile of a land of promise, come forth from the lowest depths of accumulated and undeserved degradation to the loftiest heights of power and glory which await thee! The King of Egypt prays thy deliverance from the dread presentiment of his mysterious visions. Despised dreamer, the hour for which thy faith has meekly waited so many weary years is come. Arise, in thy greater majesty than of anointed kings, the majesty of God's truth, and go to the throne of Pharaoh, accredited with the prophetic insignia of his master and thine own, ambassador from the King of kings and Lord of lords. The fate of the whole realm of Egypt lies in thy interpretation of its sovereign's vision. Abase the king worshippers by the solution of the symbols of their fat and lean divinities. Make Apis fall down like Dagon before the ark of the God of Israel, by bringing all Egypt to the feet of his inspired messenger!

Had Joseph been more courtier than prophet, and more self-seeking than humane, he might have delivered only half the truth, and flattered Pharaoh with the prediction of the seven years of plenty, withholding the terrible succession of famine; but, like a man of God, he fulfilled his whole commission, daring all the consequences which Oriental despotism might inflict upon the proclaimer of unwelcome truth. The holy and magnanimous fear of God extinguished his apprehension of the wrath of the king. They might remit him to the dungeon, or to a deadlier doom, but the young confessor discharged his conscience in interpreting the whole purpose of God, and, in the meekness of a sacred hero, was content to abide the issue. He who, from his boyhood, had been uniformly the victim to interpretations repugnant to those concerned in them, was still, to the last, loyal to his inspirations, preferred truth to life, God to self, and the performance of duty to the ease, safety,

and preferment obtainable at the price of its dereliction.

Was there none of His Divine spirit in the heart of Joseph, who, when urged to evade by the sword his glorious sacrifice of himself, sheathed Peter's carnal weapon with the expostulation, "Thinkest thou I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then shall the Scriptures be fulfilled?"

The butler advanced, the baker hanged—these were *whole* truths. Many are tempted to lean upon half truths: talk of the mercy, but forget the judgment of God; dream of heaven, but disbelieve a hell; admit the eternity of the one, but illogically deny the parallel eternity of the other. O Lord, impress upon our souls the whole truth of those equal sanctions, based alike upon "everlasting burnings" as well as upon "the mercy which endureth for ever!"

In conclusion, the love of Ruth eschewed separation, even in death, from Naomi and her God: "Where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried." In like manner, "Bury me," said the prophet at Bethel, "in the sepulchre wherein the man of God is buried;" and so, "by faith, Joseph . . . gave commandment concerning his bones," that they should lie in Egypt no longer than Israel tarried there; but sharing their captivity till then, be carried with them to the homely cave of his fathers in Canaan. Love is stronger than death, deeper than the grave, and braver than despair. In a spirit of posthumous self-denial, and yearning after the land of promise, Joseph preferred the dust overshadowed by the cherubim of the covenant to the polished sarcophagus, graven and gilded with the hieroglyphics of Egyptian idolatry. The gratitude of Pharaoh raised a majestic monument in memory of the greatest benefactor to the children of the Nile. They laid him in Egypt, and the ruins of the tomb, which the faith they could not bury made a cenotaph, are still extant; but Joseph's heart was far away—a stranger and pilgrim, realising his inheritance on the banks of Jordan. The patriarchal hero died appropriating by faith "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen;" in life and death casting in his lot with the people of God.

That feature of a self-denying martyr is common to all believers. It is the sentiment which St. Paul made the public sign of every saint of Jesus: that "whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord;" so that whether living or dying, we are the Lord's.

Dear reader! does it wake a responsive echo in your heart? Can you honestly say, "This tallies with my experience; I feel a kindred sympathy with it, as a child of God; I am conscious of no siding with the old sneer against the earnest Christianity which provoked the cry, 'Paul, thou art beside thyself; I believe the Word of God means what it says, and that to be a Christian means more than many nominal ones seem to admit—more than I once thought myself—more than any man can think till the Holy Spirit takes of the things of Christ, and shows them unto him, yet not more nor less than every martyr believed and realised, when, to keep the testimony of Jesus, they loved not their lives unto death?'"

THE SPANIARDS' GRAVES

AT THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

O SAILORS, did sweet eyes look after you,
The day you sailed away from sunny
Spain—
Bright eyes that followed fading ship and crew,
Melting in tender rain?

Did no one dream of that drear night to be,
Wild with the wind, fierce with the stinging snow,
When, on yon granite point that frets the sea,
The ship met her death-blow?

Fifty long years ago these sailors died:
(None know how many sleep beneath the waves:)
Fourteen grey headstones, rising side by side,
Point out their nameless graves,—

Lonely, unknown, deserted, but for me,
And the wild birds that flit with mournful cry,
And sadder winds, and voices of the sea,
That moan perpetually.

Dear dark-eyed sisters, you remember yet
These you have lost, but you can never know
One stands at their bleak graves whose eyes are wet
With thinking of your woe!

Wives, mothers, maidens, wistfully, in vain
Questioned the distance for the yearning sail,
That, leaning landward, should have stretched again
White arms wide on the gale,

To bring back their beloved. Year by year,
Weary they watched, till youth and beauty passed,
And lustrous eyes grew dim, and age drew near,
And hope was dead at last.

Still summer broods o'er that delicious land,
Rich, fragrant, warm with skies of golden glow:
Live any yet of that forsaken band
Who loved so long ago?

Oh, Spanish women, over the far seas,
Could I but show you where your dead repose!
Could I send tidings on this northern breeze,
That strong and steady blows!

NAZARETH.

BY W. F. AINSWORTH, F.S.A., F.R.G.S., ETC.

NAZARETH! What imagination
will not be excited, what heart
will not throb one pulse more,
at the mention of the name?
If not the birthplace, it was
at least the place where the
boy Jesus spent his youthful
days. Although we have few
particulars of the life of the
Saviour during those early years, yet is it pleasing
to think that there are certain features of nature
which now meet our eyes at that

"Small, but favoured spot of holy ground,"

just as they once met his.

There is no question as to the unchangeable
character of the houses of Syria, no more than there
is of the permanence of traditions; but Nazareth
has undergone too much rough treatment at the
hands of Saracens and Crusaders alike, for us to
suppose the houses and streets to be in the present
day precisely what they were in olden times.

There can be no doubt, however, that the ex-
ternal features of the place are the same. He must
often, for example, have visited the fountain—
according to some old writers, the scene of the
Annunciation—and now inclosed within the
precincts of a church. His feet must frequently
have trod the adjacent hills, and his eyes doubt-

less have gazed upon the splendid prospect which
is afforded from those green heights.

Nazareth is situated partly in an oblong moun-
tain basin, or depressed valley, about a mile long by
a quarter of a mile broad, and partly on the slope
of a steep hill that towers up to the west, the hills
on the eastern side being lower. This western hill
is crowned by a sepulchral chapel or *nebbi*, called
that of Sayyid Isma'il.

"Nazareth is a rose," said Quaresmius, a monk
of the seventeenth century; "it has the same
rounded form, and is surrounded by mountains, as
a rose is by its leaves." It was a pretty conceit,
and the more apt as St. Jerome had told us before
that Nazareth meant a flower. Fifteen rounded
hills seem indeed as if they had met to form an
enclosure for this retired and lovely basin; they
rise round it like the lips of a shell to guard it from
intrusion. Nor are flowers wanting in this
sheltered vale; fig-trees and pomegranates blossom
in crimson and scarlet; the small gardens are pro-
tected by hedges of flowering prickly-pear; and
the dense rich grass is dotted with plants of various
hues.

Yet are the sides of the hills themselves often
barren, betraying the white, chalky nature of the
soil beneath. Hence has Nazareth been known by
the familiar epithet of Laban, "milk;" as also
by the more pompons Arabian name of Medina



NAZARETH.

Abiad, or "the white city." To the south-east the basin contracts, and a narrow and winding valley leads out to the great plain of Esdraelon, over which various roads strike off in different directions.

Nazareth is famed for its salubrity, as also for the beauty of its women—the one, perhaps, resulting from the other. Certain it is that, although the latter point has been questioned by some persons of cynical temperament, the tradition dates as far back as the time of Antoninus the Martyr, and it has been so generally accepted by the natives themselves as to have been attributed to the special favour of the Virgin. No master of the old school ever dreamt of depicting the Virgin herself otherwise than beautiful, and she was a Nazarene.

The hill above Nazareth—that with the domed and whitewashed sepulchral chapel—presents, admittedly, one of the most striking and comprehensive views in Palestine. Tabor, with its rounded dome, rises in the north-east; Hermon's snow-clad summit is in the distant north; Carmel and the Mediterranean bound the most fertile plain in Syria to the west—a conjunction of features in a landscape that is almost unrivalled.

But Nazareth, it has been said, in a wearisome spirit of depreciation, is not a site renowned in a remote antiquity; it is not mentioned in the Old Testament. This is, however, questionable, as Lightfoot suggests that there is every probability of its being the same as the tower of Nozarim, mentioned in 2 Kings. It has also been objected to it, that it is not noticed by Josephus as playing any part in the wars of the Romans. "It could

not have been a place of any consideration, and was probably no more than a village," says one writer; "a small and unimportant village," adds Robinson (iii. 196); and yet Sir John Maundeville, who travelled in the fourteenth century, declares that it was "a great and fair city," before it was reduced to the size of a village by the ravages of the Saracens in his own time.

But what if Nazareth was a place of little importance in olden times? Is it not enough to know that the Lord dwelt there, and that, during his early years, he trod that spot of earth; that he played in those streets, or open spaces; that he tarried by the fountain with his blessed mother; or that he trudged to the daily school, or wended his way to yonder lofty heights, to invest the place with far more endearing associations than could have ever belonged to it, even if it had been the scene of the pomp of the Assyrians of old, or the site of the banqueting halls of the Belshazzars?

"Nazareth," says an eminent writer, "first appears as the retired abode of the humble carpenter. The separation from the busy world may be the ground, as it certainly is an illustration, of the evangelist's play upon the word, 'He shall be called a Nazarene.' There is no question but that the implication conveyed in the query, 'Can anything good come out of Nazareth?' is anything but complimentary, and the epithet of 'Nazarenes' was in like manner given to the first Christians in scorn."

The obloquy cast upon Nazareth appears to have had its origin, in the first place, in the contempt in which it was held by the Jews, from its being a town

inhabited by various people, not only provincial Jews or Galileans, but also heathens of various descriptions, Egyptians, Arabians, and Phœnicians. This we have from Strabo, a native of Amasia, who was neither a Jew nor a Christian ("Geog." xvi. 523). Its inhabitants were further given in an especial manner to be seditious, which quality of character they not unfrequently displayed in the capital itself on occasion of the public festivals, whence the point of the accusation made against Paul as "ringleader of the sect of Nazarenes" (Acts xxiv. 5). The people of Galilee were likewise held in disesteem as a body, for speaking a provincial dialect; and all these causes, which combined to heap disfavour on Nazareth, were much increased when it became the source from whence sprang an anti-Judaic sect.

This view of the subject has, like almost every other point in the history of our Saviour, been combated by controversial theologians. It has been said that, as Nathanael was himself of Galilee, the expression could not have been intended to apply to Nazareth merely as a Galilean town, and that his meaning was probably: "Is it possible that so great a good should come from so obscure a place as Nazareth, which is never mentioned by the prophets?" Nazareth was, however, in disfavour prior to the birth of Jesus, and the expression of Nathanael, when informed by Philip that they had found Him of whom Moses in the Law and the prophets did write, was a very simple and natural one of surprise, considering the circumstances of the obloquy under which the town rested.

The chief features connected with the life of our Saviour when at Nazareth, were not of a nature to leave many local reminiscences. His ministry was not favoured by his townspeople. "Is not this the carpenter's son? is not his mother called Mary?" they asked of one another on his return from preparation by baptism, fasting, and vigil. And when he attested, by the examples of Elijah and Elisha, that "a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, and in his own house," they became filled with wrath, "and rose up, and thrust him out of the city, and led him to the brow (or edge) of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong" (Luke iv. 29).

Latin and European tradition fixed, somehow or other, upon the high pyramidal hill which overhangs the broad plain of Esdraelon, to the south-east of the town, as the scene of this event, probably because it is the highest point of the Nazareth range, and the most conspicuous to travellers approaching from the plain. But that this is not the local tradition of the Nazarenes themselves, is proved by the fact, that the Maronites built a little church at the foot of the precipice in the south-west part of the town, where the hill breaks off in a perpendicular wall, forty or fifty feet in height; and they recognise this precipice as the so-called "Mount of Precipitation."

Credit has been given by Renan and others to Dr. Robinson, for having first pointed out this correction in the assumed locality of the tradition; but Van de Velde bears out what we state, that the Maronites built their church there, because they believed it to be the scene of the insult and outrage offered to our Lord (vol. ii., p. 380). Van de Velde participates, however, in a common error, when he objects to the local tradition, as contradistinguished from that imposed upon the place by

Europeans, that "it is too insignificant for Scripture to style it 'the hill on which the city was built.'" Dean Stanley has corrected this reading. "The town," he says, "is built 'upon,' that is, on the side of 'a mountain;' but 'the brow' is not beneath, but over the town, and such a cliff (*σπήνωρ*) as is here implied, is to be found in the abrupt face of the limestone rock, about thirty or forty feet high, overhanging the Maronite convent at the south-west corner of the town" (p. 359).

There is a curious old tradition connected with this incident in the life of our Saviour, which is thus related by the veteran traveller, Sir John Maundeville, who, when describing what he calls "the Leap of our Lord," tells us that "the Jews led him upon a high rock to make him leap down and have slain him; but Jesus passed amongst them, and leaped upon another rock, and the steps of his feet are still to be seen in the rock where he alighted. And therefore men say, when in travelling they are in fear of thieves or enemies, '*Jesus autem transiens per medium illorum ibat*;' that is to say, 'But Jesus passing through the midst of them, went;' in token and remembrance that, as our Lord passed through the Jews' cruelty, and escaped safely from them, so surely may men escape the peril of thieves; and then men say two verses of the Psalter three times: 'May fear and dread fall upon them; by the greatness of thine arm, O Lord, let them be as still as a stone; till thy people pass over, O Lord, till the people pass over, which thou hast purchased.' And then men may pass without peril."

The foregoing passages of Scripture, repeated as directed in Latin, constituted in olden times a universally accepted charm against thieves and robbers; and our forefathers seem to have had the simplicity to believe that, by a proper use of it, they were actually, under those circumstances, rendered invisible. This arose from a misinterpretation of the first passage, which is in Luke iv. 30, and which appears to have arisen at a very early period. The second passage is not in the Psalter, but in Exod. xv. 16.

Syro-Greek tradition has it that the Empress Helena founded two churches or chapels in Nazareth, one on the site of the house of Joseph and Mary, the other at the fountain, which was the traditional place of the visitation of the angel. This was in the early part of the fourth century. We do not know what was the character of the local tradition that decided the pious empress to select the first of these localities. We may be sure that, however credulous she may have been, she obtained the best information available at that early epoch in determining the point in question. Of the second, there could be little doubt. The angel is reported in the apocryphal gospel which bears the name of St. James, to have come to Mary as she was drawing water from the spring in the neighbourhood of the town. Maundrell, an accurate traveller, speaks of the ruins of these monuments of the Empress Helena's piety; and Pococke and De Saulcy, two still more competent authorities, describe the remains of a church as appearing, by their style, to have belonged to the Byzantine epoch. Dr. Robinson, however, rejects the whole tradition as a mere monastic invention.

It is true that Eusebius and Epiphanius make no mention of a church at Nazareth, and that Jerome

makes Paula (who appears to have been anxious to meet the learned father) pass through it without stopping; but this is mere negative evidence, than which nothing can be more unsatisfactory. Epiphanius relates that, until the time of Constantine, Nazareth was inhabited only by Jews; from which it would clearly appear that Christians dwelt there after that time, and it is not likely that they would have dwelt there without a place of worship.

Antoninus is the first, however, who distinctly notices a church as existing in Nazareth, as well as a synagogue. This was in the sixth century. Bishop Arculf, a century later, noticed "two very large churches." One of these is described as being raised upon mounds and arches connecting them; and under these, and between the mounds, was a *clear fountain*, from which all the citizens drew water in vessels, which they raised up into the church by means of pulleys.

This, then, was the older Church of the Annunciation, or one that had succeeded to it; for in Arculf's time a new building had succeeded in Jerusalem to the one erected by the Empress Helena, at or near the Holy Sepulchre; and so it may have happened at Nazareth. But the worthy pilgrim, whose travels are recorded from his dictation by Adamnan, Abbot of Iona, says that on this site stood formerly the house in which our Lord was nursed when an infant. The other church, he adds, was built on the site of the house in which the archangel Gabriel came to the blessed Mary. In this he happens to have been misled by the Latins, who had already attached, at that early period, to their church, the scene of the Annunciation, as enacted in a house, in utter disregard of legendary history and local tradition, which identified the event with what was designated as the "Fountain of the Virgin," and sometimes as "Gabriel's Well." This because the site in question was in the possession of the native Christians.

A great prejudice, to a certain extent justified by the number of traditions associated with such, exists among modern travellers against grottoes as the scenes of Scriptural events. But we find here, in the earliest notice on record of the Greek church at Nazareth, that it was raised upon mounds and arches over the fountain. The hewing out of crypts or grottoes for the foundations of buildings at Nazareth, is thus found to date from remote times, and is continued to the present day. Dr. Robinson describes himself as being on a visit, when at that place, to one Abū Nāsir, a worthy man, who was engaged heart and soul in endeavouring to improve the moral condition of the Greek-Arab communities around him. This good Nazarene had just built a house. "In order to lay the foundations, he had dug down to the solid rock, as is usual throughout the country here, to a depth of thirty feet, and then built up arches." He was like the man "who built a house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock" (Luke vi. 48). Dr. Robinson attributes this style of building, as also the domes of Hebron and Jerusalem, to the want of

timber. This may be partly the case, but the system appears to have had its origin in the additional strength and security obtained by such arches resting on rocks, against earthquakes, and from which Nazareth has often suffered. The *mār-rāra*, or crypts and vaults of Aleppo, are converted, as they are at Jerusalem, into reservoirs for water (*sahrij*): a most objectionable practice.

The grottoes of the Annunciation, both in the Greek and Latin churches, have suffered from the common obloquy cast upon such, merely because they are grottoes. "Je ne crois plus aux grottes," exclaims M. Bovet; "la légende en a trop abusé." We shall have occasion to describe how a grotto came to be added to the Latin church. The origin of that in the Greek church built over the fountain is, we hope, made perfectly clear. It is not an in-curious fact connected with this modern scepticism, that we do not find a single traveller challenging the accuracy of the tradition that associates the worship of Pan with the grotto at the sources of the Jordan. This being a mere mythological fact, it is allowed to pass muster by those who reject the authenticity of the grottoes of the Annunciation and of the Nativity. The fact is, that the very magnitude of the interest involved in such identifications gives rise to almost too great an amount of scrupulousness in receiving the traditions of the past in such cases, and has led to their condemnation, without any consideration of the peculiar circumstances of the cases; whether, as in the instance of the Grotto of the Nativity, there may not have been once an open cave, since built in, and converted into a crypt beneath a church; or, as in the instance of the Grotto of the Annunciation, there may not have been once an open fountain, since inclosed in arches, and then built upon. The history of the Latin Grotto of the Annunciation is even still more complex and curious, and yet it can be traced step by step.

The Latin or Roman Catholic legend placed, we have seen, the house of Mary and Joseph—"the petrification," as it has been termed, "of the last sigh of the crusades," by a perversion, which is easily understood when we find them claiming the possession of the true Grotto of the Annunciation—over the Fountain of the Virgin.

It is this house, which the Latin Church also made to wander through the air to Loreto, in Italy, stopping for a time in Dalmatia or Illyria, in order to escape contamination from the Saracens. The legend itself—apart from the fact that the house never stood at the fountain, and that the Empress Helena is reported to have converted it into a chapel—and apart from the considerations so effectively set forth by modern writers, as attached to it in connection with the alleged authority of the Papal see, and the assumption of any particular Church to direct the conscience of the world—is of importance to show how necessary it is in investigations of this kind to separate what are merely monkish legends from such facts as are historical, or from such traditions as are, by collateral evidence, entitled to credence.



PROVIDING FOR OLD AGE.



HE many duties and obligations which devolve upon man in his passage through this world require deep and thoughtful consideration. Setting aside the one duty most important of all, that of preparation for eternity, we have duties to ourselves, duties to our families, and duties to our neighbours. Perhaps one of the most obligatory of domestic duties is to use this world's goods so as not to abuse them; the man who feasts to-day and fasts to-morrow is of all persons the most miserable. When we look abroad in the world, and see poor old creatures living in garrets, and depending upon friends for their very subsistence, we ask, Could this have been prevented? In most instances it might. A clerk has enjoyed £200 per annum for a number of years; he is now incapacitated for labour, but having provided nothing for old age, he ekes out a miserable existence by re-copying manuscripts given him by friends by way of charity; he ruminates on the past, and thinks how much better might have been his position had he been prudent. A mechanic has been a clever tradesman, and has earned his £3 and £4 per week, perhaps for thirty years, and now, at the age of sixty, his sight fails him, and younger men have to fill his place, whilst he is without means to enable him to pass through the waning span of his existence with comfort. The butler or the coachman in a gentleman's family has had liberal wages for perhaps thirty years of life; but no longer active or capable of performing his duties, he finds himself without a sixpence in the world to fall back upon, and nothing but the workhouse staring him in the face. Females have also had their opportunities of providing for old age, but have neglected them. The governess, with perhaps £50 per annum; the cook or the housemaid, with wages averaging from £10 to £20 a year, have each neglected to set aside any portion of their earnings; and as the poet, in his "Song of the Shirt," says, it is—

"Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still in a voice of dolorous pitch
She sings 'The Song of the Shirt.'"

What numbers of persons are there at the present moment, who have enjoyed comforts and luxuries in early life, pining in garrets, or hopelessly depending upon friends! "My lord," said Mary Corby, in a tale of Henry Kingsley's, "look here, and see what you have done. When the children are going to sleep, I sit, and sew, and sing; and when they are gone to sleep, I still sit, and sew, and sing. Then I build my airy castles; but my highest castle has risen to this—that in my old age I should have ten shillings a week left me by some one, and be able to keep a canary bird, and have some old woman as a pensioner. And now—now—now— Oh, I'll be quiet in a moment; don't speak to me for a moment."

Well, it is for such classes as those we have enumerated that Mr. Gladstone's new Annuity Bill provides, and we trust that many will shortly be availing themselves of its advantages. The design of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is to offer inducements to young persons to insure their lives, and make provision for old age. We would advise every one to read "Tables of the Premiums to be charged under Contracts for the Insurance of Lives, or the Grant of Government Annuities," which is to be had from Messrs. Spottiswoode, the Queen's printers, at a charge of threepence-halfpenny. We think, however, a work of such national importance ought to be given to the public at a much lower price.

We have not space to enter into details upon the various modes of insuring a sum at death, or of securing an annual income in old age by small payments in youth. Suffice it to say that the life annuities begin at the age of fifty-five, and the insurer may commence paying his money at twenty-five. To commence earlier, suppose 2s. per month is paid for a child of ten years of age, and he continues it till he is fifty-five, when he reaches fifty-five he is entitled to a monthly allowance of £1 2s. for the term of his natural life. If a man begins at twenty years of age to pay 8s. per month, which he may also do in weekly instalments of 2s., at fifty-five he will be entitled to a monthly allowance of £2 12s. For a payment of 1s. per week from twenty to fifty-five years of age, a man will be entitled to a monthly allowance of £1 6s.; and so on in proportion through the different scales.

To show, however, the opportunities Mr. Gladstone's scheme will afford to the prudent, we will take the ordinary case of a governess at thirty years of age, earning £40 per annum. She will be enabled to save £10 a year easily; but if she placed this in the bank, when old age began to creep upon her, say at sixty, she would have little more than £300; now if this were placed out at interest it would only produce £15 a year, or about 6s. per week, scarcely a sufficient sum to pay for a decent furnished apartment. Now, under Mr. Gladstone's Act a less sum would secure the poor governess £50 per annum free of all loss, or failure, or delay, as surely as if she owned £1,000, which, as far as her life interest is concerned, it represents. Under the new Annuity Bill the exact sum to be paid annually by a woman who from the age of thirty agrees to invest her surplus in that scheme will be £9 7s. 6d. a year; though a man of the same rank in life could purchase the same advantages for £7 1s. 8d., women being supposed to live much longer than men after they have passed a certain age. But the governess at thirty may have saved something out of her previous earnings, or have inherited a small property, or she may have friends who desire to provide for her comfort in old age. Even these pleasing contingencies Mr. Gladstone has provided for. A payment of £83 3s. 4d. by a female at thirty, will secure for her at sixty £25 a year for life; and supposing her to keep up an annual payment as well, by giving a yearly instalment of £4 13s. 9d. she can secure another £25, making in the whole

£50 to be received every year as long as she lives after she has attained sixty years—a sum sufficient to put her beyond the reach of absolute poverty.

We trust that all our readers will examine these tables for themselves, and we are convinced that they will at least be grateful to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the immense labour that he has bestowed in their preparation. We are thankful to see that the rising generation of England are becoming more prudent than their ancestors. Insurance companies are well supported, benefit societies increase, the savings banks have enlarged

deposits, educational establishments flourish, places of worship are better filled, and works of instruction are more read. These are all indications of the strides of progress, and when we can add to these that the prudent man provides an annuity for old age, we shall look with pride upon this generation, and, in the words of the Poet Laureate, say—

"We think that through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns."

OUR STANDARD.



O the soldier his flag will ever be an object of intensest interest and significance. It is strange how universal the adoption of these national symbols has become, and what power they have acquired over the minds of men. Unfurl suddenly, in some foreign land, the lion standard of England, or the lilies of France, before the eyes of a citizen of either of those countries, and his eye kindles, and his heart leaps up, and he weeps or laughs in the enthusiasm of his joy. For around that arbitrary emblem have clustered all the memories of a nation's lifetime. Its floating folds are heavy with the glories of the past, and seem to thrill and rustle with all the recollections of battles fought and won; of peaceful progress and advancing power; of Divine interposition and human virtue in the great emergencies of national history. It is the emblem to the patriot's mind of the land itself, amid whose hills and valleys, whose towns and villages and green fields, God has given him a being, as well as of the institutions which the genius of the people has established. It is as the fair likeness of a mother's face; and the lone wanderer weeps to feel himself an exile and an orphan from his native soil. Especially in time of war does this attachment to national emblems display itself. We all know how when, years ago, our colonies across the Atlantic revolted from our rule, they felt the want of a national banner, and at last adopted "the stars and stripes," to confront the battle-flag of England. Well may we deplore, indeed, that the great curse of slavery has so long dimmed those stars, and added a terrible significance to the stripes.

Our business, however, is to inquire—What is our standard? Are there no banners displayed in that holy war which God is waging with Satan, and whose field is the world and the human heart? Yea, verily. As Solomon looked over the host of God, nothing added more impressiveness to their array, or rendered them more formidable than this very thing. They were "terrible as an army with banners." And again, Solomon saw the standard which floated over the head-quarters of its great leader. "He took me into his banqueting house, and his banner over me was love."

What a sublime march was that of the Israelites

through the wilderness, Jehovah their leader, and the banner of their nation a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night! But grander still is the standard which the spiritual hosts are following. It is the symbol of our great Leader—

"In the cross of Christ we glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime."

Though all who fight the Lord's battle in this world, be they men or angels, must follow the cross as the only standard which can lead them on to victory over the evil that desolates our earth, there is a special sense in which we of the human race can claim it as our own. Soldiers have regimental as well as national colours. As the tribes of Israel marched or encamped every one in its appointed position in the line, each would seem to have displayed its distinctive symbol, drawn in most, if not all cases, from the emblematic and descriptive prophecies of their father Jacob. Thus Joseph's, we may suppose, was "a goodly vine, whose branches ran over the wall;" Issachar's, an ass bowing down between two burdens; Dan, a serpent; Zebulun, a ship; Benjamin, a ravening wolf. But the noblest of all these devices was borne by the tribe which occupied the place of honour in the very centre of the van. It was the "lion of the tribe of Judah." Even so, the distinctive emblem of our division in God's army is the red-cross banner, dipped in the blood of Him who was at once our lion and our lamb: a lion without fear, a lamb without blemish. Nay, we can say with Moses on the heights of Rephidim, "The Lord is our banner;" for in painting the cross upon our flag, we paint thereon the sufferer who gave it all its worth. In following the cross we follow Jesus, who has not only deigned to be our conquering leader, but even condescended to be the banner and the standard of his people.

We have spoken of the soldier's enthusiasm for his flag. We all know, as patriots, how our

"—eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky."

"In the heat of battle there is one spot where the sabres flash most rapidly, and the pistol's ring is quicker, and men and officers close in most densely." It is about the man round whose body a bit of "tattered silk" is wound, and held with the

tenacity of a death struggle. That flag is everything to them—their regiment, their country, their honour, their life. That "bit of torn and black rag hanging from a fortress, or the taffrail of a ship, is a kind of life to iron-hearted men."

What extraordinary records of devotion and sacrifice to rend from an enemy the emblem of his might, or preserve from the foe the blazoned lion of England, have the military annals of our country accumulated! And within our own memory, in how many a conflict has the unfailing magnetism of that emblem animated our troops to victory!

And now let us put it to you, ye soldiers of Christ, whether there be anything corresponding to this in you; whether that banner of love, with its mystic symbol of suffering and sacrifice, awakens in you a proportionate thrill of holy enthusiasm. Is that the spot around which clusters, not only your most sacred associations, but your most devoted affections? Are you ready to lay down your lives and pour forth your treasures for it? If so, how are you showing it, when, to advance that cross through the revolted regions of the earth, you are called on to make some little sacrifice of a small proportion of your worldly treasures? How is it when you are summoned to work for the salvation of others, or even to watch and pray for your own? How much self-denial are you cheerfully bearing for Christ and for his cause? How many are delaying, year after year, to come out from the world, put on the uniform of the Church militant, and fight manfully under Christ's banner?

Alas! we fear that but few of us are good soldiers, and that we need to probe ourselves with the earnest question—

"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb;
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?"

Let us add one other consideration. We have often read of ladies of highest rank, or generals of illustrious fame, presenting to certain regiments their colours before they set out for the seat of war; and this fact has enhanced, in the eyes of the soldiers, the value and worth of the standard. But Christ's army is more highly honoured still. Our standard derives a new and transcendent value from the fact that it is God who has given it. "Thou," says some exulting hero, "hast given a banner to them that fear thee." "When the enemy shall come in like a flood," saith another, "the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."

And you, who have never enlisted on the side of Christ, that Scripture is fulfilled this day in your sight. God has set up his standard in the midst of the world, and invites all who will be his friends, and sin's foes, to flock around it. It is the cross of Christ. You enlist by the simple act of faith.

Will you not join the ranks? Do you not scorn (we shall not say fear) to be numbered with the followers of Satan and the enemies of God any longer? Will you not yield to the best convictions of your heart, and, throwing off the yoke of Satan, make a bold push for that liberty which is only found beneath the cross of the Redeemer?

And we, Christian comrades, shall we not receive a new ardour and impulse from casting daily even a hasty glance to the symbol of our hope and mission? In the march of life shall not our tread be firmer, and our eye be brighter, and our heart be braver, as we draw closer and closer to the banner of Christ? Let us pledge ourselves in a solemn vow, that there shall be no such word as halt, no such thing as truce or terms with Satan, till, by the grace of God, we have delivered our own hearts from his control, and done a lifelong work for the world's salvation.

MAY.



AROL, glad birds, for your time is come,

With the emerald buds of Spring:
Let never a tiny songster be dumb—
Up into the heavens and sing!

For the green wood is filled with the
cuckoo's call,

And the sky with the skylark's lay—
And the fairies are ringing the flower-
bells all,

Shouting, "'Tis May! 'Tis May!"

Tinkle, oh waterfall! silver sweet:

Murmur your joy, oh stream!

For the fresh green boughs that above you meet,
On your breast reflected gleam.

And the hawthorn's snows on your wave-
lets fall,

And dance with the tide away,

While the fairies are ringing the flower-
bells all,

Shouting, "'Tis May! 'Tis May!"

Burst into blossom, buttercup gold,

Red poppy, and pimpernel;

Broom, yellow broom, so bonny and bold,

Sweet lilies adown the dell;

Whitethorn, and azure forget-me-not
small,

Honour this glad Spring day,
When the fairies are ringing the flower-
bells all,

Shouting, "'Tis May! 'Tis May!"

Sing, oh heart! with brook, blossom, and bird—

Sing, "Love is the lord of May!"

For the clasp of a hand, and a whispered word,

Have rendered me blest for aye:

So beat—beat—beat, while my lips repeat,

The burden that crowns my lay,

To the fairies' rhyme, and the flower-bells'
chime,

"O Love, it is May—'tis May!"

TOM HOOD.



"For the clasp of a hand, and a whispered word,
Have rendered me blest for aye."





"The first glimpse she caught of his face assured her that it was her brother."—p. 150.

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

SUNSHINE AND TEMPEST; OR, THE
TWIN SISTERS.—PART II.

TWAS a lovely day, just such a one as would have been chosen for a cricket match, could any one have had the choice; the sun shone without a cloud, and yet there was a gentle, refreshing breeze that prevented the heat from being oppressive. All Ferndale seemed to be alive, and the juvenile portion at least of the inhabitants seemed bent upon enjoying themselves; they regarded this match as a very important affair, and were out (those who were to play it), in their light cricketing dresses, at least an hour before the time of assembling on the common.

"I wonder where Malcolm, Fielding, and Hunt

can be; I've seen all the other fellows now but them."

And the speaker, who was Edwin's particular friend, Frank Leighton, turned round for about the twentieth time to look if he was in sight.

"Oh, here come Fielding and Hunt!" said he, after he had stood some few minutes; "they're tearing up like a couple of locomotives;" and the group of boys turned back to meet them.

"Have you seen anything of Malcolm?" called out two or three, as soon as they were within ear-shot. But they shook their heads.

"He'll have to be here pretty soon—it's ten minutes to two; they'll begin calling the names directly," said another boy.

"I'd go and see about him," said Leighton, "only that sister of his looks so like a she-dragon

whenever she happens to catch sight of me, ten to one if she'd tell me where he was."

"You can't go now, it's too late; we shall have to answer to our names," and the whole lot scampered off to the tent. They watched with anxiety as their names were being called, in hopes of seeing Edwin come up, for he was a universal favourite with them; but he did not make his appearance, and they commenced playing. Hour after hour passed, and at length they became convinced that he was not coming. But what could have detained him? that was the question they asked one of the other. They had seen him the evening before, and he appeared to be in good health, and yet they felt sure that nothing but illness or something of very great importance could have kept him away; and Leighton determined, as soon as he could, to go and find out what it was.

The cricketing was over at last, and then Leighton ran off to see about Edwin. Just as he reached the door Mr. Malcolm came up.

"Well, Leighton," said he, "which side has won? I suppose you and Edwin have been tugging pretty hard for the Ferndales."

"I haven't seen Edwin all day," said Leighton; "that's what I've come about now; I was afraid he must be ill."

"Haven't seen him all day!" reiterated Mr. Malcolm. "Why, where has he been to, then? I left him well enough this morning, and all he could talk or think of was this cricket match."

He had rung the bell while he had been speaking, and now they both entered.

"Is Master Edwin at home?" he said to the girl who opened the door, a shade of anxiety in his tone, lest his son should have been taken ill; for he had been away from his office all day, and knew that he might have been sent for.

But the girl's answer set aside these fears. "He was not at home," she said; "had not been home since the morning."

He went into the parlour to make inquiries of Esther, and from her he heard of the quarrel that had taken place between them, she excusing herself by saying that the cricket dress was forgotten when the rest of the things were sent to the laundress.

Leighton waited a little while to see if he came in, and then went to carry the news to his companions. "That Malcolm had had a jolly row with his tempest of a sister, and had gone off now nobody knew where;" adding that "if he was Edwin he wouldn't come home again while she was mistress, but would go for a soldier, or else to sea."

"Where can he have gone to?" was the question Mr. Malcolm asked himself again and again, as he sat thinking and waiting, in the hope that each moment the door-bell would ring, and he should see Edwin enter; but an hour passed, and then, unable to sit any longer, Mr. Malcolm went up to his room to see if he had left a note, or whether he had taken any of his clothes with him. No; nothing could be seen whereby a clue as to what he meant to do was to be had. His clothes were just as the servant had put them in the drawer, and the cricketing dress, tumbled and dirty, lay on the bed. Mr. Malcolm took it up, and as he was turning it over, a pin ran in his finger. Thinking it might hurt some one else more seriously than it had done him, he began looking for it. He turned the dress over and over several times, but at last he came to

the pin, and then found that a piece of paper was fastened with it to the band; he took it out and read what was on the paper:—

Remember my letter; I told you I would punish you for it.
ESTHER.

He read it over twice. Could it be that Esther had told him such a deliberate falsehood as to say the dress was forgotten, when she had purposely kept it back? Mr. Malcolm felt more sad than ever. He folded the paper, and, putting it into his pocket, went down-stairs.

It was now growing quite dark, and Mr. Malcolm began to be seriously alarmed at Edwin's non-appearance, so he put on his hat and went out to make inquiries among friends in the neighbourhood. In an hour he returned, but no tidings had he gained.

Esther now began to feel sorry for the part she had acted, not so much perhaps for the act itself, but for the consequences of it. She began to see that, after all, her sister's way of ruling was by far the best, although she would not make the acknowledgment even to herself; but still she could not fail to see that with all her boasted reform, and demanding implicit obedience, there was not half the order or comfort in the household there had previously been, for the servants she had got now were not half so efficient as those she had been the means of driving away, and these, bad as they were, would not put up with her interference and haughty domineering, and had given notice that they wished to leave at the end of the month. And now Edwin had run away, or she was afraid he had, as he did not come home, and Florence would soon be ill, she felt sure; for she had done nothing all day but cry about Edwin; for he, it appears, had told her one day that he knew he should run off some time when Esther made him so angry, and never come home any more. All these things made Esther feel very unhappy; she could not altogether stifle her conscience; and as she lay in bed that night and thought of them, and of her father's trouble on Edwin's account, she resolved to alter her behaviour a little.

The next morning, as soon as Mr. Malcolm reached his office, the clerk put a letter into his hand: it was addressed in Edwin's handwriting.

"When did this come?" said Mr. Malcolm, eagerly.

"Master Edwin came here and wrote it yesterday morning," said the clerk; "he wanted to see you; but when I told him you would not be back all day, he said he would write."

Mr. Malcolm tore off the envelope. It was a long letter. He spoke first of the quarrel that had taken place between himself and Esther, taking his full share of the blame, but saying that he could not stay at home any longer, as Esther, he understood, was to be housekeeper for the future, instead of Margaret. He had come, he said, to ask his father to send him away to boarding-school; but as he was not there, he had made up his mind to go to sea. He begged his father's forgiveness for this step, and said he would write before he left England, and let them know where he was going. He had five shillings, that would buy him food till he should get a ship, and, as he meant to go on foot, he should not need money for coach-hire.

Mr. Malcolm set out at once for the nearest seaport town, which was about thirty miles off. He

reached there by the middle of the day, and went direct to the docks. A vessel was to sail that afternoon, and he went on board of her; but no Edwin was to be seen, and no one could give him any information about him; so he judged that he had not reached there yet, and therefore determined to stay a few days and wait his arrival. He stayed a week, spending most of his time in the different docks, and making inquiries among the sailors; but no tidings of Edwin reached him, and, sorrowful and anxious, he turned his steps homeward. He determined to go to his mother's on his way back, and acquaint Margaret with what had occurred, and, if possible, take her back with him; it would only be a few miles out of his way, not more than five or six.

Margaret was surprised to see her father, and deeply grieved when she knew what business had brought him that way.

"She was afraid," she said, "from the tone of Esther's letter that she had received that morning, that something unpleasant had occurred; and Esther had asked when she was coming home."

She was telling her father this when an old countryman came to the gate, and the servant came in to say that he wanted to see her.

"Oh, I dare say his wife's rheumatism is worse," said Margaret. "Tell him I will come in the course of an hour; I am engaged now."

Soon afterwards Mr. Malcolm left, promising to return the following week to fetch Margaret home. Margaret waited until her grandmamma dropped asleep, and then prepared for her walk to Dame Jones's; but what was her surprise when, a little way down the road, she saw her hobbling on her stick just before her.

"Good evening, Mrs. Jones," said Margaret, pleasantly; "I was afraid you were laid up with the rheumatism again."

"Better I had ha' been, than the one what is, I guess, miss," said the old woman, shaking her head.

"Why, who is ill, then?" said Margaret: "not your husband, for I saw him an hour or two ago."

"No, miss, nor taint him; but it's a poor young gent what my husband picked up on the road as he was a-coming home with the wagon from market; his leg's broke, I think—leastways, the doctor says so."

By this time they had reached the dame's cottage, and Margaret entered. Several people were in the room, but they made way for her to go upstairs where the sufferer was lying. But something had caught her eye as she entered, and, instead of going to the staircase, she walked towards the table to examine it more closely. It was a boy's cap; it belonged to the one who was now lying up-stairs, so the people told her, and she took it in her hand; she could scarcely stand as she did so, for it was her brother Edwin's. She laid the cap down, and flew up-stairs to see if it was, indeed, her brother Edwin there; but, just as she got to the door, she remembered how injudicious it would be for her to appear so suddenly before her brother, if he was, as they said, dangerously ill; so she motioned to the woman who was sitting beside him to come to her. He was asleep, the woman said, although he was moaning so, and Margaret then went in. The first glimpse she caught of his face assured her that it was her brother, and tears of heartfelt gratitude

stole down her cheeks as she thanked her heavenly Father for bringing the wanderer back to them again. But he was sadly altered, and Margaret could see that even the few hours' pain he had suffered had changed him, and the constant restless moaning, and hectic flush upon his cheek, told plainly enough that he was very ill; truly, he was being punished for yielding to his passionate temper. Margaret determined to go at once and tell her grandmamma how wonderfully God had restored their lost one to them again, that he might, if possible, be removed that night. The old lady was very glad to hear Edwin had been found, and sent off at once for her own doctor, that he might see Edwin, and tell them whether he could with safety be moved.

Meanwhile Margaret had gone back to the cottage. During her absence Dame Jones had told Edwin who had been to see him, and when she got there he was anxiously looking for her arrival. She had not been there long when the doctor came in. He said, after he had carefully examined it, that his leg was not broken, although seriously injured, and that he might be moved.

That night Margaret wrote to tell her father of Edwin's arrival there, and the following day saw him on his way to Weston. In the evening he arrived, and the next morning Edwin told his father all that had happened since he left home. After leaving Ferndale, he said he got on pretty well for the first few miles, but towards evening he hurt his foot against a stone, and then he could not go much further. He slept at a little cottage on the roadside. The next morning he set off again, but his foot was so painful that he could scarcely get along; and that day the sun made his head ache very much. He, however, contrived to walk four or five miles, and slept at a farmhouse. The next day his foot was worse, and he went into a wood and sat under the trees. He would have returned home now, but he could not do so; and the next morning, when his foot was better, he determined to press on his journey, for fear of being laughed at by his companions for running away, and then coming back again. So he walked on within five miles of his destination, when, feeling very tired and sleepy, he went inside a field, where the hay had just been carried, and laid down and went to sleep. A shower of rain awoke him, and he was just getting up, when a sudden gust of wind blew the old gate, which was off its hinges, down upon his leg. For some time he could not move, but he did at last manage to crawl to the roadside in hope of seeing a cart of some kind that was going back to Ferndale; but hour after hour passed, and at last sight, sound, and feeling all forsook him. While he was still insensible, old Jones came along and took him up; and when he awoke from this state of unconsciousness, he found himself lying in bed in Jones's cottage. This was Edwin's account of himself.

Margaret did not go back for several weeks after that. She had to stay and nurse her brother; and while doing so, she did not forget to point out to him how wickedly he had acted in not controlling his evil temper.

"Suppose," said she, "this accident had not happened, but you had succeeded in going to sea: think what months, and perhaps years of unhappiness we should have endured, and you would have

been equally, if not more miserable than we were. But, thank God! this has been spared us. Let it be a warning to you, dear Edwin, and teach you to control yourself."

Margaret's admonitions were not thrown away. Edwin tried, and he at length succeeded, as every one else will who seeks God's blessing and help for the conflict.

And what of Esther? Did she alter? my readers will ask. Yes, she did; but it was not until she learned the secret of her sister's happiness that she became like her—not until she sat at the feet of the meek and lowly Jesus, and learned of him, did she become gentle and loving as her sister was, but she did then. And now they are walking hand in hand to their heavenly home, alike in life and character, as well as in person, "adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things."

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

"From the top of the rocks I see him, and from the hills I behold him."—Numb. xxiii. 9.

MARVELLOUS the mountain life,
Nearer to the quiet sky,
Where the air with peace is rife,
And God's goodness passes by;
Slowly, solemnly, and grand,
Shedding beauty on the land,
Lovingly with bounteous hand.

I think Balaam felt the power

Of the world in its fresh youth,
In that grave, prophetic hour,

How it awed him into truth:
Spreading out beneath him there,
Lay the world so very fair,
That he saw God everywhere.

And beneath his kindling eye,

Not for silver or for gold,
Could the prophet dare to lie,

Or in his heart deception hold:
So he cried out solemnly,
"From the rock-heights I can see
Nought but God's great majesty!"

Children, will you strive to rise

From the earth-cares on your road,
Nearer, nearer to the skies,

Nearer to your Father God?
Oh, the Christian life is fair
From the mountain-top of prayer
In the heavenly holy air.

Pray that you may learn to see

In the flowers of the sod,
In singing bird or humming bee,
The sweet mercy of your God:
In the sun rays' golden light,
In the hush of starry night,
Commune with the Infinite.

NORTON PURNELL.

CHAPTER XVII.

A VISIT TO BATH.



IN the afternoon of the day of his bidding farewell to school, Norton called at the parsonage, to tell them there that he had left school.

"And will you not come and play with me again?" said Gregory.

"I am afraid not," replied Norton.

"Perhaps I shall go away from Chilton, if I can get a place; but if I stay here, I shall go to work, and shall

have no time to come."

"Well, I am sorry. Oh, dear, dear! what shall I do? But I say, old fellow, come, you shall stay with me all this afternoon. You know it is holiday, now."

Norton stayed, and played with Gregory till tea-time. After they had amused themselves with leapfrog and tennis, they betook themselves to the boat on the lake, and just then Miss Wilmot joined them.

"Will you come into the boat, Miss Sophy?" said Norton; "I'll promise not to upset you."

"Well, yes, I will come. You know if you upset me, you will have to pick me up, and swim to land with me, like a faithful Newfoundland dog."

"And so, Norton," she said, when they were on the water, "you are going to leave us. We shall be very

sorry not to see you, I am sure. And I don't know what poor Gregory will do without you. But mamma says she hopes, if you stay in the neighbourhood, you will come down sometimes in the evening, or when you have a holiday, and just let us know how you are getting on. And so you are to begin life, Norton. Ah, it must be very strange."

"Yes, Miss Sophy, I am going to fight my way."

"Dear me! going out like one of the old knights, to find out enemies and conquer them; and to find out difficulties and overcome them. But, Norton, do you remember what you said once about people being true knights *now-a-days*, though there were no real castles to beat down, or dragons to slay?"

"Yes, I remember it very well."

"And are you going forth in that brave spirit to fight your way, as you call it?"

"Well, I hope so, Miss Sophy. And then he continued, in almost a tremulous voice, "But tell me what you think I should do to gain the old hero spirit?"

"Well, I do not think I can tell you. I can *feel* what I mean, but I can't *describe* it. But it seems to me, as far as I can judge, that young men, when they go out into the world, even though they do fight, and fight hard, become very worldly, and not at all like the knights of old. There's Richard Wells, the plumber and glazier, he has fought his way upward, from being very poor, until he is now well off; and they say he works early and late, but he seems to me a dreadfully

hard and selfish man. And then there's Lawyer Robbins: he is a man who has fought his way; and they say keeps so to business, that he never gives himself any rest, except when he's asleep, and yet he's a dreadfully disagreeable man. So it appears to me that something else is wanted, beside striving and fighting, as you call it, in order to make the hero."

"What do you think it is?"

"Well, I fancy it must be that the hero should be fighting for some *great aim*. Something for others—not for himself alone."

"Oh, I see; that's it, Miss Sophy. The knights in old time fought to deliver others, not merely to advance themselves."

"Just so; that's my idea of a hero. But you know," hesitating, "how silly I am!"

"Silly! Miss Sophy?"

"I was going to say something, that it is quite out of place and unnecessary for me to say, when I think of your good mother, and the advice she would be sure to give you."

"Oh, please say it," pleaded Norton.

"I was going to say," replied Sophia, blushing and hesitating, "that, of course, no one can fight, not in that way, at least, without assistance."

Norton looked puzzled. "You mean——"

"I mean," she said, still blushing, but speaking more clearly and boldly than before, "that we are all unable of ourselves to do anything as of ourselves, but——" she paused.

"I understand you, Miss Sophy." He spoke in a low and reverential tone of voice. "But I hope I shall look for help where alone it is to be found."

Sophy smiled brightly. "That is just what I wanted to say, Norton, only—only—I didn't know *how* to say it."

She ceased speaking, and for some time Norton did not break the silence. Then he looked up, and said, with some emotion, "And if I fight to do good to others, will you think me a hero, Miss Sophy?"

"That I will, Norton; and I hope you *will* be a hero."

"I'll try, Miss Sophy; but I am afraid I shall never come up to your idea."

On the Monday morning after this, Norton rose at four o'clock, and dressed himself in his Sunday clothes, which, we must confess, were very countryified in material and shape. His long blue coat was made out of an old blue top-coat of his foster-father's. His trousers were a second-hand pair that his mother had picked up at Shepton Mallet, and altered for him; and his hat was of the coarse nap which seems to belong to the countryman as naturally as the shaggy coat to the Mendip pony.

Norton set off, then, towards Bath in the cool, dewy morning. There was a turnpike road, but he chose a pleasanter way, through shady lanes and across meadows, up wooded hills and down into valleys, through picturesque old villages, where the cottagers were beginning to stir, and the labourers to issue forth to their work; milkmaids were going out with the pails on their heads, and their pleasant musical cry of "Haw—w, haw—w," called the cows together for milking in the fields.

And as Norton walked along, what bright and rosy visions of the future he formed! He went over in imagination how it would be when he got to Bath. How he should try at several places; and how, presently, some lawyer should say he was just the boy he wanted, and should take a fancy to him, and say he had given his former under-clerk only eight shillings a week, but would give him ten shillings. And then he pursued the picture of himself seated in the lawyer's

office, clothed in a more presentable manner, and having unlimited leisure in the evenings, and access to all sorts of books—he knew not in what libraries. He imagined himself loved and honoured—perhaps, even, a favourite with such people as he fancied must be in Bath—people of learning, science, and wonderful refinement; and, oh! to be with them seemed to him like meeting with beings of a superior race. If he could only once get among them, his thirsty soul would bathe in a very river of intellectuality and refinement. And when, from a hill-top, he discerned, afar off, the white buildings of Lansdown Crescent and adjoining streets, his feelings were something like those of the pilgrims of old when they came in sight of the sacred city.

In that city lay his fate. Ah, how his heart beat as he looked upon it; with what feverish, almost sickening anticipation did he regard it. There are moments of intense anxiety in our lives, when we seem to project ourselves into and feel in the things around, as if our nerves were thrilling and trembling there, making the scene around a part of ourselves. So it was with Norton, and thus it impressed itself on his mind, never to be forgotten again.

About nine o'clock our hero arrived, wearied and dusty, in the beautiful city. After getting a little simple refreshment at a humble shop, and brushing the dust from his shoes and dress, he began his search. His plan was to go round to all the lawyers' offices, and inquire if they wanted a clerk, or even an office-boy. Alas, poor Norton, he little dreamed through what an ordeal he was to pass. He thought he should easily gain access to the principals, and that they, being such highbred gentlemen, would give a courteous answer to his inquiries. He soon found that it was almost impossible to get to the principals at all. The clerks and office-boys insisted on knowing his business before they would answer his query, whether Mr. A or Mr. B was in. And terrible was the amount of chaffing he had to stand from these. One, on learning his object, would ask him, in grave tones, "If he was quite sure his mother knew that he was out?" and then, "if she had sold her mangle to rig him out?" Another, looking at his shaggy hat, said, as if the thought had just struck him, "that perhaps they knew in his part of the country where the man lived who stole the donkey." But one and all assured Norton that their employers were quite well provided for in respect to clerks; and that it was perfectly useless to take in his message. Nor was his success much greater when the principals were seen.

Still Norton persevered, though with heart ever heavier and more desponding. He came at last to the office of Mr. Ledzatt. That gentlemen seemed the first who took any human interest in the boy, and to be conscious that he was a creature to be treated gently.

"And why do you want to come into town, and leave the fresh fields, and strew yourself up in an office all day long?" he inquired.

Norton told him his aim, to get the opportunity to improve himself.

"I am afraid," replied Mr. Ledzatt, "your plan cannot succeed. If you entered a lawyer's office, you could enter first only as office-boy. You would earn not more than four or five shillings a week. Now, if your father and mother lived in town—which I gather they do not—it might be possible for you to rub on for a year or two with this pay. But it would be impossible for you to pay lodgings on five shillings a week. Besides, the income of a lawyer's clerk at the best is no great thing. If you can get an honest trade at your fingers' ends, I recommend you to do so. You will be far more respectable, and far more independent. I commend your desire to improve yourself, but I think you overrate the advantages you would have in an office. I know it is hard for a man to work with his hands and carry on study

successfully with his head; but it has been done. Look at Gifford, carrying on his studies while a shoemaker, and working out his problems on leather with an awl. Or think of Burns, sitting with his book of an evening by the side of the farm cottage fire, and unfolding his genius amid the labours of a ploughman. No, what we want, my good youth, is not to see all the better spirits among the operatives escaping from their class, but to find them staying in it and raising it, by showing what it is possible for a working man to do."

Norton could not but feel the kind and courteous words of Mr. Ledzatt, and though he could not at first agree altogether with them, yet he thanked him deeply and gratefully for them, and retired.

The day had been consumed in these unsuccessful applications. He now sought out the house of those he called his aunt and uncle Trimble, a house which he now looked upon with a kind of veneration, as the scene of his mother's death. The Trimbles begged him to stay all night, but he was now as anxious to get away from Bath as he had been to enter it in the morning. And so, after taking some refreshment, he set off homeward.

How different were his feelings now from those with which he had passed over those hills and valleys this morning. How different seemed life to him. Ah, it is a bitter hour for the young heart when, perhaps for the first time, some dream of hope, long cherished, is scattered to the winds; when, instead of the fair landscape that spread itself before the imagination, there stands up the black, frowning wall of necessity barring the way, and turning the wanderer back.

But, fortunately, Norton's was a strong and elastic spirit. He tried as much as possible to throw off his depression. There, *that* was done with. It had been all a mistake, and now must be cast aside, and his mind turned to what lay before it. And the advice of Mr. Ledzatt presented itself more and more forcibly to him, and before he had reached his home he had made up his mind to join Uncle Will and learn to be a mason.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BRIDGES OVER A GOOD SPAN OF LIFE.

WHILE poor Norton had been making this sort of unsatisfactory stumble on the threshold, his old friends at the rectory were holding among themselves very different opinions of him.

Sophia was sitting at the drawing-room window finishing a drawing, and her mother was busy at a table writing letters. Sophia could see her father walking to and fro on the terrace, and she was sure that something was wrong with him from the quickness of his step, and the way in which he brought his stick down, *thud, thud*, to the ground. Every now and then he would stop, and striking a violent blow, would seem to harangue an invisible opponent. She knew from experience that papa would be with them immediately, and that they would have the outpouring of the vials of his wrath. Now, Mr. Wilmot, though really a kind-hearted, good-natured man, belonged to that class of persons which has now happily become extinct, but which, at the period of which we write, was only too often to be met with in the country. He thought that the world ought always to go on in the same old-fashioned way, and despised all attempts to raise the humbler classes to a better condition. In a few minutes Mr. Wilmot burst into the drawing-room.

"I'll tell you what 'tis, Bessy—the world's coming to an end. Society is getting turned upside down. The time is come spoken of by the apostles as before the end, when men despise government, and are presumptuous, self-willed, not afraid to speak evil of dignities. I always said what would come of over-educating the people, but you would not believe me."

"But what is the matter, Mr. Wilmot?" said his wife.

"Why, bless my soul, there's no doing anything with the lower classes now-a-days. I thought I would call this morning on Aaron Purnell, and make the proposition that we spoke of, to apprentice his boy. But, upon my word, Aaron drew back as if, forsooth, he had been a lord. 'I'm sure we're all very much obliged to you, sir, but you see, as long as we can, we like only to depend on ourselves. 'Tis a bit of pride, I dare say, and perhaps you think the working man ought to have no pride, but, however,' said he, actually laughing, 'tis like his pipe, a bit of comfort to him. And so, if you please, we'll try what we can do for Norton ourselves.'"

"And a very sensible speech," said Mrs. Wilmot.

"I declare, Bessy, you are enough to drive one out of one's wits. You think everything those people do is right. I think 'tis upstart pride and radicalism. The poor are setting up for themselves, and the good old rule of dependence on their betters is getting lost. Well, then Norton, he must needs get up and say, he thanked me and my family all very much for all our kindness to him, and he would rather, if we pleased, not be rewarded for just doing what anybody else would do in the same circumstances."

"Well done, Norton!" said Sophia, clapping her hands in an outburst of enthusiasm, and then stopping in sudden confusion, and with reddening face.

"Sophy, I am ashamed of you!" said her father. "You are worse than they are. You'll be a disgrace to us. I believe you are getting a sympathy with radicals and infidels, and a—a—a— Get out of my sight!" and Sophia ran away to her room before his uplifted stick, and Parson Wilmot, slamming the door of the drawing-room after him, went forth to expend his wrath in violent walking and gesticulation on the terrace.

Now Mr. Wilmot was exceedingly fond of his daughter, and really let her have her own way in most things. But still he seemed to have an idea that his parental authority was to be maintained by frequently contradicting and scolding her, and driving her from his presence as "a disgrace to the family."

Sophia had become so accustomed to this, that it seemed to her a sort of law of nature, something bound up with her idea of her father, and of which she would no more have thought of complaining than of the blowing of the wind.

It is not well for a child to get accustomed to a parent's lowering brow and angry words, and parents should see to it that their anger and their praise really have a definite meaning, if they would keep their influence for good.

But we must return to Norton, who, after a few more starts and plunges, was constrained to put on the harness he at first rejected, and become that which need never be a disgrace to any man—nay, that which to some is as noble—or nobler—as wielding a sceptre, a baton, a sword, or a pen—a wielder of the hammer that builds—a working man.

Norton went manfully to Uncle Will's, and began to learn to build, perhaps more than merely one kind of edifice.

We must now pass on several years in our history. Norton had grown into a fine young man, and become a capital workman. He had already full builder's wages, and Uncle Will constantly consulted him in his plans of work, and depended on his calculations for estimates. Of course, the truth was, that Norton brought a larger and stronger intellect to bear upon the work, to discern its details and provide for its difficulties. Uncle Will could now undertake larger jobs, and more difficult kinds of work than he had ventured upon before. He was constantly saying with regard to Norton, "Ah, see what 'tis to have a good headpiece." Will had promised to take Norton into partnership, and there was every

probability that they would become a well-to-do, substantial firm.

Meanwhile, of the rectory family, Gregory Wilmot had gone to Eton, Edgar had left school for Oxford, Sophia and Gertrude were grown up. The former was as beautiful as she had from childhood promised to become. She was tall and graceful in every movement. Her face had the hues of health, but its beauty was still of that ethereal kind, that reminded one of the Beatrice or the Madonna of Scheffer. Gertrude was by many thought much the finer woman of the two, with fine large eyes, regular features, and a richly-rounded form, but she lacked the graceful charms of Sophia. The friendship between the two girls still continued. Gertrude had seen more of the world than Sophia, for after she had passed a year or two of boarding-school life, she spent part of every season in London; but Sophia, in her retirement, had read and reflected more; and thus the two were mutually interesting to each other.

During this period Parson Wilmot's sorrows had increased, for these were the times of the political agitation which preceded the passing of the Reform Bill. An angel, good or bad, had descended into the dull pool of even the peasant's mind, and had stirred it with new hopes and aspirations, and often, alas! with bad passions.

One day, about this time, Parson Wilmot had learnt that there had been, on the previous evening, a large meeting of country people on Cumerdown Common, in the neighbourhood of Chilton. They had been addressed on parliamentary and other reforms by a radical orator of considerable renown, from Bath; and the good parson was enraged to think that some of his people must have been there, to be infected by the vile poison—enraged still more that the magistrates had not prevented the meeting, or taken the ringleaders into custody.

That afternoon he and Mrs. Wilmot and Sophia were dining at Sir Henry Jordiffe's with Sir William and Lady Hinton, their son Frank, a young man of twenty-two, or thereabout, and their daughter Mary, who might be about twenty-four or twenty-five; Miss Drame, a maiden lady of Chilton, and Dr. Kelson, the chaplain of the family, completed the party. Of the latter it is necessary that we should say a word or two. He was a man of about thirty-five years of age, not imposing in stature, but agreeable looking, with a wonderful quickness in his eye, and a great sweetness in his smile. He possessed extensive erudition, and was especially well read in philosophy and theology. He had distinguished himself before he left Oxford, and had written several works since, which had placed him among the highest names in the English Church. Sir Henry had given him the living of Hulcombe, about two miles from Chilton, and there he resided the greater part of the year; but when Sir Henry was down in the country, the doctor came over to Chilton, and resumed his old duties as chaplain.

Sir Henry was deeply attached to the doctor. He found in him a calm, large, and profound mind, and from him he was glad to imbibe the great principles by which he sought to regulate his political as well as private conduct. Dr. Kelson, though ranking with the Conservatives in politics, unflinchingly maintained his own very enlarged views of liberty. He drew his philosophy from Plato and Kant; and in religion—devout churchman though he was—he thought for himself.

On that afternoon the conversation naturally fell upon the radical meeting; and when the servants had retired, Parson Wilmot exploded in a torrent of indignation on the radical scoundrels who had come to pour their blasphemous poison into the ears of simple country people, and on the authorities for allowing it.

"Don't you think it is better, Mr. Wilmot," said Sir

Henry, in his quiet way, "to allow these people to say out their say, that we may just know what is in their minds? I hear that a large number of the people from our country side applauded the speakers on Cumerdown Common. Now do you not think it is better that you and I, and all of us, should know that the people who live among us have such sentiments as these?"

"Bless me, Sir Henry! why all the world's going the same way. I say I would not let them have such sentiments. What right have they with such sentiments?"

"My dear sir," said Dr. Kelson, "let me assure you that if you were prime minister of England, and were to act on such a doctrine as that, you would have the people in rebellion to-morrow; and before a week was over, the institutions you and I most honour, the House of Lords, the Church—aye, and perhaps the very monarchy itself—would be swept away."

Parson Wilmot incredulously shook his head, and Dr. Kelson added—

"Besides, do you think we really have any *right* to silence these orators of the people, unless they counsel a breaking of the law? I know they utter a great deal of rubbish; but I believe, too, a great deal of what they say is real truth, and will be acknowledged as truth, before many years are over our heads."

"Never, sir—never!" emphatically cried Mr. Wilmot.

"My dear sir, I feel as sure as I do of my sitting here that within the next thirty years the Legislature will largely reform the representation in Parliament; will sweep away many sinecures; will modify, if not abolish, the Corn Laws."

"Then it must be," said Sir William Hinton, rather bitterly, "because Conservatives will turn traitors, and give up all that we are now fighting for."

"No, believe me," said Sir Henry: "it will be rather because Conservatives will see that they must give up old abuses, if they wish to preserve our time-honoured institutions. They must do justice to the people, if they wish to maintain their own influence over them."

"Bless my soul!" said Parson Wilmot, "I think the world is all gone mad together. Why, a Conservative baronet, as far as I can see, talks just like a radical spouter. Ah, Conservatives didn't talk like this in the good old days of your father, Sir Henry. Then a Tory was a Tory—blue to the backbone."

"Ah, well, no doubt," said Sir Henry, smiling, "we are fallen on degenerate days. But, come, let us prove we are blue yet in our courtesy to the ladies, and not deprive ourselves of the charms of their conversation by our own dry politics."

Such was the kind of political atmosphere in which Sophia was reared. To her these discussions were not dry. Her sympathies were intensely with the working classes; and although she could not yet understand all the bearing of their demands, she cherished an instinctive feeling that some right there must be in them. She therefore listened with greedy sympathy to the doctrines of Sir Henry and Dr. Kelson.

When the ladies had retired to the drawing-room, Sophia, sitting by the side of Gertrude, asked her what she had thought of the conversation.

"Oh, you know, Sophy, I do not care for politics; they are very stupid, and men are always bigoted when they talk them. I always want to yawn or go to sleep. But I do think Sir Henry and Dr. Kelson take the part of the lower classes too much. They make too much of them, and don't stand up enough for the privileges of our own order. I think we do not keep down the lower classes and make them know their places sufficiently. I do not think *servants* are half as obliging as they should be. And mamma says tradesmen now-a-days are often quite saucy, while in former times they used to bow and scrape, and be humble to the true gentry."

"Well, but, Ger, do you think it is quite right to think of the poor as made entirely for us? Don't you think God made them for themselves as well as for us?"

"Come, now, you little radical," said Gertrude, "I won't stand this any longer. Here have I been bored with politics in the dining-room, and now you are coming down on me here with what Frank Hinton calls your 'transcendental philosophy.' Though why it is transcendental I have not the slightest idea, except that it transcends my comprehension."

"Well, but, Ger—"

"Not one 'well, but' more. Put on your hat and shawl, and come out; and since Sir Henry wishes us, we'll have a drive in the little pony carriage, and you shall prove your radicalism by driving, and John shall sit inside the carriage with me. But, stop; we must have a piece of paper to paste outside, with the words in large letters, 'Equality for ever.'"

"Oh, Ger, how can you run on so? you know I don't mean that."

"No, I know you don't mean that; you are as 'bloated a little haristocrat' as ever lived. But, come, we must ask Mary Hinton if she will accompany us."

Miss Hinton declined under the plea of a headache, and Gertrude and Sophia entered the little open pony carriage, and were driven off alone.

"My mind is not capacious enough," said Gertrude, when they were fairly off, "to take in the affairs of the nation. It is only just large enough to compass individuals; and so, come, let us discuss our companions. What do you think, first of all, of Mary Hinton?"

"Oh, she is a very nice girl."

"A girl, Sophy!—why, she's five-and-twenty if she is a day. Did you see how she flirted with Dr. Kelson, absorbing his attention the whole of the dinner-time, and getting him to talk his politics and philosophy, and then nodding her little conceited head, as if she understood a word that he was talking? Dr. Kelson seemed to be mightily taken with her. Oh, Sophy, what fools men are! the wisest of them is struck silly by a dolly face."

"Oh, Ger," said Sophia, laughing in return, "if you talk like that, I shall fancy you are 'setting your cap' at the doctor yourself."

"I!" replied Gertrude; "no, thank you: I've no taste for a pastoral life. I couldn't care for those dirty-nosed, apple-faced little children; and I could not, like your mamma, have the patience to go from cottage to cottage, and listen to all the silly bleating of the old sheep. Besides, the doctor would drive me mad with his philosophy. I should like a partner (if I have one) to live down on this common earth with me. If he were always up in the skies, where poor I have no wings to follow him, why, I might as well have a ghost for a husband."

"Well, but, seriously, I don't think Miss Hinton deserves your censure. The doctor was giving her an account of his visit to Switzerland, and I think she could understand that; and no wonder she was interested in it."

"Oh, Sophy, you meek-spirited thing! you have a good word to say for everybody. But, come, let us turn to Frank. I suppose you think, too, he is a nice young man?"

"Well, I should like him better if he had any ideas beyond hounds and hares, horses and foxes, grouse and trout. His whole conversation was on the adventures of different hunts, the dodges of the foxes, the mishaps of dogs, horses, and men, or the struggling with a large trout, which, after all, broke away. It does seem to me a pity that a man like Frank should put all his mind into an amusement which, after all, belongs to savage life."

"You provoking girl! as if eating and walking did not belong to savage life! Now, I like Frank, I confess,

because he keeps on the ground. If I were a man, I should like horses and dogs—they are such noble creatures; and it must be such an excitement to be flying across the country, especially with the chance of getting your neck broken at the next hedge, or yourself and horse drowned in the next stream."

"If you can be serious, Ger, I'll tell you what I think. I admire hunting, and shooting, and fishing as much as you do; but I recollect that all these things are amusements, and I cannot but have a contempt for people who make amusement of any sort the business of their lives. Don't you remember how Dr. Kelson once preached us a sermon on the words, 'fishers of men,' and how he told us that men were the game of noblest souls, and that there was a magnificent excitement in trying to catch human spirits, and draw them to what is good, and in hunting down the evils around us as if they were animals of chase? Well, I like a man who is concerned, like Sir Henry or Dr. Kelson, with the game of men—who have got great objects in life, and only pursue amusements as amusements."

"Ah! well, Sophy, I can't be as wise as you are. I am afraid I can't feel your righteous indignation against one who lives only for amusement, for I don't live for much else myself. Such a Utopia as you would like, where people would be all good, and talk of nothing but 'great objects' and 'doing good,' would not be to my mind. But, come, we have not discussed Miss Drame. What an old guy she makes herself still! she dresses just as if she were twenty, and she's sixty if she's a day. Why, she had a blue silk dress the same shade as mine, and made in quite as young a style; and she wears a head-dress as juvenile as that of a young bride."

"Well, Miss Drame does dress a little too young; but then, you know, she is very young in spirit. I never knew any one take a more genuine interest in everything around her. She is as fresh as a daisy; invariably cheerful, never thinking or speaking of herself, but always ready to sympathise with every one, and enter into that which interests them. And, then, I do not know one person in all the country who does more good than she does, in proportion to her means. Why, she supports half the old women in the village; and last year she kept Tom Holloway's family from starving for many a month, when he was in the hospital at Bath."

"Well, I do not think good people have any right to make themselves ridiculous or disagreeable; and I do not know how it is, but they certainly often do contrive to make themselves both absurd and unpleasant."

"Oh, dear Ger, how wildly you talk! I'm sure you don't mean half you say.—Good evening, Norton."

"Good gracious! is that young workman, who bowed so courteously to you, Norton Purnell? I have not seen him for a long time. Why, he took off his hat like a true gentleman; and what a handsome face he has! I say, Sophy, is he some nobleman's changeling, that a wicked fairy has taken and dressed in a working man's garb? And are you the good fairy that are going to change him back again into his proper shape? Is it a story of 'Beauty and the Beast,' Sophy? I am sure 'Beast'—for I shall call him so—is one of your worshippers at a distance."

"For shame, Ger!" said Sophy, almost ready to cry. "You are really too bad; you know very well Norton bowed as much to you as to me."

"Not a bit. I saw by the 'angle of his inclination,' as our mathematical teacher used to say, that his bow might be to both, but his worship was for you. But here we are at home again."

(To be continued.)

In an early number of THE QUIVER will be commenced a series of practical papers on "BEE-KEEPING," by the Times' Bee-Master.



THE OLD OAK-TREE.

IT stands where village pathways meet,
Where toil-spent trav'lers turn
Aside, to rest their wayworn feet
Amid the cool green fern.

The ivy honours on its breast
Bespeak its vet'ran fame;
And proudly shines its towering crest
In the red sunset flame.

Enthroned upon a grassy meund,
The calm blue heav'n above,
The wee star daisies sprinkled round—
'Tis the resort of love.

It almost seems to have a heart,
And joys and cares like ours;
For blithely can it take a part
Among the birds and flow'rs;

N. S.—VOL. II.

But when the weary storm-winds sough,
It grieves our brave old tree;
Then waves each melancholy bough
To some sad memory.

'Twere hard to miss the hawthorn store
That wreath the brow of Spring,
Or never by the cottage door
To see the woodbine cling;

And ill might we the hyacinth sparo
From the dear shady woods—
The violet or the lily fair
From their own neighbourhoods;

Yet though we've each some chosen sweet,
There's none we'd miss like thee;
Our village would be incomplete
Without its old oak-tree.

A. W. B.

BUT A LITTLE WHILE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELF-MADE MEN."



UT a little while, and the present generation of the human race shall be in their graves. As the voice of the departed year sighs through the leafless branches, and blows over the withered fields, so sound the words—"All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away." Our continuance on earth is short and uncertain. How many are removed in infancy and childhood! What multitudes are cut down at the various stages of life without warning! "The spider's most attenuated thread is cord, is cable, compared to the hold we have on life." "Our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding." A few years hence and all who are now living shall have lain down on those beds where there is no pillow save the clay, no cover save the sod, no curtain save the coffin-lid, and no companion save the worms. How very soon must all the sovereigns now reigning over the nations, all the statesmen now occupying important and commanding positions, all the men of science and literature now rearing their proud trophies, and emitting their bright sparkles, all the warriors now renowned by their victories, all the manufacturers now sending the products of their mechanical and constructive capacity to every part of the world, all the artisans and operatives now so emulous about their reputation, all the ministers of the Gospel now in full health descanting on the tomb, and all the congregations now listening to them, be numbered with the dead! "One generation goeth, and another generation cometh;" as wave following wave breaks upon the shore, and disappears for ever. Mighty London, and all the other great cities of the world, may be more populous than ever, but their present inhabitants will not be found. Corrupt as it is, the tree of humanity has waxed so mighty and so great as to fill and to people the whole earth; but its leaves are ever changing and falling away. Cast your eyes along the branches of this tree, and you will discern many seared and yellow leaves. It has nourished and consigned to the grave its hundreds of successive generations:

*" 'Tis long since death had the majority!
Yet strange! the living lay it not to heart!
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Canna's field,
Where Carthage taught proud Rome to yield;
Immortal Blenheim, famed Ramilies' host,
They all are here, and here they all are lost:
Their millions swell to be discerned in vain,
Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main."*

But a little while, and we and all the people of the present generation shall be added to the number.

But a little while, and the day of salvation will come to an end. Let theologians settle the metaphysics of the Fall: we have no time to indulge in hair-splitting speculations relative to the entrance of sin into the world. Even if we had the time, we have not the talent for such studies. It is most

likely that the highest created being is unable to solve this mighty problem. Milton's angels found that this subject was hid in deepest darkness:

*"Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoning high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate—
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute—
And found no end in wandering mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued there—
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy."*

We write with no quill from the wing of soaring speculation, but with a pen truly desirous of urging practical realities. We are by nature fallen, ruined, lost. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for all have sinned." Sin has travelled the round of the globe! Go where we will, we shall everywhere see its ravages. There is no island of the blest, no famed spot on earth where we shall not meet with the grim and ghastly trophies of its triumph. We are every moment liable to be cast into hell. But God has, in infinite mercy, devised and revealed a most wonderful and gracious way of deliverance, and our business is to exhort you to be saved immediately, for there is only a short and uncertain period during which this is possible.

A universal amnesty is now proclaimed. "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and he is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." "Behold, now is the day of salvation." Now pardon, and peace, and holiness, and everlasting life are freely offered to the very chief of sinners. Now we may be reconciled to God through Jesus Christ, serve him in newness of life, and be invested with a title to heavenly glory. But a little while, however, and this most precious opportunity of securing the greatest possible blessing will be withdrawn, never again to return. The vessel by which we may sail to the bright shores of the eternal world is now lying in the harbour; the door by which we may make an eternal escape is now wide open; and the voice of Divine compassion is now lifted up in our ears. But a little while, and this inconceivably precious season shall have passed away.

But a little while, and all opportunities of doing good on earth shall cease. Christianity is not a religion of transcendental abstractions or brilliant speculations; its children are neither monks nor mystics, nor Epicureans, nor Stoics. It is a religion of loving, speaking, and doing, as well as of believing. It is a life as well as a creed; it is a life because it is a creed. Solomon furnishes us with an eminently practical prescription—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Here we have an appeal to the individual. We too often merge the individual in the crowd, or the personal in the collective. Let us not dissipate our responsibility. It is by each soldier bravely doing his duty that the army conquers; it is by each bee industriously working that the hive is stored with honey; it is by each insect faithfully putting forth all its might that the coral reef becomes an island, and

cities rise upon the bosom of the mighty deep. "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."

Opportunities of showing kindness and doing good are continually presenting themselves; and we have it in our power, in a greater or less degree, to lessen the amount of human wretchedness, and to increase the sum of human happiness. We are bound to employ the means and abilities which God has given us for the benefit of others. "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." Obligation is present; therefore, we must not procrastinate or adjourn to a future time. What we mean to do to-morrow is no apology for omitting what we ought to do to-day. Christ, who is the foundation of our hopes, the object of our faith, and the subject of our love, is also the model of our conduct; and he went about continually doing good, and left us an example that we should follow his steps. He worked the work of him that sent him while it was day, for he knew that the night was coming when no man could work. Are there, then, any poor, and wretched, and miserable, whom we may relieve? Are there any sick and diseased to whom we may minister? Are there any neglected or destitute whom we may instruct and relieve? Are there any living in sin whom we may admonish? Are there any who have forsaken the ordinances of God's worship whom we may reclaim? Are there any who have not yet heard of a Saviour's name to whom we may communicate the knowledge of his great salvation? A continuous stream of immortal souls is rushing onward to eternity. Lost by nature, they may be saved by grace, and through our instrumentality. Surely the most painful recollection on earth is that of having had it in our power to do good and neglected to do it. But a little while, and the Master will come and reckon with us for the ten talents, or the five talents, or the one talent, committed to our trust, and then our opportunity of doing good in this world shall be at an end for ever.

But a little while, and all now living shall be either in heaven or in hell. Whether we think of it or not, it is absolutely certain that we must soon be removed from the present world, and give place to others. In a few years at most, other scenes shall be presenting themselves to our view. We shall be inhabitants of the other world, of which we now so often hear. The sun shall rise in the blushing east, and set in the glowing west as formerly, but we shall not behold his cheerful light. The business of life shall be proceeding in its usual train, but we shall take no part in it. The Sabbath shall return as regularly, its bells shall discourse music as sweetly, and multitudes shall repair as cheerfully as ever to the house of God, but the Gospel of salvation—which has ever been, amid the changing scenes of earth, like a rock, planting its firm base

and raising its rugged head amid the surrounding waters—shall be proclaimed by other lips, and to other ears. Eternity, in all its ineffable grandeur and magnitude, shall have burst upon our vision; and the great point will be determined, whether we are to spend that eternity in happiness or in woe. Have we ever retired into our closet, and held converse with death? Have we ever asked ourselves, What shall become of us after we die? How awfully solemn are such thoughts! "Oh, my poor soul! what will become of thee? where wilt thou go?" was the cry of mingled uncertainty and despair uttered by the ambitious Mazarin before his dissolution. But a little while, and heaven, with all its pure and unspeakable bliss, or hell, with all its untold horrors, shall be ours.

But a little while, and Jesus shall return from his second far journey. To us who measure time by our own short lives, his coming may seem to be long delayed, yet it is not so. A very long period seemed to elapse before Christ's first coming into the world; but when the fulness of the time was come, at the precise period fixed in the counsels of heaven, he made his appearance. The period during which God bore with sinners in the days of Noah might seem long, but when the 120 years expired, the flood came and destroyed them all. The deliverance of the Israelites from Egyptian bondage seemed to be long delayed, but at the end of the 430 years the hosts of the Lord went out. In like manner, the second coming of Christ may seem to be long delayed, and not a few may be emboldened to say, "Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." But he will come the second time, as surely as he came the first, and will not tarry a moment beyond the appointed hour. More faithless than fond are the eyes which are at present turned towards the heavens into which he has gone. Many are fearing, more are hoping, that, as with the diver in Schiller's famous poem, his second plunge is his last. The sacred Scriptures are, however, positive as to the fact of our Lord's return, but indefinite as to the time. One great object of this seems to be, to keep the Church, as a faithful sentinel between heaven and earth, ever on its guard. "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years are as one day." It will be, verily, the glorious appearing of the great God, even our Saviour.

"Oh, how unlike

The babe of Bethlehem! how unlike the man
That groaned on Calvary! Yet he it is,
That man of sorrows, Oh, how changed! What pomp!
In grandeur terrible, all heaven descends,
And God's ambitious triumph in his train."

But a little while, and the Lord Jesus shall be seen coming in the clouds of heaven, and ascending the great white throne to judge the world.



FRIENDSHIP.



TRUE friendship is the richest of all earthly blessings. It is a grand thing to have a tried and trusty friend, true as steel, who will stand by us in all weathers. As the poet Young says—

"Poor is the friendless master of the world!

A world in purchase for a friend is gain."

But what is the nature of the intimacy accounted so valuable? We often use the term in a variety of meanings. It is quite common to call relations friends; but though they ought to be, many a one has relations who are anything but friends. In a general sense, friendship reckons all those with whom we are on terms of easy familiarity, whose presence is welcome, whose society we enjoy. This kind of fellowship might more properly be called companionship: it is not true friendship—a friend must, indeed, be a companion, but a companion may not be a friend. In this general sense we may have a large circle of friends; but how many of them could we trust unreservedly with our confidence? how many of them would stand by us in the day of adversity? The rich and the great especially find abundance of persons who are always anxious to be considered friends—men who will never tell them of their faults, nor hint at their weaknesses; who take care never to differ from them in tastes or opinions: who exert themselves to humour and flatter them; who openly admire, though often they may secretly scorn—cold, calculating hearts, that beat time to the tune of self-interest, and keep their own counsel; who are more desirous that you should be their friend than that they should be yours. That is what may be called the friendship of the world. And such friends are to be found more or less in every grade of society. There is no unmixed earthly good, and false friends is one of the attendant evils of prosperity; and the prosperous man has more need of caution in choosing his intimate associates than his brother who is in adversity. Persons of upright conduct and ordinarily pleasant temperament may have companions who are civil and obliging, who delight in their society, who wish them well and esteem their acquaintance, who have a true regard for them, and would put themselves about a good deal to serve them, but who never either give, or expect, full confidence. Such coalitions and interchange of good offices are common between neighbours and acquaintances, and associates in business; and it is well that it should be so, and would be better if there were more of it. It is the bond of union that makes society harmonious; it oils the wheels of the carriage in which we happen to be seated in the long train of the commonwealth, and makes travelling together so much more smooth and pleasant. But this is not friendship: it is a great and a good thing, and, though common in a measure, is yet far too scarce; but friendship is greater and better, and still more uncommon.

True friendship is a union of heart so close and intimate that our friend may be called our other self—one to whom we can talk almost as freely as we think; to whom we can open our hearts in confidence as much as one poor sinner dares open his heart to his fellow—one who will stand by us through good and through evil report, in joy or affliction, in prosperity or adversity. It has been defined as "a strong and habitual inclination in two persons to promote the good and happiness of one another." It is such a regard for another as that immortalised in the touching lament of David over Saul and Jonathan. That is the true idea of friendship.

Man is a social just as really as he is a physical being, and a kindred bosom is the happiest home of the heart. Our very nature longs and pants for friendship, and a higher than human wisdom has pronounced it not good for man to be alone. Our great progenitor, when placed in the garden of Eden, had abundance of everything to gratify the senses. Stainless, free from the taint of sin, a noble, beautiful being, he roved amid the plenty and bloom of unblighted Paradise. Yet his happiness was not complete; he had no kindred mind to whom he might pour out the thoughts that swept over his soul as he gazed on the loveliness of the heavens and the earth, or looked within on the happy wonder of himself, or mused on the glory and excellence of his Creator; he had no kindred heart to answer in the sweet thrill of sympathy to the feelings that coursed and burned in his bosom. With the inferior animals he could hold no rational intercourse—with his Maker the companionship was too unequal for constant, familiar enjoyment. God saw the void in his nature, and filled it with the purest and tenderest, the sweetest and most endearing, of all friendships. And as it was at the beginning so is it still—our nature is the same.

A little solitude now and then is sweet and beneficial—to rest from human intercourse, to be alone with ourselves and our God, to feel our souls in closer and higher communion with the Invisible. Yes, there are hours when solitude will calm, and cheer, and nerve our hearts for duty—times of sacred silence, when spirit whispers with spirit, when even the voice of a friend would jar on the inner harmony; and the man is not to be envied who cannot enjoy a solitary hour. But our nature is so constituted that its energy, and especially that of the inner life, the bloom of the heart and soul, cannot come to perfection alone; it will get stunted and shrivelled unless enriched by companionship, it will droop and wither unless fanned by the healthful breezes of social intercourse. But besides expanding our energies, the intercourse of friendship greatly enhances our joys and sweetens our sorrows. Often the enjoyment of a solitary hour is increased tenfold by the presence of a friend to share it with us.

"How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper, 'Solitude is sweet.'"

True friendship is no mere passive regard; it stands ready for action in the cause of its object, and at the call of duty is strongest and brightest in activity. When "the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune" are against us; when the front of adverse circumstances threatens to bear us down, it is cheering to have even one who will take his place at our side, and fight the battle with us. Many a one remembers with gratitude the time when he would have sunk overwhelmed, had not those whose friendship he had gained surrounded him, and cheered him with sympathy and hearty confidence, or lent him a warm grasp of the hand, and pulled him up and set him on his feet again. It is in time of adversity that the true worth of a friend becomes apparent. When the birds of passage that build their nests under our eaves in summer have taken to flight; when the wind blows and the flood comes; when we feel as if all the world were against us, it is grand, then, and inspiring—it awakens renewed energy, that a few kind and true hearts stand around us in the storm; with a trusty friend at our back we can feel more brave and hearty, we can stand more boldly to the conflict, and with fresh courage

"We'll fight, and we'll conquer,
Again, and again."

And in time of affliction—in the night of sorrow and tears; when our light is gone out; when the songs of joy are hushed, and the voices of mirth are silent; when the heart is sore, and the head aches with weariness and pain; when the road is rough and dark, and the wheels of being move sad and slow—it is sweet then, and comforting, it stays the fainting spirit, to see the lamp of sympathy shedding its softened light on our path—to feel that the sob which shakes our own bosom vibrates in other hearts; hearts that can feel and understand; that minister to our soul's distress in "the silent tenderness of woe." And how sweet, how precious, to have even one who will be near us when our life is low; to walk hand in hand with us to the shadowy border-land of eternity; to whisper hope when we enter the valley and shadow of death; to watch the fading stars and point us to the dawn that, over the summit of Calvary, streaks the horizon of the night of the world—dear then is the heart of a friend, and sweet the melody of his voice!

He who has a true friend is rich; in the darkest hour he is never utterly forlorn. Fortune may be kind—he can share her gifts with his friend; the world may smile—he can enjoy it with his friend; his days may be comparatively smooth and bright—he can walk in the sunshine with his friend. But adversity may come! His friend is more to him than than ever; circumstances may baffle him—he has still the favour of his friend; the worshippers of fortune and fashion may forsake him, and pass by on the other side—he has still the presence of his friend; the world may frown upon and disown him—he has still the smile of his friend; the viper tongue of slander may hiss when his back is turned—he has still at his side the strong, trustful voice of his friend; disappointments and sorrows may sweep around, and leave him lonely and desolate—he has still the company and comfort of his friend; he may travel down the road of Time, weary and footsore—but he has still the cheer and support of

his friend. Sweet and rich is the blessing that cheers our days of prosperity, and shines brightest in the darkness of adversity and distress—the precious, the invaluable treasure of a friend!

It is to be expected that a gem so valuable is, like other precious commodities, a scarce article in the commerce of the world, not that people do not want it, but that it is to a great extent overlooked; and by many, its blessings never having been enjoyed, they cannot estimate its value, and perhaps labour under the mistake that it costs too dear.

"All like the purchase, few the price will pay;
And this makes friends such miracles below."

Gold cannot buy friendship—it is an exchange: friendship for friendship is the price. He who cares for nobody has no right to expect that anybody will care for him; and we need not expect friends in any but those who have found friends in us. Many stolid or blunted natures, who would like very well to have a friend in time of need, never care about others till they want their assistance; they move about in the business of life satisfied with general acquaintance, having some hermitage or other where they retire to worship the golden calf, or self, or some other idol appropriate to the mistaken want of their being. We are not sure, indeed, but that the greater part of mankind pass through life without any such thing as real friendship. Some even sneer at all such sentimental softness, and count the world their enemy. Poor wretches! they do not know what a friend is, nor how easily they may find or make one. And we do not admire their philosophy, which accounts it wisdom to believe a man a thief till you know that he is honest; the better way is to give him credit for honesty till he proves it otherwise.

"This world is not so bad a world
As some folks try to make it;
But whether good, or whether bad,
Depends on how we take it."

It certainly does depend on ourselves, to a great extent; the degree of smoothness with which we get along depends in no small measure on the manner of our own locomotion. When several chords of a musical instrument are strung to the same pitch there is a kind of sympathy between them, so that if one chord is struck the others vibrate also; and in a manner something similar, the ascetic or selfish person will always find abundance of vinegar-tempered and selfish persons to keep him company; and the friendly heart also can find kindred fellowship, for everywhere there are hearts susceptible of friendship. Here, as everywhere else, the philosophy of the golden rule is most appropriate: Be a friend, and you will make friends.

Our nearest connections should be our dearest friends. The members of a family, united by Nature, are designed for intimate and peculiar friendship with each other. The home circle, above all places, should be her throne, and the centre of her deepest affections.

"O I ha'e seen great anes, an' sat in great ha's,*
'Mang lords an' 'mang loddies a' covered wi' braws; †
But a sight sae delightful I trow I ne'er spied
As the bonnie blythe blink o' my ain fireside."

There are those of whom we know that they care for us, that we live in their hearts—the hearts

* Ha's, halls.

† Braws, fine clothes.

that know us best; and there the hands that we love administer to our wants and our pleasures. What though it be homely? Grandeur dwellings may have more convenience and means of physical comfort, yet they want the charm of such friendship. But the companionship of the family circle is not always to be had, and we must seek for friends in the wider circle of humanity. Some there are who pine through life for want of an associate to whom they can impart their sentiments. Yet why should it be so? The mind must indeed be peculiar which cannot find among its acquaintances some soul with a bias like its own. Perfect unanimity of sentiment is not requisite, nor is it desirable. Aspirations, and tastes, and antipathies must, to some extent, be similar before a close union can be formed; but if both minds were exactly alike, they could derive neither benefit nor pleasure from the communication of thought. The mind wants diversity; each has some perfections which the other wants, and the interchange is advantageous—we have at second hand, so to speak, the perfections of our friend added to our own. One mind has not chords enough to make very full music, and when it comes in contact with another whose tones, though different, are not discordant, they unite, and make deeper, richer harmony.

True friendship is based on virtue; there may be "honour among thieves," but there cannot be friendship. Love and esteem are its parents—the one gives it tenderness, and the other confidence; constancy and faithfulness are the qualifications necessary for its permanence; and the more of other virtues and graces the better. Constancy is the soul of friendship. We should be deliberate and careful in making choice of a friend, and faithful in standing by him. Even though he may wander from the path of rectitude, we should not cast him off, but seek to recover him. Real friendship will give up everything for its object, except conscience—with this there must be no compromise. It is as base to desert a friend as a relation; perhaps more so, for the relationship we could not help, but the friend was of our own voluntary choice. It is base to turn our back on a friend, let his circumstances become what they may; but the basest of all is the false heart that worms itself into confidence, fiendishly searches for the weak points, and then stands aloof to shoot the poisoned arrow. Friendship will often stand open, manly opposition; but treachery, or secret wounds, never. Such conduct is only to be regarded with utter detestation and abhorrence; it inflicts the deepest pang of all. To prevent, if possible, such misery, we must be the more cautious in forming friendships. There are but few in the circle of acquaintance who we can admit unreservedly to our heart's confidence; and there must be confidence—distrust is fatal. There are some of whom we have an instinctive feeling, we can scarcely tell why, that they can never be friends; others are so dignified or austere that we cannot unbend before them—we know that they could neither sympathise with nor understand us. Some are so dogmatic and proud that they cannot bear contradiction, nor difference of opinion: they would rather go wrong by their own judgment, than right by that of others, and they cannot put up with the failings and infirmities of their neighbours. Others are so

uncertain and changeable that no reliance can be placed on them; they turn like a vane at every puff of slanderous breath; they take flight at microscopic blemishes, or supposed slights, and are constantly forming new friendships, if such they can be called, and leaving off the old. But old friends, we are quite sure, are the best—the new may be good, but of the old we are certain, and from long acquaintance each knows the other better.

Some have such an itch for news-telling, that nothing can be trusted to their keeping: it would be made public property to the first casual acquaintance they met. They seem to have no place within for keeping anything; they make quite free with all the secrets they can get out of you, not maliciously, but by reason of a failing which may be termed looseness of tongue, for they are equally communicative of their own. Such persons can never be, nor have, friends. The confidences of a friend are sacred, and must be kept in the innermost chambers of the heart, enshrined in our holy of holies.

Human friendships are all imperfect; and those who will have such friendship must be content to take their friends' imperfections and foibles along with it. We are all infirm and faulty, and we cannot, in justice, expect more from others than we are ourselves. Kindness and patience, mutual forbearance and forgiveness, must be largely exercised by all who associate intimately, otherwise the union cannot be either pleasant or permanent. Considering ourselves, we must be lenient towards the infirmities of our friends—not that we should suffer faults to grow upon them if we can help it; friendship will bear rebuke; but it should be administered with caution, always strictly just, and not too frequent.

Our real friends must of necessity be few. He who makes friendship equally with all the world, has no friend at all. We may—and our conduct ought to be such that we would—have many well-wishers and acquaintances whose society we enjoy; but we can trust unreservedly in few—we can find but few natures fitted to take root and grow firmly into ours; and perhaps the fewer the better—our affection will be more concentrated, and our communion deeper and more beneficial. In large companies the discourse runs on subjects of general interest; as they branch off into friendly parties or family gatherings it descends more to particulars; and in the meeting of two natures united by the tie of friendship the voice of the heart comes forth unreserved, the treasures of deepest individual interest are exchanged, each is enriched and refreshed, and rests in security on the bosom of the other.

A kindred breast is the happiest home of the heart; in sweetest enjoyment and in bitterest sorrow we sigh for another heart to share or sympathise with us. But there are many anxieties and troubles which we cannot disclose—there are often desperate things in our hearts, and sacred emotions too, which we dare not reveal to our dearest friend—and we can never be happy alone with dark secrets. We dare not share them with our fellows; but there is one Friend who knows us, and if our hearts have a home in his bosom all will be well. He can understand the inexpressible desire, the passionate endeavour of the soul; He will sympathise with us; He will wipe the stains from our spirits, and dry our secret tears; He will cheer and

help us in every trouble and perplexity. And this union does not hinder the enjoyment of earthly fellowships: its influence is to refine and ennoble them. Human friendship can only satisfy in a measure the lower capacities of our nature: it partly fills our cup, but the Divine friendship fills it to the brim, and sweetens the whole.

Earthly friendships pass away. The hearts that beat in unison with ours grow still and cold, and the world is dreary; a silence falls, a dark cloud comes between us, and when it breaks again, we stand alone weeping in a land of graves. But Christian friendships never die; they are bound up

in the life of God. They only change the selfish, fickle communion in twilight here, where each can scarcely know the countenance of his friend, for the pure and constant communion in light above, where all know even as they are known. There will be no jarring of heartstrings in the perfect harmony there. Sweet and gladsome will be the reunion of friends in the everlasting home, where friendship reigns supreme in the smile and protection of omnipotent love.

"This carries Friendship to her noontide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity."

J. H.

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

HEROES AND HEROINES IN HUMBLE LIFE.

ROBERT RIGHTHEART.



I was a very, very stormy night; the rain beat furiously against the window-sashes, and the vivid flashes of lightning lighted up the whole of the faces of the little assembly. It was past seven o'clock, and papa, who had promised to tell the tale of the evening, had not yet come in from the neighbouring town. Presently, however, the dog-cart was heard sounding its gritty way up the gravel path, and the servant reported that master had arrived all safe and sound. After refreshing himself with a cup of tea in the study, Mr. Fielding came in, his face quite ruddy with the blowing of the fresh gale, and his looks bespeaking gratitude for a safe arrival home, and gladness at seeing the cosy circle waiting for him in his own dear home.

Just as they were all seated in anticipation, ready to listen to the tale—some with knitting and some with plain sewing, and the boys quietly turning over their new tops, which were concealed in their jacket-pockets—a loud crash of thunder, louder than the rest, made the very room vibrate. Nelly put her face in her hands, and began to tremble; Charley, too, was afraid.

"Why, what would you do," said Mr. Fielding, "if you were a sailor boy, and had to ascend to the jib-boom, at the extremity of the bowsprit—perhaps, too, at the very height of the storm?"

"Why, I wouldn't go up," said Charley; "that I wouldn't! Nobody should make me; not even a rope's-end should drive me."

"But I think I know what would," said Mrs. Fielding. "Conscience would; the feeling that you ought to do your duty would; the knowledge that you would bring shame on yourself and family if you refused would; and, above all, the thought that through your cowardice the vessel might be lost would."

"True," said Charley. "You're right, ma! And there's another thing: I should be more afraid of laughter than of lightning, for I can't stand ridicule at all."

"Yes," said Mrs. Fielding; "and I hope far more of a hero than to shrink from duty, either to God or man."

"Now, papa! now papa!" they all cried out; "we're ready. Please to begin."

One or two playfellows were taking tea with them, somewhat older than themselves, so there was quite a large audience in the little room.

"Robert Rightheart," said Mr. Fielding, "may be seen opposite the Royal Exchange. When you next take an omnibus there, and make that dangerous passage between the Scylla and Charybdis of the City (I mean the Mansion House and the Bank), and land on that peculiar promontory of pavement in front of the Royal Exchange, one of our English pieces of statuary will attract your attention, the chief use of which seems to be to keep the wind and rain in winter, and the hot sun in summer, off the red-coated lads who clean shoes beneath its shadow."

"Now, look at that boy there—he is Robert Rightheart—he will never have a statue, and be seated on chiselled stone like that peculiar masonic effort above his head; but he has the heroic in his history for all that. You see he is nothing, as it were, to look at—a short dapper little fellow, without any pretensions as to dignity; his employment is one which has lately become very popular amongst London lads, namely, polishing boots. Various are the characters that come to his block; there are fast men and farmers, scavengers and statesmen, costermongers and clergymen. Here Robert daily takes his accustomed place—plays a tune on the top of his black box with the back of his brushes; takes the alto in the shape of a whistle, and winds up with—'Clean your boots, sir!' One morning he was rather disconsolate and depressed. He had left home with a heavy heart. He lived in Prospect Place, which, like most places so denominated, is up a dark and dingy court, with a blank wall in front, and a corps of very demonstrative chimney-pots at the back. He had an aged father, who was stricken with paralysis, and two little brothers; they were younger than he, and were motherless, for in the cholera season the mother died suddenly, and the shock induced an attack of paralysis in the father. The family had a trifle from the parish; the elder of the two lads held horses, carried parcels, ran on errands, and sometimes earned fourpence a day! But Robert earned all



"Oh, please, sir, you left a pound between the halfpence."—p. 169.

the rest. Now, he saw that his father needed strengthening up a bit, that he kept sinking, sinking—his life, indeed, ebbing gently out like the tide. The boys, too, needed new shoes—he could clean them, but he couldn't make them; he had also an idea that an extra blanket would be a comfort to father in the approaching winter. Sometimes Robert saved a wee bit; then came a bad day or two, and his bank, like the Royal British, began to break. The previous evening he was obliged to dip into his little store, for on wet days and foggy days gentlemen can't keep their boots bright, and so refuse to have them cleaned at all. To-day, then, rather heavy-hearted, Robert took his tuneless turn at the black box, for he was too dull for the customary serenade. His first customer was a youth, who looked as if he had been up all night, and had his breakfast at a coffee-stall; he hums a merry tune, but Robert thinks that he looks miserable after all. Then came a clerk, who made a slip of it that morning in getting off the omnibus, and whose boots needed freshening up a

bit. Next came a big, burly farmer, with a broad, honest countenance; he was on his way to the railway. He came across Lombard Street straight to the block, as though he should say, 'Make way there, you omnibus—take care! Keep clear, for I'm coming.' It was no light task cleaning his boots. First, there was the agglomeration of the farmyard, which he got at five o'clock, when he went round to see the young heifers attended to; then there was the thick clay down the new road to Mudmarsh Station; then, as an overall, there was the black London grease. Now the farmer, though a very honest man, was not fond of overpayment, so, after all Bob's hot, hard work, the farmer put his capacious hand into his capacious pocket, made all his money chink, and gave Robert two halfpence.

"Robert took them in his fingers, then touched his cap with them, and away went the burly farmer. Robert turned his head to answer his comrade, who cried out, 'All that for a penny, Bob?'

"This other lad had just received a silver three-

penny for cleaning a fast man's boots; they were only slightly soiled.

"Never mind!" said Robert; "better luck next time." He was about to drop the two halfpence into the black box, and to enjoy the pleasant chink, when, lo! something gleamed between the halfpence.

"It was a shilling—no! it was a SOVEREIGN!"

"At once Robert saw all his morning's dreams realised—the blanket, and the boots, and the good food for father. At once his heart leaped; his tongue was unloosed, and all the surrounding boys took the back of their brushes, and gave a tar-rir-lit—la on their boxes for very joy.

"Halves!" cried the boy next to him.

"But Robert turns pale; his hope is dying out—the blanket prospect is fast fading away, like the dissolving view lecture he recently went to see. Would it be right to keep this?"

"Now the devil crept close up to him and whispered—'You wouldn't know the farmer again; don't even know where the farmer was going; want the money worse than the hearty farmer does; cannot overtake him after this lapse of time.'

"But the devil gets the worst of it. Robert has been trained in a ragged-school, and asks help of Christ. Down go the brushes. 'Mind my box!' he says. He saw the track the farmer took, and gathering up his apron, away he went. The dandies about the Exchange must keep clear, or they will be finely splashed. Away, away, like a hound upon the scent; now on the path, now off again. Past the Exchange, up Threadneedle Street into Bishopsgate—then the course is clear. He thinks the farmer went towards the station. On Robert sped, quite out of breath. There he is—yes! there. But no—that is not his face; but it is the same farmer build. They're all so much alike, these Essex farmers.

"Off again, up to the jutting point in the street near to the station. Yes! there he was, that was the man himself. One more bound on and off the pavement. Now Robert has seized his heavy coat-tails—

"Oh, please, sir, you left a p-o-o-und between the halfpence."

"Aye! what! Hallo! ah!" says the farmer. He dives his hand into his pockets again, and counts his gold. Oh! that careless conglomeration of sovereigns, sixpences, and halfpence; how often Mrs. Barly had scolded him for that. Yes, he was a pound short—that was clear.

"Thankee, my lad, thankee," says the farmer. "Well done, boy! Here's a five-shilling piece for you."

"Thank you, sir," said Robert.

"Ah, that was right well-earned money that was. The farmer would have been scarcely right, boys," interrupted Mr. Fielding, "to have rewarded virtue with *all*; but he did very right to give Robert a good round sum, and to leave him still the sweet consciousness of having made a sacrifice for truth.

"Robert sped back again; he was so happy, so very happy now; and all the chimes went ringing in the belfry of his heart,

"Well done, Rightheart!
Well done, Bob!"

His countenance was all glowing and gleaming

when he got back again and knelt down on the little carpet before the black box.

"What a soft!" said one, 'to give the old 'un back his money.'

"A precious fool!" said another.

"But Robert knew he was no soft—no fool. Fools were never so happy as he was; or folly would not be a bad investment. Folly never did, and never can furnish such a treat as conscience gave him that day.

"Robert added the money to his little store, and before the week had ended he compassed all his ends: the blanket, the boots, and the good food for father.

"And I say 'Well done Robert,' said Mr. Fielding. 'Better is the poor that walketh in his integrity, than he that is perverse in his ways, though he be rich.' It is well to act *quickly* up to the sense of duty; to treat *fearlessly* the ridicule of our companions, and to silence the devil's whisperings by prayer to Jesus. Robert Rightheart belonged to the true nobility of Nature, and was in very deed one of the heroes of the world."

The tale was over. The time was up. It was later than usual. They had been by turns laughing and crying, and now it was time for resting. So there was rather a boisterous demand for another tale another evening, with the usual irresistible child eloquence, "You must—indeed, you must, papa!" Whether this was so we shall afterwards see. Meantime, we hear the street-door open, and amidst some hastening home, some scampering upstairs to bed by the boys, we leave Mr. and Mrs. Fielding—the one with his library book, the other with her sewing work.

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

"Receive with meekness the engrafted word."—James i. 21.

WHEN resting low upon your morning way
The white cloud of some childish sorrow
lies,

And tears stand—strangers—in your youthful eyes,
Oh, for some promise with its cheering ray,
To light the clouds, and melt the mist away!
Then take the bright-leaved Bible from the shelf,
Its value more than miser's hoarded pelf,
And search the Scriptures meekly, that you may
Set on your heart a pearl of truth divine,
Some message from your Saviour, just to tell
That your light trouble all for good is given.
Gems shine the brightest in the darkest mine,
The Father chasteneth whom he loveth well,
And Calvary's crown-thorns line the path to heaven.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURAL ACROSTIC.—No. IX.

"Gilboa."—1. Sam. xxxi.

1. Goliath	1 Sam. xvii. 4-7.
2. I ra	2 Sam. xx. 26.
3. L ois	2 Tim. i. 5.
4. B ashan	Isa. ii. 13.
5. O bed	Matt. i. 5. 6.
6. A dam	Gen. v. 2.

GOING A-MAYING.



I.
 HE sun hath kissed his mountain-tops,
 And moves through higher ether;
 And spite of these few April drops,
 We've promise of fair weather.
 How shines the rainbow in the west,
 Around the dying crescent!
 We'll scorn the fears that fill the breast
 Of weather-weening peasant;
 Nor heed his croak, as he dons his cloak,
 "You'd better in be staying:"
 Away, away! 'tis the month of May,
 And we *will* go a-maying!

II.
 Come forth, come forth! the rain is o'er,
 And shines on blossoms tender;
 The brooklet gleams athwart the moor,
 All bright with sunrise splendour.
 And, hark! the lark is in his cloud,
 And list the linnet singing;
 Anon the cuckoo calleth loud—
 "Cuckoo!"—the echoes ringing
 Come forth, come forth! for the wind's due
 north;
 We'll have no more delaying.
 Away, away! 'tis the month of May,
 And we will go a-maying!

III.
 Ay! yonder waves the ancient wood,
 With whisper and with murmur;
 And though for ages it hath stood,
 It never hath stood firmer;
 Nor brawnier hath its branches been,
 Nor ruddier-ripe the moss o'm,
 Nor bud and leaves a brighter green,
 Nor sweeter its may-blossom!
 The morning breeze cometh o'er the trees,
 And down the slope is playing.
 Oh, happy day! 'tis the month of May,
 And we can go a-maying!

IV.
 We'll bear the gleaming clusters down;
 And—here's our faith upon it—
 We'll deck dear Gaffer's beaver crown,
 And granny's scuttle bonnet!
 We'll fill with bloom the chimney-shelf,
 And every eye with gladness;
 And pelt with may the brownie elf,
 That lurks with strife and sadness!
 Away with strife in our morn of life!
 But Love's true law obeying,
 We'll bless this day, in the month of May,
 That brings us forth a-maying!

BONAVIA.

MY BEES AND BEEHIVES.

BY THE "TIMES" BEE-MASTER.



THE honey bee has been the favourite of the cottager in every age and in every country. A hive is an essential article, and no mean ornament, of the garden. Its absence is suggestive of doubtful habits. The cotter who keeps bees is not a frequent visitor of the beer-house; nor, generally speaking, is he without a clean shirt and a decent coat on a Sunday. Flowers seem solitary and incomplete without bees, and the garden bare and forsaken in which there is not heard their sweet and plaintive hum. It was one of the attractions of the land of promise, that it was "a land flowing with milk and honey." David selects the produce of the bee as the most expressive representation of the value and preciousness of the Word of God. "It is sweeter than honey and the honeycomb." Virgil, the Latin poet, sang the habits, and the instincts, and joys of bees; and since the reign of David, and the song of Virgil, some thousand

writers have spent their spare hours in describing the habits and the value of this tiny but interesting insect. The most gifted chancellor that ever sat upon the woolsack did not think it beneath his dignity, or unworthy of his powers, to describe the marvellous achievements of the honey bee.

Lord Brougham writes:—"The attention which has been paid at various times to the structure and habits of the bee, is one of the most remarkable circumstances in the history of science. The ancients studied it with unusual minuteness, although being, generally speaking, indifferent observers of facts, they made but little progress in discovering the singular economy of this insect. Of the observations of Aristomachus, who spent sixty years, it is said, in studying the subject, we know nothing; nor of those which were made by Philissus, who passed his life in the woods for the purpose of examining this insect's habits; but Pliny informs us that both of them wrote works upon it. Aristotle's three chapters on bees and wasps contain little more than the ordinary observations, mixed up with an unusual portion of



"We'll bless this day, in the month of May,
That brings us forth a-maying!"



vulgar and even gross errors. How much he attended to the subject is, however, manifest from the extent of the first of these chapters, which is of great length. Some mathematical writers, particularly Pappus, studied the form of the cells, and established one or two of the fundamental propositions respecting the economy of labour and wax resulting from the plan of the structure. The application of modern naturalists to the inquiry is to be dated from the beginning of the eighteenth century, when Maraldi examined it with his accustomed care; and Réaumur afterwards carried his investigations much further. The interest of the subject seemed to increase with the progress made in these inquiries; and about the year 1765 a society was formed at Little Bautzen, in Upper Lusatia, whose sole object was the study of bees. It was formed under the patronage of the Elector of Saxony. The celebrated Schirach was one of its original members; and soon after its establishment he made his famous discovery of the power which the bees have to supply the loss of their queen, by forming a large cell out of three common ones, and feeding the grub of a worker upon royal jelly—a discovery so startling to naturalists, that Bonnet, in 1769, earnestly urged the society not to lower its credit by countenancing such a wild error, which he regarded as repugnant to all we know of the habits of insects; admitting, however, that he should not be so incredulous of any observations tending to prove the propagation of the race of the queen bee, without any co-operation of a male—a notion since shown by Huber to be wholly chimerical.

"In 1771 a second institution, with the same limited object, was founded at Lauter, under the Elector Palatine's patronage, and of this Riem, scarcely less known in this branch of science than Schirach, was a member."

In the course of the eighteenth century, Réaumur, Linnaeus, Schirach, and Huber; and in the nineteenth century, Kirby, Taylor, Lardner, and Cotton, have given close and protracted attention to bees. Mr. Cotton, in his captivating bee book, has combined the research of the student and the practical experience of the apiarian with the kindness and piety of the Christian minister. He is an enthusiastic lover of bees. To his labours they owe much of their immunity from cruel and ruthless ill-treatment.

Honey is a most valuable article of commerce. It is a delicious and wholesome addition to the breakfast-table, highly nutritive, and much conducive to health. It is true this has been called in question by some; but it will be found in most cases in which it has disagreed, that the honey partaken of was that horrid mixture sold as "fine new honey," in red earthenware pots, by oil-shops, at tenpence a pound, which consists of wax, old cells, grubs, and pollen, melted into a heterogeneous mass, and sufficient to poison the strongest stomach. Pure honey is most salutary. The market price of honey in the comb, early in the season, is two shillings a pound, and later in the season, one shilling and sixpence. Each hive, managed after the directions which will be given in subsequent papers, will produce, at the very least, and in very bad seasons, ten pounds of surplus honey, worth twenty shillings, at the very lowest estimate. It is almost as easy to keep ten or twenty hives as one.

In good seasons, a single stock will yield thirty pounds weight of honey, leaving, in this as in the previous case, sufficient food for the bees during the ensuing winter. But I take ten pounds as the very lowest average produce, and a very low average produce it is. Improved culture will lead to vastly richer results. The wax, also, is of considerable market value, as long as wax candles, the healthiest and most elegant lights, are used.

Before entering on the practical treatment of this subject, it may be useful to describe the bee and the beehive.

The first in dignity, order, and importance is the *queen bee*.

She is the mother, and the ruler of the apiarian community. She is larger than the ordinary working bee, very elegant and symmetrical in form, and "every inch a queen." She is not the child of a dynasty distinct in nature from the common bee—she is developed from the same egg as her subjects: nurture and treatment make the distinction. There is no lineal or royal descent. The grub is selected, its cell is enlarged, the inmate intended for the throne is nursed, or, rather, covered up, in its cell fifteen instead of the ordinary eleven days. Temperature and food seem to make the difference. Huber is of this opinion; but the Rev. Mr. Leitch, minister of the parish of Moncmail, in Scotland, an accurate and laborious student of bee-economics, could not discover, by taste or chemical analysis, any distinctive difference in the queen's food. When once enthroned, her subjects, the working bees, numbering from 10,000 to 30,000, yield her majesty absolute and unquestioning obedience. They never turn their backs on their queen—never dispute her orders. Their loyalty is love, their obedience instinct, and their social harmony a model for every earthly sovereignty. Bees are neither democrats nor republicans; they are devoted royalists.

The working bee in a state of rest, or laden with bee-bread or pollen, is called a "neutral;" it is, really, an undeveloped female. These working bees are apparently organised by the presiding genius into gangs or divisions. Some collect honey, others pollen; others are employed as architects, who construct the cells and make roads of wax; others keep the eggs warm; others ventilate the hive with their wings; and others, as sentries at the entrance, defend the establishment from wasps and other wicked burglars. The average length of a bee's life is six weeks: the greatest length is six months. It would appear that the length depends upon the amount of active energy put forth. In May, June, and July, bees are rapidly wasted down, and die early. In winter they live many months. The summer life of the bee is short and happy: in winter it is long, and torpid, and dull.

The drone, or male bee, is not a very elegant inmate of the hive. He is fat, lazy, and idle; yet one of them is the father of the family. He has no sting. The queen selects one drone for her consort, spends the honeymoon of a day in the air, and then returns to her home, and family, and subjects. On the death of her consort, she remains a widow. About the beginning of July, when the drones cease to be necessary for sustaining and raising the temperature of the hive (breeding season being over), the bees set on them, garrotte them, and drive them out of the hive. The drone collects no

honey, but eats voraciously of stores accumulated by the industry of others. He ceases to work, and therefore justly ceases to live. They that do not contribute to the welfare of others impoverish themselves. Great receivers ought to be great givers.

Bees are endowed with memory. They recollect for three days, and occasionally a whole week, one who has violently disturbed their repose, or accidentally wounded a sister bee. If at first fed from a certain part of the garden, they will return in the early spring to the same place in quest of food; and they will show signs of great disappointment if they find no renewed provision.

The inmates of each hive are affectionately attached to each other, and, *vi et pedibus*, they defend one another from their common enemies. Nor does one hive quarrel with its neighbour hive. Each community minds its own business; and a quarrel, unless in desperate cases, does not occur. Bees set an example which Christian denominations might advantageously imitate. But sweet and flowery May—about the middle and end of which the bees swarm, emerge, and the season, also, of starting bee-keeping, as a pleasure and a profit, begins—is already come; and therefore, in the next paper, some practical prescriptions for cottager, and squire, and peer, will be given.

AN OLD STORY.



NEVER a fairer ship set sail on the gleaming ocean,
Never a goodlier crew sailed under the morning star.
Ho! for the brave, brave wind, and the stir, and the ceaseless motion!
Ho! for the proud swell rising, to carry her over the bar!

It was the first of June: I stood near the water's breaking,
And saw the wavelets laughing, and rippling up to my feet;
Never a cloud in the sky, but only the old sun streaking;
Below, the sea; and above, the cliff, and the heather sweet.

It was the first of June: I stood and I watched her fleeing—
Watched her, my beautiful ship, sail over the summer sea;
Heard the shouts of the sailors, my heart all throbbing and beating;
And thus, in the sunlight of morning, she faded away from me.

* * * * *

Only an old, old story—you've heard it times out of number:
A cruel rock in the darkness, a rent in the vessel's side;
All hands lost—not a soul saved—the strong men rocked into slumber,
Where the waters lie dark and deep, by the ebb and flow of the tide.

Only a nine days' wonder! You might hear them say in the City,
"Have you heard of the dreadful wreck?" as you passed the folks in the street.
"Was she fully insured? You say not? More's the pity.
Pray, what was her tonnage—her deck was how many feet?"

Only an old, old story, now seldom, if ever, related:
I only remember the time when she sailed on a morning in May.
Oh, my beautiful ship! since then, in the darkness belated,
How my eyes have grown weary with watching for you in the bay!

Only an old, old story, yet none the less bitter or crushing.
Oh, for a sight of her sail on the utmost line of the sea!
In the night-time I wake and I weep, for I hear the waves rushing,
And I know that my beautiful ship can never come back to me!

E. L. M.



Drawn by WILLIAM SMALL.]

[Engraved by J. COOPER.

"I stood and I watched her fleeting—
Watched her, my beautiful ship, sail over the summer sea."

See "AN OLD STORY," p. 17A.



NORTON PURNELL

CHAPTER XIX.

VIEWS OF LIFE AND DUTY.



TIME went on. Norton was rapidly inducted into the mysteries of masonry. Now he was helping to build a cottage, and now to repair an old farmhouse. This month he was roaming through some old church, which was undergoing renewal. He inspected every monument, studied every old carving and piece of stained glass, and almost worshipped the old bells in the belfry, perhaps for no better reason than that they *were* so old. Then, next month, he was down some coal-pit, walling the shaft or arching the "roads," and attentively studying the formations, noticing all the geological strata through which the shaft penetrated, and the beautiful fossil forms that seemed like carvings on the roofs of the various workings. Another time he was out on the Mendip Hills, building sheep fences. In the dinner hours he would wander there over the silent downs, along the streams, and into the woods, noticing every herb, and flower, and bird, and beast that came in his way. As he had at first to overhaul a large number of the stones used by Uncle Will in building, he had found great opportunities of collecting fossils; and few were the days he did not return to his home laden with ammonites or nautili, bones or teeth of saurians, ferns, or gryphites. He took the finest specimens of flowers, insects, and fossils to Parson Wilmot's, to present them to Sophia, and thus had the opportunity of keeping up his old acquaintance with the secret of his thoughts.

Constant exercise and change of air and scene had developed his frame, and, as Gertrude had said, he was grown a fine, tall, handsome young fellow. Dr. Kelson heard of his botanising and geologising tendencies, and applied to him to search for some peculiar fossils that he wanted in the lias; and also to ascertain some facts as to the cropping out of strata in certain localities. He was so astonished at the knowledge of the young mason, and the ease with which he expressed himself, that before long he put all his own scientific library at Norton's disposal, and would often come on an evening and spend an hour or two with him, talking on geology and kindred subjects.

Norton found in Dr. Kelson the very man for whom his soul had craved. It was not merely that to Norton Dr. Kelson's knowledge seemed almost boundless, but there was such a great soul and purpose pervading that knowledge, binding it all together, and finding meaning in it, that to Norton he seemed the highest specimen of humanity he had ever seen.

In him, too, he found the kind of religion after which his better nature had yearned—a religion which, having for its foundation the infinite Possessor and Giver of all greatness and goodness, overflowed in admiration for all that was great and noble in the beings he had created.

But we shall best form our idea of Dr. Kelson's religion from a conversation that Sophia and Gertrude had one day with him. It had been a grand hunt, and many of the company of Nimrods had assembled to dine at Sir Henry's. Dr. Kelson early left the gentlemen, and joined the ladies in the drawing-room.

Sophia was reading Spenser, and Gertrude, "Ivanhoe." The doctor sat down by them.

"So, ladies," he said, "both deep in knight-errantry? Aha! the young gentlemen now-a-day must be a very dull, practical set, or, when they see the enthusiasm of young ladies like you for the brave knights of old, they

would clap on helmet and armour like Don Quixote, take lance in hand, and go forth to slay wrong and punish evil. But there are no knights in these degenerate days—are there, Miss Wilmot? Young men put on their hunting caps, and go forth to vanquish a hare or a fox, and talk about their exploits as if they were the chief concern of life."

"What would you have, Dr. Kelson?" said Gertrude; "there are no dragons, no robber-knights, to vanquish now-a-day."

"Gertrude," said Sophia, "do you remember how our old playmate once said to us that there *were* dragons and robber-knights still?"

"And what were they, Miss Wilmot?" said the doctor.

"The vice, ignorance, stupidity, and prejudice around us, in so many of our fellow-creatures. Ah, sir, when I see in what a degraded condition many lie who have been made by the same God, and have surely the same faculties as ourselves, I sometimes long to be a man, and go forth like one of the old knights, and wage war against these monsters."

"Pooh! my dear," said Gertrude, laughing: "would it not be better to have a knight of your own to send forth to do battle for you? Oh, I should like to be such a knight. How you would smile upon me. Dr. Kelson, cannot you find some nice young curate that would be Sophy's knight? for surely it is a parson's work that she wants done, after all."

"For shame, Gertrude; you really are getting too bad."

"Well, but," said Dr. Kelson, "is not what Miss Wilmot says true? Is not the knightly work that you want to have done exactly that of the clergyman?"

"It may be that of the clergyman in particular, but I can't help thinking that it is that of the *man* in general—that is, the educated man."

"What in the world are you two talking about?" broke in Gertrude, just at this moment; "you make my head ache, trying to understand you. Sophy, you little hypocrite, if you pretend to understand all this transcendentalism, I'll never forgive you. Come, Dr. Kelson, ask her to go to the piano, and let us have a little music, or I shall have a brain fever in the morning."

Dr. Kelson conducted Sophia to the piano, and politics and metaphysics were tabooed for the rest of the evening.

Political agitation became more and more rife in the country. The trades' unions in the towns sent radical orators into the country districts. The mind of the village labourers was stirred; but, alas! at first only the mud came up. The only result that followed from the speeches of agitators was a vague, passionate impression of wrong and oppression. The labourers began to be discontented, to nurse feelings of bitterness against the rich for grinding them down by low wages, and to ask why bread should be so dear, and why they should get hardly enough to keep body and soul together, when there was so much corn stored up in granaries. The fierce outcome of these feelings, in some parts of the country, was rick-burning. This incendiary spirit had not yet burst out at Chilton, but in Wiltshire and Dorset it had run like a flame, and blazed far and wide.

As a workman, Norton would of course mingle freely with his fellow-villagers. It would often be necessary, in order to avoid being singular, for him to eat his bread-and-cheese dinner along with his companions in some public-house in the neighbourhood of their work. Here, of course, the notions that were uppermost in men's minds were discussed; and Norton was constantly wit-

ness to such an amount of utter ignorance, brutality, fierce passions, like those of wild beasts, absurd misconceptions and prepossessions, that the thought constantly rose in his mind, "Are these beings with minds and faculties like myself? How is it they have been allowed to fall into this degraded state? Can nothing be done to raise them?"

He went to Dr. Kelson with his difficulties. "How is it, sir," he said, earnestly, but respectfully, "that you ministers have had most of these men before you, Sunday by Sunday, from childhood, and yet have allowed them to grow up with their minds and souls, as far as I can see, seared and dead? Surely there is something wrong somewhere."

"I have often asked the same question, and taken deep shame to myself," said the doctor; "but I give you the same answer that I gave some ladies, the other evening. I think the fault of us clergymen is that, we are not enough human. We do not speak out of our own living, enlightened, regenerated human nature to the human nature of our people."

"But could a clergyman be a minister of Christ, to speak his message, and yet also be one speaking, at the same time, from his own human nature?"

"My dear Norton, Christianity, while it is the revelation of God, is the revelation of our human nature—that is, of our human nature in its fullness and perfection, as influenced by God's Spirit dwelling in the converted man. Do you not remember that Christ was perfect man, as well as perfect God? Cherish the religion of your heart, Norton, and be assured that Christianity has no higher object than to feed and strengthen it. By-and-by, perhaps, the ministers of religion will see this more clearly than they do, and then they will make Christianity what it was intended to be—the blast of the archangel's trumpet, to go direct to the soul of man, and awake and raise it from its grave and death of ignorance and sin."

"But, sir, how are the dreadful ignorance, vice, and brutality around us to be removed?"

"They cannot be removed at once. Each one of us must do his part. This was the subject of my conversation with the ladies referred to the other evening; and one of them regretted the old mythic times, and that there were no knights now-a-days. She was thinking of a knight whom she could send forth to fight her battle against the ignorance, stupidity, and vice around; but she looked about and could find no such one, not even, as she thought, among the ministers of religion. As for the country gentlemen, she knew well that they are so given up to the sports of the field and joys of the table, that she might as well look for the knight she imagined among their ploughmen as among themselves."

Dr. Kelson did not even hint who the ladies were of whom he spoke, and probably he did not dream that it was suitable to do so. But something told Norton that no one but Sophia could have uttered this wish, and the thought filled his mind with a secret ecstasy. Yes, *he* would be the knight she craved. She would never know his devotion to her, never know that her spirit inspired him, but still he would do the work she wanted.

From that time he determined to devote himself to endeavour to raise his fellow-villagers from the depth of their barbarism.

He saw that the first thing was to teach them to read and write, dropping upon them, in the meantime, such simple ideas as might enlarge their conceptions of God (as revealed in his Son), of the world, and of their duty in it.

There was a kind of shed at the end of one of the rows of cottages near the middle of the village, that had once been used as a shoemaker's workshop. This Norton persuaded Farmer Walkins, the landlord, to let him. He contrived to borrow a form or two for the present,

and to knock up some desks from planks purchased from the carpenters' yard.

This place he opened for such of the young men of the village as chose to come four evenings in the week, charging them only such small sums as he calculated would pay for candles and rent. The room was soon filled. Norton did his best to instruct the young rustics in the mysteries of reading, writing, and accounts. And every evening, when books were put away, before the scholars left, he would address them together, trying to give them by degrees some conception of the extent, and nature, and glory of the world in which they lived. Sometimes he took them up into the starry heavens, and tried to give them some idea of space, and the vastness of the universe. At other times he would cause them to travel with him back into the past, and unlock, for their amusement, chamber after chamber furnished with the pictures of history. But, most of all, he was fond of dwelling on biography, and filling their memories with the names and lives of great and good men who had left their impress on the world. And then he would say, "Remember, all these great ones were men; they were of the same flesh and blood as ourselves. We ought to be proud and thankful that there have lived men to make our nature glorious. And since we ourselves are possessed of like natures to them, we ought to have a great respect for that better nature, and endeavour to rule our thoughts and actions by its dictates." And, finally, he would point out the only perfect man, Christ Jesus—both God and man—and tell them that all their improvement here influenced their future only so far as it was bound up with their faith in what he had done.

What Norton was doing soon began to attract attention in the neighbourhood. Parson Wilmot said, "And so Norton is turned pedagogue and lecturer, I hear, to all the young clodhoppers in the parish. 'Tis all radicalism and nonsense. He's only putting notions into the fellows' heads that will make them unfit for their station. 'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing'—ah, a very dangerous thing! Besides, as far as I can learn, these lectures that he gives the gaping young clodpoles about 'peasants learning to venerate themselves as man,' sound to me very much like the sentiments of infidels. I'm afraid that's what Norton's learning has brought him to. He has been reading the 'Rights of Man;' and he'll be teaching from the 'Age of Reason' next, and telling his followers they ought not to believe the Bible."

"Oh, my dear father!" said Sophia, looking up from her embroidery, "you should not say so, when Norton is doing so much good; and I am sure he will never be teaching infidelity, for he has a most religious mind."

"Hoity toity, miss! do you think you know better than your father? And I should like to know how *you* have got such an intimate acquaintance with this young fellow's mind as to answer for him? It is not ladylike—to speak up for him in this way!" and so saying, Parson Wilmot went out of the room, and slammed the door behind him in his usual fashion. He was seen, for a quarter of an hour afterwards, walking to and fro on the terrace, talking violently to himself, and striking his stick upon the ground.

The biting words of her father brought tears of vexation and indignation into the eyes of Sophia. "What a shame," she cried, indignantly, to her mamma, "to speak to me in this way! Oh, mamma, what a world this is! how full it is of prejudice, and passion, and injustice. Only think of Norton being blamed as a demagogue, because he is devoting himself to raise and improve his fellow-men! I am sick of the selfish and empty stuff I hear talked among our own class, about keeping the working classes in their places. It seems to me that it means keeping them in a place mentally and morally only just above our pigs and horses. Oh, I wish I were a man, I would speak out!"

"My dear," said her mamma, "we must be patient. You know your father has the kindest heart to the working classes, though he does not like them to become politicians. And I feel sure that he has a great admiration for Norton, though he disapproves of his innovating practices. Moreover, remember the ideas you and others hold about the improvement of the working classes are quite new; and old-fashioned people, like your father and I, have not had time to get accustomed to them yet."

Sophia threw her arms round her mamma's neck, and kissed her, saying, "Mamma, I wish I could be patient and hopeful like you, but I cannot; and sometimes it seems to me, dear mamma, as if I ought not—as if it were a duty to feel impatient and indignant against what is wrong."

"Yes, be impatient and indignant, my child, against what you are *perfectly sure* is wrong, but still be modest, and distrust your judgment in deciding. Remember, there are two sides to every question, and in the minds of the partisans of the worst side there are generally mixed up with the cause some principles of right and religion, which seem to make it sacred, and for which the partisans of the opposite side give them no credit."

CHAPTER XX.

SEEKING A CLUE.

WE should be unfaithful to history if we represented Norton as all this time contented and reconciled to his condition. In truth, he was very discontented. He still longed for an occupation that should give more scope to his intellectual faculties—more opportunities of acquiring knowledge and nourishing his mental strength. He longed, too, for more congenial society, and his proud spirit bitterly chafed at the distance at which he felt all the gentry in the neighbourhood, except Dr. Kelson, and perhaps Sophia, kept him. He still cherished, therefore, the determination to escape from his position as soon as possible. After his labours at his night-school he carried on his own studies to a late hour, and even during meal-times, and also on wet days, and he employed every other available hour of leisure. He had now, with very little assistance, except an occasional hint from Dr. Kelson, so far accomplished Latin, as to be able to construe with ease Juvenal and Tacitus, these happening to be the classics which he first picked up at the bookstall he frequented. He had mastered the elements of algebra and geometry, and carried on his readings in literature and history; while every walk and every day experience added to his acquaintance with botany and geology. He did not know exactly in what way his accomplishments could be turned to advantage, but he harboured a faith that something would at last turn up, or some way would open for him.

We must not suppose, either, that the information given him by Ruth had remained without effect in his mind. In fact, it had continually fermented there, producing all kinds of speculations. He had gone over to Bath more than once, with the special object of making the most diligent search and inquiry, but could learn nothing of the fate of the lost pearl box and letter. During the enforced leisure of a hard winter, when there had been no mason-work to be done, Norton (with an object in view) had set to work to make his slight knowledge of drawing and geology useful. He succeeded in making a number of showy water-coloured drawings of flowers, fruits, and fancy groups, &c., such as he thought would be valued by cottagers; he also constructed a number of little boxes, which he furnished with specimens of the various strata, curious stones, and their smaller fossils, of which he had a large collection. With these he set off to explore the land up the country

beyond Bath, his aim being twofold—by travelling as a kind of pedlar, both to support himself and to enter into the villages and towns lying in the district from which his mother was supposed to have come. With the drawings he would visit the cottages; with the geological specimens the houses of the wealthy.

By easy stages he walked through all the west of Somersetshire and east of Wiltshire, inquiring in all the villages and towns which he visited the history, as far as he could, of the families in each neighbourhood. He would enter the public-houses, and sitting in the chimney-corner, would gossip with the men, asking the questions he wanted answered in various forms: whether they knew of any story in the neighbourhood of a lady who had run away from her husband, or any family thereabouts who had been searching for any of its members? He certainly heard of more than one instance of elopement, but then the lady appeared to have gone off disgracefully, and Norton would not for a moment entertain the idea that the flight of his mother was one of crime. He had formed to himself an ideal of that mother as a lady of high birth, great accomplishments, beauty, and refinement, and adorned with every noble quality.

He had passed more than a month of the severe frosty weather in this search, and still had discovered no satisfactory trace, when one day he came to a village among the Wiltshire hills, called Upham. Most of the villages, and the land around, belonged to a certain Squire Thornley, who lived in the big house of the place, separated from the high road by a park of considerable pretensions. Norton, as usual, inquired from the cottagers, while showing them the pictures, the history of the great family—where Squire Thornley had come from; if he were ever married, and if he had any children. He learnt that the squire had been married many years ago to a beautiful young lady, who had come from London, or somewhere beyond. They had not been married, however, above six or seven months, when the squire grew jealous of his wife, on account of some captain who had been visiting at the house. There was a violent quarrel between the husband and wife, and the servants, who overheard it, said that very hard words were used by the squire, and that Mrs. Thornley had declared, in a passion, that she would never live with a man who had so insulted her. Next day Mrs. Thornley was missing, and the squire charged the captain, who was still lurking about the neighbourhood, with being privy to her elopement. At this high words rose between the captain and the squire, which ended in a challenge. The two met on the downs, exchanged shots, and the captain was wounded. The squire had to fly the country. He was absent for some years, and at length, when all was hushed up, he came back again, but Mrs. Thornley was never discovered.

Norton inquired whether they knew the maiden name of Mrs. Thornley, and learnt that it had been Newnam—Amelia Newnam.

Here, then, Norton felt sure he had come to the solution of the mystery. Newnam and Newman were names constantly confounded. In all probability, Mrs. Thornley's true name had been Newman, misunderstood or mispronounced as Newnam. And then, Amelia was so much like Emily that the one might easily be mistaken for the other. Norton learnt further that the squire, having no children, had adopted as his heir one who was called his brother's son, a lad of about fourteen, and who lived with him. From all that Norton could learn of the squire's character, he was addicted to drinking and to low pursuits—horse-racing, cock-fighting, gambling; and report added that he was mortgaging his estates so deeply that, in the end, there would be very little left for any successor.

It only remained for Norton now to visit the "big

house," and, if possible, see the man whose evil reputation made the thought of such a father a grief rather than a joy. Going to the house with beating heart, it was with some difficulty that he persuaded the red-faced, surly old butler to give him access to the master, that he might show him his geological collection; he was quite sure, the man said, his master did not want any of that trumpery; if he did, he had plenty of stones on his own estate. However, at last he condescended to tell Norton that, if he wanted to be abused, he might go round to the stable, where he would find the squire superintending the cleaning of a horse. Impelled by an irresistible impulse, Norton went in the direction the butler indicated, and entering the stable-yard, saw a man, whom he knew at once to be the squire, standing near the stable, with a tall weapon—something like a long Indian spear—in his hand, and with which he generally stalked about, now and then stopping to dig a weed from the gravel walks, or a thistle from the grass.

"Hallo, young fellow, what sends you here? What, pray, do you want? Who had the impudence to show you round here?" he shouted, on perceiving Norton, adding some expressions we need not record.

"I wish to show you, sir, a little collection of specimens of geological strata. Many country gentlemen have purchased some from me. They will be a great help in showing what strata are under the soil of your estate, and where you may dig for coal, and where for stone or water."

"I don't want to see any of your gimcracks. What do such fellows as you know about coal or stone either, I should like to know? Come, be off with you. I don't like the looks of ye. I dare say there's a gang of ye somewhere, and you are come smelling about to see what you can lay your hands on. Come, be off, I say, or I'll set the dog at ye!"

This was said with the coarse tone of a man who took a delight in being uncivil. It was in vain that Norton begged to be allowed to show him his specimens.

"What! can't you take 'No' for an answer? Here, John, leave that horse, and come and turn this fellow into the road."

"I will go, sir," said Norton, indignantly; "but allow me to tell you one thing. If I were not restrained by considerations which you cannot understand, I should just knock you down, for your coarse insult to a man as honourable as yourself."

Then he turned his back, and walked away. The squire was frantic with rage.

"Go after him—go after him, John! Set the dog at him! Put him in the stocks! An insolent young scoundrel!"

But John wisely appeared not to hear. He went on with his work, making a noise between his teeth loud enough to drown his master's words.

Just as Norton was out of sight of the stables, a gentlemanly, frank-looking lad emerged from the shrubs, and came up to him.

"Will you allow me," he said, "to see your collection? I am truly sorry my uncle was so rough to you. He is in a bad temper to-day; but his bark is worse than his bite. Show me your collection, will you?"

Norton, not yet recovered from his indignation, but still touched with the courtesy of the lad, opened his collection and explained it. He appeared truly interested, and put a number of questions to Norton, to draw out his knowledge in his favourite study. He wished to purchase a box, but assured Norton that his price was too low, and insisted on paying more; as when he became a landed proprietor, he said, the knowledge he might get from this collection would be of great practical value.

He also walked with Norton some distance along the road with such evident desire to efface from his mind

the bad treatment he had received, that Norton, notwithstanding that he saw in him (as he believed) one who was standing in *his* place, and looking forward to enjoying *his* rights, could not help being appeased; but when Edward Thornley had parted from him, Norton sat down on a stone by the roadside, and gave way for a minute or two to his despair. This, then, was the end of his dreams. This coarse, repulsive man, with every mark of low vice in his face—who had driven him from his presence as *he* would not drive a dog—was his father. Norton had no desire to own him. Infinitely nobler seemed the labourer, Aaron Purnell, in his eyes. Besides, if he had wished it, what means had he of establishing his rights? His own firm conviction would go for little. No one could prove the identity of Mrs. Newmarch with Mrs. Thornley. There was nothing for him to do but to return to his village, accept the position in which he had found himself placed, and depend entirely on his own exertions for the future.

CHAPTER XXI.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

HE *had* returned, then, and had given himself up to his trade, his studies, and his attempts to improve his neighbours. And yet, through all these years of effort, there was a fire burning in his soul. He had an intense, unconquerable conviction that he was capable of doing and being something far greater and nobler than he was. The stories of men who had risen from the ranks of labour, and benefited the world by the efforts of their genius, filled him with a ceaseless emulation. He fretted against the bonds that held him down.

"What could I not do," he would say, "with the powers of which I am possessed, if I were not compelled to let them lie in inaction, while I am spending my strength on mere brute toil? Oh, if I had for study the golden hours that I must now devote to labour, what could I not attain—what could I not do?"

He thirsted for knowledge with a perfect passion, but ever above that passion for knowledge towered the ambition to use the knowledge to the advantage of his mind and soul.

It would not have been natural if Norton had not entered into the radical feeling of the times. He burned to raise the working classes, and he knew that in order to that, they must be led to have self-respect, and aspire worthily to social and political influence. He looked upon the clamor of political agitation as one means of wakening them from their sleep of brutality; but he was too clearheaded to be led away by extreme theories. He understood too well the class among which he had lived to endow them, as the demagogue did, with every virtue, or to wish to see their influence supreme in the community. But still, in his own case, he bitterly felt the haughtiness and insolence of his wealthy neighbours towards the poor.

"Why," he said, "because I happen to wear a fustian instead of a broadcloth coat, should a man, in no way my superior, think himself entitled to snub me, and speak to me in tone and manner as if I were an inferior animal? Why should all the rich pass me by, and keep me at a distance, as if we belonged to different races? Shame on this spirit of mine! I am very mean; I cannot help craving to know more of these people—I should like to have access to their homes. The music, the books, the paintings, the refinement there, seem to bewitch my imagination. But never mind; God helping me, I will win my way to something like this some day."

During all this time his worship of Sophia Wilmont was constantly gaining strength. Somehow, her image seemed to mingle with his every better hope and aim. In the first years of his devotion, he never dreamt of

his feeling being akin to love. She was simply to him a being of another and nobler sphere than his own—a living embodiment of that excellence towards which he aimed—his outward standard and conscience. He was always unconsciously thinking of the estimation in which Sophia would hold him, in proportion as he attained his aims. Never was worship more complete. All that district around the parsonage seemed to be hallowed because she dwelt in it, and on Sundays, when he went to church, he could see over their tall pew only the upper portion of her face and bonnet, when she stood up; but this was enough. Sometimes, on summer evenings, he would stroll down the valley, and perhaps her drawing-room window would be open, and the sounds of the piano would be wafted to him. Oh! how he would dwell on these sounds—drink them in and hum them over to himself!

As Sophia had grown older, she had become less familiar with Norton. He had found excuses from time to time to call at the parsonage, but Sophia seemed somehow to be more quiet and distant to him. She was kind, courteous, friendly in her manner, but his old playmate had departed, and in her place there stood a woman who awed him with her gentle dignity. More and more she seemed to recede from him each time they met; but the more she receded, with the more worship did his soul follow her.

It was about this time that Edgar Annesley, the nephew and heir of Sir Henry Jordiffe, returned from college, and began to be much at the Hall. The visits of the Wilmots there were still kept up, and Sophia was naturally thrown much into his company. Norton often noticed, as he passed from his labour, groups of ladies and gentlemen walking in the park surrounding the Hall, and among them, once or twice, he discerned the form of Sophia, with Edgar Annesley at her side. Oh, the anguish that shot into his soul at that sight! To think that fellow might approach her and monopolise her, and he not dare to touch the hem of her garment! Now he felt the full bitterness of his position. He hated Edgar with a fierce hatred, not merely on account of his favour with Sophia. He knew him of old. He knew his nature to be essentially bad. He studied his face when they met at church, and read there the indications of many a vice; and yet the face was an undeniably handsome one.

One day, as Norton was on his way to the house of Uncle Will, who lived a short distance from the village, he had to go through a field which brought him to the back of the house. The path led through a grove or coppice of old beeches, which skirted on one side the garden of his uncle's house. As Norton swung the wicket gate leading into the coppice, a figure started from behind a tree at the other side; it was that of Lucy Purnell, his pretty cousin, who flitted away through the garden and entered the house; and immediately afterwards Mr. Edgar Annesley emerged from the same place, and walked to meet Norton, as if going on his way home. Norton bowed stiffly to him, and though Edgar tried hard to look unconscious, Norton saw that he was much annoyed at being met.

On entering the house, Norton found his cousin alone, and quietly undertook to give her a fatherly caution.

"Cousin Lucy," he said, "I saw you part, just now, from Squire Annesley. He's not a safe person for you to have anything to do with."

"Dear me!" said Lucy, tossing her empty little head; "and who axed you to think at all about the matter? I shall speak to who I like, without axing your leave. Besides," added she, thinking this tone not altogether wise—"besides, I had nothing to say to Mr. Annesley. I went out into the shrubbery to find the nest o' one o' our hens as do lay abroad somewhere, and there were Mr. Annesley, wi' his dog, lookin' for rats, I fancy."

Now this was a falsehood, for Mr. Annesley had come there by appointment, and she had been a full half-hour with him.

"Well, Lu," said Norton, "I do not want to dictate to you, and if I did, I know it would be of no use; but I do beg you to beware of young Mr. Annesley. I am sure he is not to be trusted; and you will excuse my mentioning it, my pretty cousin, but you know, if a girl of our rank is seen much with a gentleman like Mr. Annesley, people will talk about it."

"Oh, yes, I know people be so full o' spite and envy. If one only sees another more favoured than she is, there's back-biten' directly. I know that, well enough. I'm sure I've heered many a story of gentlemen—ay, knights and lords—marryin' girls o' low degree."

Norton saw it would be useless to say anything further. He determined to give a quiet hint to Aunt Mary to look after Lucy; but he was grieved to his heart at the state of mind in which he found his cousin.

This discovery did not, as may be imagined, increase his love for Edgar Annesley. It made him more than ever convinced that he was a villain, to be putting such absurd notions about marriage into foolish Lucy's head.

It was a few weeks after this that one of the servants of the Hall called upon Ruth about some plain sewing, and in the gossip which ensued, spoke of the gay doings at the great house.

"It is hardly like the same place since Mr. Annesley come. He is full o' his fun, and always maken' everybody laugh. And he's always plannin' something or other to get the ladies out a pic-nic, or a ride, or boaten', and the ladies do seem very fond o' en. He do sing and dance beautiful, so it's no wonder, sure, that more than one lady have set her cap at un; but I have my thoughts that he's over head and ears in love with Miss Sophy; and, if I bea'n't mistook, she don't hate him. We says 'tis a match, that's what we says at the Hall."

When Ruth repeated this conversation to Norton, he seemed absolutely frozen. His heart was as if it ceased to beat; and he crept away, that no one might see his distress. Dragging himself into the corner of a field hard by, he threw himself on the grass, utterly stunned and crushed by the intelligence. For a time he could not think: it was as if all his universe had collapsed in darkness. By degrees, however, as he was able to present to himself what had occurred, he awoke to the consciousness of his own feelings—he awoke to discover that he was deeply, madly in love with one hopelessly removed from him. His love was, indeed, little less than insanity; for he might as well aspire to the crown of England as hope to be able to approach his divinity with one word of love. It was not the fact that Sophia was beyond his reach that alone tormented him; it was the fact that she was to give her love to one altogether unworthy of her. To think that this beautiful and noble creature would fall into the hands of such a being as Edgar Annesley!

Norton had met with no trouble before that courage had not enabled him, in some degree, to surmount. His poverty, his ignorance, his humble birth, his low social position, could all be surmounted by daring and energy; but here was an evil without a remedy. He seemed crushed by unutterable despair. He felt that Miss Wilmot could now be nothing to him; and without Sophia to show some slight interest in him, to take some little pride in his success, why should he toil or strive to gain it? what had he left to live for? Now, for the first time, as we have said, he rightly analysed his feelings towards her, which the very fact of her being in a different sphere of life, the daughter of his benefactors, his instructress in former days—nay, but his patroness even now—had hitherto prevented him doing. He had been happy in his blindness for many years; now his eyes were opened, but his happiness was gone.

(To be continued.)

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

A PIOUS, filial tribute to the memory of a worthy father, is the publication of the "Autobiography of the Author of 'The Sinner's Friend,'"* edited by the Rev. Newman Hall.

The editing of this volume has been strictly confined to selections from fourteen closely-written, large quarto volumes, of such portions as are at once most interesting to the general reader and most faithful in exhibiting the character of the late J. Vine Hall, so much more widely and generally known as the author of "The Sinner's Friend." That work has been blessed, in God's providence, to the conversion of many souls. Many such will be glad to find, from the perusal of this autobiography, that the lessons which Mr. Hall taught, and the Gospel which he proclaimed, were known to himself, in all their power and fulness, during the long years of his laborious life. We heartily join in the aspiration with which the editor closes his suitable preface:—"May he who, during life, was made so useful to multitudes, and who 'being dead yet speaketh,' still, by the Divine blessing on this Autobiography, encourage depending sinners to trust in the sinner's Friend, and stimulate many professed Christians to a life of more fervent love to God, and more habitual zeal in his service."

The name of Joseph Thorpe Milner is, perhaps, much less widely known than the names of many others who had much less success whereof to boast. Born in Derby of parents who were attached to the Methodist society, he early received religious impressions, and soon obtained some fame as a local preacher. In 1832 he was appointed minister at Newark; and there his pastoral labours, which have only recently closed, were begun. The volume of "Meditations on Select Passages of Holy Scripture,"† which have been given to the world as a posthumous work, will convey some idea of the late Mr. Milner's practical method of treating of the great truths of Scripture. To this volume the Rev. Gervaise Smith has prefaced a genial and interesting memoir of the author. We learn from this biographical sketch, that when Mr. Milner was at Newark, in 1832, he made the acquaintance of young Mr. Gladstone, who, at a general election, was one of the candidates, and with whom he had several interviews on the question of slavery, which was then the exciting topic of the day. When the election was over, Mr. Milner presented to Mr. Gladstone a volume of his sermons, in memory of their brief acquaintance. The young member cordially acknowledged the gift, and accompanied his letter with a handsome volume, which he begged Mr. Milner to accept. The letter is so interesting, as showing the early religious views of one

who has since attained fame and honour, that we shall venture to quote it:—

DEAR SIR,—I thought it best to postpone acknowledging the receipt of your volume of sermons until I had some opportunity, even if a partial one, of making myself acquainted with the contents of the book. I can most unfeignedly say that I have enjoyed that opportunity so far as to feel sincere pleasure in perceiving the scriptural and practical spirit your discourses breathe, and I trust they may prove conducive to the sacred purpose for which they have been designed.

I trust you will not be displeased by my transmitting to you, in requital, a book very lately published, entitled "The Remains of Alexander Knox." I do not, indeed, conceive that you will or should agree in all the propositions which it contains, but I feel persuaded that you will find in it much matter worthy of careful study, and amply rewarding it; much very peculiarly suited to the events and warnings of the present times, and manifesting an exceedingly high degree of Christian excellence and wisdom.

Mr. Knox's clear appreciation of the excellence of John Wesley will not, I apprehend, be lost on you.—I remain, dear sir, your faithful servant, W. E. GLADSTONE.

A volume just published by the Rev. John Campbell, D.D., on "Popery, Ancient and Modern,"* will be welcomed as a valuable addition to controversial theology, by all friends of the reformed faith. The aim of the work is first to set forth briefly the history of the spread of the Romish faith in this country, and then to discuss the spirit, principles, character, and objects of that faith itself. The first part of this task has been accomplished with care and accuracy, and the latter with a spirit of earnestness, tempered by charity, which so well becomes the discussion of a controverted theology.

With the coming summer, floral literature progresses. The last little volume added to the list is entitled "Flora Parvula; or, Gleanings among Favourite Flowers."† No attempt has been made in this volume to introduce us to any new or rare exotic, but several old and well-known friends have their characters and growth explained in a manner alike interesting and popular. The text is enlivened with many well-chosen extracts from the numerous tributes which the muse of poetry has in every age borne to the beauty and loveliness of Flora. The book is in itself rather a compilation than an original work, but it is often more difficult to select appropriately than to write gracefully, and the author of "Flora Parvula" has accomplished this task with unequivocal success.

"The Preacher's Portfolio"‡ is intended as an aid to the formation of a skeleton sermon. We fear that it will be found to be such only by those who exercise their own judgment and discernment, for the scraps in this portfolio are by no means equal.

* "Popery, Ancient and Modern," by John Campbell, D.D. London: John Snow.

† "Flora Parvula; or, Gleanings among Favourite Flowers." London: William Macintosh.

‡ "The Preacher's Portfolio," Second Series. London: Marlborough and Co.

* "The Author of 'The Sinner's Friend.'" An Autobiography: edited by Newman Hall, LL.B. London: James Nisbet and Co.

† "Meditations on Select Passages of Holy Scripture," by the late Rev. J. T. Milner; with Memoir of the Author, by E. Gervaise Smith. London: H. J. Tresidder.



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ROBINSON'S CELEBRATED MEDICATED COTTON WOOL.—No family should be without this valuable preparation. A sure relief and ultimate cure for Coughs, Colds, Rheumatic Pains, Tic-douloureux, Sciatica, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Chest and Lungs. For the treatment of Burns, Scalds, and Bruises in the Skin, it is most invaluable. Testimonials of the highest character have been received from a large number of the most eminent physicians, who specially recommend it for any of the above cases. In packets, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. To be obtained through any chemist in town or country, or direct from the proprietors, W. G. BENTLEY and Co., 220, High Holborn, London. [10]



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AGENTS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. [11]

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J. THOMPSON'S KALYDOR SOAP,

Combining all the qualities of Cosmetics, for softening the Skin and beautifying the Complexion. In hot or cold climates this soap is invaluable. Prices 4d. and 6d. per Tablet.

J. THOMPSON,
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Maker of Mallow, Mella-Rose, Windsor, Honey, Glycerine, and all kinds of Fancy Soaps. Wholesale and for Exportation. [12]

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BILIOUS AFFECTIONS, and Stomach Complaints
Induced by atmospheric heat or too liberal diet. If not early checked, are often attended with serious consequences. When any one finds his ideas less clear than usual, his head dizzy, and he is indisposed for all exertion, physical or mental, he may be quite sure that he is in immediate want of some cooling and purifying medicine. Let him send at once for a box of Holloway's Pills, after a few doses of which his head will be clear again, his spirits be elevated, and all his energies restored. Printed directions for the guidance of patients in the use of this admirable medicine are affixed to every box. [13]

ANOTHER CURE OF DISEASE OF THE LUNGS OF TEN YEARS' STANDING



From Mr. D. Verrent, Coast Guard, Mountcharles, Donegal, July 19th, 1865:—"I am happy to say that they are all they are represented to be. I have a child who was affected in the lungs (for ten years), and they are the only thing that has done him any good. I have tried all other means in vain."

They give instant relief of Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, Colds, and all Disorders of the Breath and Lungs. They have a pleasant taste. Price 1s. 1½d. per box. Sold by all medicine vendors. [14]

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The PATENT CAZELINE OIL possesses all the requisites which have so long been desired as a means of powerful artificial light. It is warranted non-explosive, and therefore perfectly safe in use; it is free from any objectionable smell, and produces a most brilliant light. It is admirably adapted for use in the drawing-rooms and parlours of the affluent; while, in point of economy, it is equally suitable for the cottages of the people. By its use a bright and cheerful light can be obtained at a cost not more than that of a common tallow candle.

The homes of the people may receive a new attraction by the introduction of such a light.

Agents are being specially appointed throughout the United Kingdom for its sale. For terms of Agency apply to

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This Device is printed on the Wrapper of every Bottle of the Genuine Article.



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SURPASSES in neatness, in strength, in cheapness, and retains its virtues in all climates. It has stood the test of time, and in all quarters of the world. Sold by Chemists, &c. and wholesale by the Trade Houses. A Sample Bottle per Post, free for 14 Stamps, from the Proprietor,

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[12]

INDIGESTION AND CONSTIPATION.

TWINBERROW'S

DANDELION, CAMOMILE, AND RHUBARB PILLS.

A NEVER-FAILING REMEDY.

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[13]

WHITE and SOUND TEETH.—JEWSBURY and BROWN'S ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE.

Established by 40 years' experience as the best preservative for the Teeth and Gums.

The Original and only Genuine is 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per Pot. 118, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER; and by Agents throughout the Kingdom and Colonies.

[15]

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BLACK FIGURED GRO GRAINS, both sides alike, 3s. 3d. per yard, worth 3s. 11d. Wide-width STRIPED SILKS, new colours, 21s. 6d. the dress of 12 yards. The new colours in FANCY CHECKED SILKS, 21s. 6d. the dress of 14 yards, wide-width. Good wide-width BLACK GLACE SILK, at 2s. 6d. and 3s. 11d. per yard. A lot of BLACK FRENCH SILKS, will measure 20 inches wide, 3s. 3d. per yard; also 32 inches wide, at 3s. 6d. per yard, worth 4s. 6d.

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[16]

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[16]

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